July 22, 1985

THE NEW YORKER

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"Future generations must be inheritors... not just survivors."

George Schaller

Snow leopards in the Himalayas. Tigers in the wilds of India. Mountain gorillas and lions in Africa. Jaguars in the swamps of Brazil.

George Schaller, pictured here with a snow leopard, has spent years in remote and rugged places studying the natural history of rare animals—and fighting for their survival.

He sees these animals as symbols of the habitats in which they live. Preserve their habitats and thousands of other plants and animals will be assured of a home.

As director of Wildlife Conservation International, a division of the New York Zoological Society, Schaller and the staff have helped establish more than 50 reserves around the world.

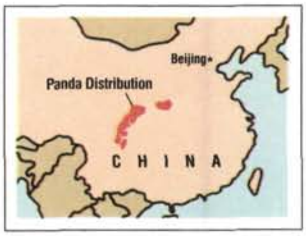
One of the 1000 remaining giant pandas.

He points out that the destruction of environments is now so drastic that, in the decades ahead, the nature of life on earth will be irrevocably changed.

For Schaller, saving fragments of nature is an urgent task.

Recently he faced one of his greatest challenges. With Chinese scientists, he collaborated in a project to save the 1000 giant pandas still alive in the wild. Currently he is working on the Tibetan plateau to help preserve the wildlife of those remote uplands.

Since his work takes him to some of the most forbidding places on earth, choosing the right equipment is crucial. Not surprisingly, Schaller wears a Rolex.



China: Site of panda rescue mission.

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Inhospitable conditions seem to pose no problem for George Schaller. Or his Rolex.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

American Theatre Exchange—A festival of three productions by American regional theatre companies which will run through Saturday, Aug. 31. The second play, from Houston's Alley Theatre, is **season's greetings**, by Alan Ayckbourn. (Joyce, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Mondays through Fridays at 8; and Saturdays at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 5. Closes Saturday, July 27.)

Aren't We All?—Claudette Colbert, Rex Harrison, and a superb assortment of supporting actors bring back to merry life the Frederick Lonsdale drawing-room comedy of 1923. (Reviewed in our issue of 5/13/85.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 21.)

Arms and the Man—A self-indulgent production of Shaw's early comedy, in which the director and all the members of the cast except Kevin Kline dare to patronize the author. (6/10/85) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (3/25/85) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn," and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. Matthew Broderick and the rest of the cast are first-rate. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Doubles—A number of coarse jokes about Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill an evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Austin Pendleton, John Cullum, Ron Leibman, and Tony Roberts. Starting Monday, July 22, Keir Dullea will replace Mr. Cullum. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St. 582-4022. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Foreigner—A very funny play by Larry Shue, with a super performance by Anthony Heald and good performances by every single member of the company, most notably by Kevin Geer as a lovable half-wit. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (11/19/84) (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Grand Kabuki—Final performances of six plays by a company of ninety-one male actors, dancers, and musicians from Tokyo. Wednesday and Thursday, July 17-18, at 8: **sakura-hime azuma bunsho** and **tshuchigumo**. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 8, and Saturday, July 20, at 2 and 8: **shibaraku, tachi nuso-bito, kojo,** and **kasane.** A limited number of simultaneous-translation sets may be rented at each performance. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000.)

Hannah Senesh—A monologue based on the diaries and poems of the Zionist heroine. Lori Wilner is the monologuist. Written and directed by David Schechter, with music by Steven Lutvak, Elizabeth Swados, and Mr. Schechter. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30.)

The Hit Parade—A comedy by Richard Dresser, presented by Manhattan Punch Line. (TOMI, 23 W. 73rd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's rather synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 869-4731. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Leader of the Pack—A torrent of early-sixties songs, written by Ellie Greenwich and her collaborators. The songs are affixed to a soap-opera version of Miss Greenwich's life, and Miss Greenwich herself puts in an unexpected and rather touching appearance. (4/22/85) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Through Sunday, July 28: Rudolf Friml's **the vagabond king.** (Norman Thomas Theatre, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 3:30.)

The Marriage of Bette and Boo—Christopher Durang's very funny, mordant satire on a Catholic "Marriage à la Mode," with the playwright himself as the luckless son of the couple being examined. The performance, under Jerry Zaks' direction, is absolutely

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first-rate. (5/27/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 28.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Top of the Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-9292. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—A rather beguiling, if lightweight, farce, by the Jamaican playwright Trevor Rhone, **TWO CAN PLAY** is about a middle-aged Jamaican couple. The husband is a blowhard; the wife is put upon in every way, until she flies to Miami and comes back a changed woman. The first act is too intricate for its own good, but the second act is clear and funny. The Actors—Hazel J. Medina and Sullivan H. Walker—couldn't be better. Reopens Thursday, July 18. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3 and Sundays at 2:30.)

New York Shakespeare Festival—Directed by Joseph Papp himself, this buoyant, witty, heartfelt production of **MEASURE FOR MEASURE** is a triumph for his Festival and for William Shakespeare, whose every point is made and whose every idea, emotion, and line are realized. The acting is flawless, top to bottom. Richard Jordan is Angelo, Mary Elizabeth Mastrantonio is Isabella, John Getz is the Duke, and Laura MacDermott is Mariana. Among the comic lowlifes are William Duff-Griffin, Nathan Lane, Gregory Salata, Robert Stanton, Tom Toner, and Rosemary DeAngelis. The enchanting musical interludes are by Allen Shawn. Handsome setting, costumes, and lighting by Robin Wagner, Lindsay W. Davis, and Richard Nelson. The first of two productions to be presented in the Delacorte Theatre this summer. (Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly at 8. Closes Sunday, July 21. For information about free tickets, call 861-7277.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable, trashy non-play about AIDS, and its victims in the homosexual community of this city, who are compared to the Jews under the Nazis. The names Hitler, Roosevelt, Morgenthau, and, eventually, Mayor Koch are dropped with equal contempt. The evening is an insult to its audience and, what is far more serious, to the sufferers from this dreadful, seemingly hopeless disease. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his comedy about a pair of ill-matched men into a non-comedy about a pair of women the like of which has never been seen on earth, much less on Riverside Drive. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

One Man Band—A musical starring James Lecesne, with a score by Marc Elliot and Larry Hochman, lyrics by Mr. Elliot, and a book by Mr. Lecesne. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, July 28.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The actors are Kevin Anderson, Terry Kinney, and John Mahoney, and the show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

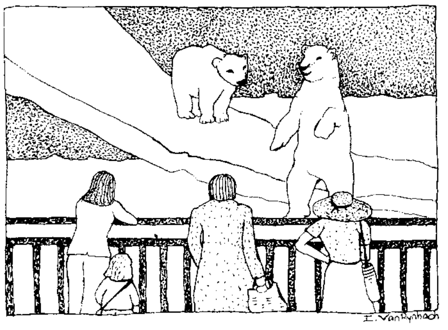
Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3; Thursday, July 18, at 1; and Wednesday, July 24, at 2.)

Raw Youth—A play by Neal Bell. (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, July 21.)

Singin' in the Rain—What can only be called a watered-down version of the celebrated M-G-M original. The show, directed and choreographed by Twyla Tharp, tries to do too many things at once, with a cast that is hardworking but not very winsome; the absence of the incomparable Gene Kelly becomes a rueful presence. (7/15/85; also, see page 77, this issue, under Dancing) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sister and Miss Lexie—Brenda Currin in a revised version of a one-woman show adapted by Miss Currin and David Kaplan from the writings of Eudora Welty. (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 6 and 9; and Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, July 28.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical with George Hearn and Van Johnson as a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez; the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS:** Traditional musical-comedy hokum, directed and choreographed by Michael Bennett at his usual frantic pace. The enormous cast is young, tireless, and talented. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,496 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOOL FOR LOVE:** Sam Shepard's play—mysterious, funny, and beautiful—is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Mr. Shepard directed. (Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Thursdays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ISN'T IT ROMANTIC:** A spirited production of Wendy Wasserstein's sometimes painful but always witty comedy about a pair of female "best friends" at age twenty-eight, and especially about the trials of one of them, Janie Blumberg. (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE:** A beautiful and often very touching musical by Stephen Sondheim and James Lapine, based on the life (partly imaginary) of Georges Seurat. With Harry Groener and Maryann Plunkett. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE TAP DANCE KID:** A didactic musical in which we learn that middle-class ambitions do not deserve to impede talent. A few rousing dance scenes and the rest is ho-hum. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



MISCELLANY

Forbidden Broadway 1985—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

"The Blue Angel"—The American première of Roland Petit's dance drama, performed by Natalia Makarova and Mr. Petit, with the Berlin Ballet. A two-week engagement that will run through Saturday, Aug. 3. (Metropolitan Opera House. 362-6000. Tuesday, July 23, at 8 (preview); Wednesday, July 24, at 7 (opening); thereafter, nightly, except Sundays, at 8, and matinées Saturdays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

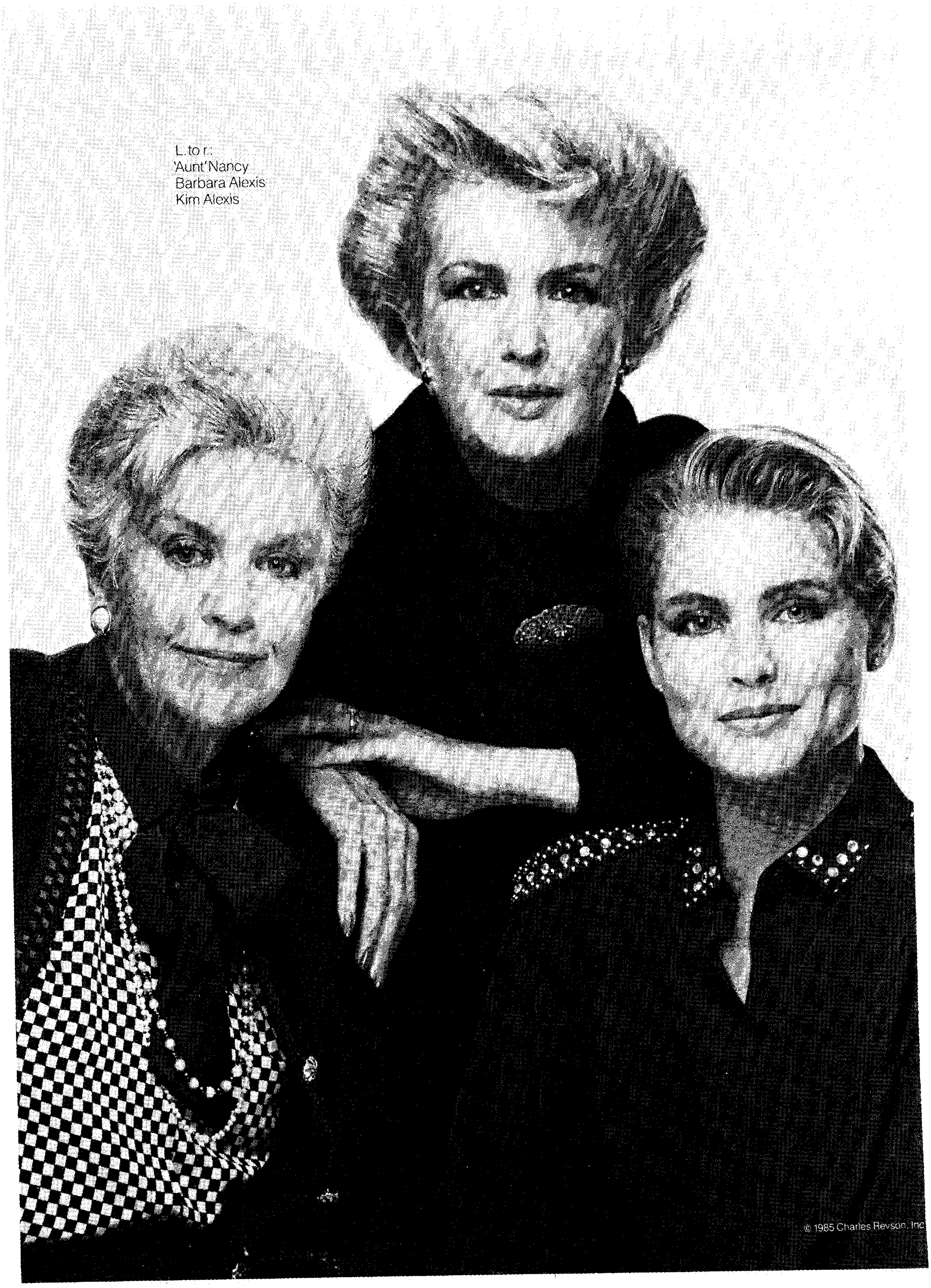
(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, will belong to the Herman Foster trio, and Friday and Saturday, July 26–27, to Richie Vitale. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Ballroom, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**PEGGY LEE,** in subdued, intimate quarters, and backed by a quintet, is here Tuesdays at eight-thirty, and Wednesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty.

Blue Note, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—A dark, large carpeted club with deep-blue tablecloths and a curvy bar. **TITO PUENTE** and his **LATIN-JAZZ ENSEMBLE** trade sets with **MONGO SANTAMARIA** and his band through Sunday, July 21; Monday, July 22, pianist **MICHEL CAMILO** will head his driving sextet; and on Tuesday, July 23, hard-bop master pianist **HORACE SILVER** will bring in his latest quintet. Sets begin after nine. Trumpeter **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours (real late, after two in the morning) jam sessions every night but Monday. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A large-venue pop, rock, folk, and jazz club with, thank heavens, tables and chairs. Soul and gospel singer **CISSY HOUSTON** and her singing entourage, the **SWEET INSPIRATIONS,** will perform Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20; blues guitarist Roy Buchanan will drop by on Tuesday, July 23; Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, will be claimed by **BUDDY RICH** and his big band;



L. to r.:
'Aunt' Nancy
Barbara Alexis
Kim Alexis

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AGE

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This super active formula, ProCollagen Complex, has a special affinity for skin, thus giving it unusual skin caring properties. It also helps conserve internal collagen.

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AGE

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AGE

60 Sixty isn't what it used to be. In this new age of alternatives, if you've chosen aging well over just aging, Ultima's ProCollagen Anti-aging Complex will be important to you.

It is the first skin care complex of its kind. Because of its exclusive composition, ProCollagen Complex has remarkable moisture reparative capacities.

It will actually diminish the length and depth of dry wrinkles. It works deeply as a moisturizer, and clings long and lovingly.

All in all, ProCollagen Complex is skin care the likes of which you've never known before.

ProCollagen
Anti-aging complex
for
face and throat

CHR ProCollagen Anti-aging Complex

ULTIMA II

and Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, the Mamas & the Papas will be here. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A real New York bar; it has dark wood panelling and some very good piano-bass teams. **KENNY BARRON** works with a bassist through Saturday, July 20, and on Monday, July 22, pianist **STEVE KUHN** will arrive with bassist **STEVE SWALLOW.** Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The surviving home on the block for traditional small-band jazz. Music nightly from eight-thirty. Dining.

Fat Tuesday's, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A velvet-and-mirror-walled below-stairs jazz stars' room. **ANNIE ROSS** sings with her trio Thursday through Sunday, July 18-21, and starting Thursday, July 25, blues singer **JIMMY WITHERSPOON** will take charge. Mondays are the property of guitarist **LES PAUL'S** trio. Sets begin Sundays, Mondays, and Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining.

Folk City, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—The schedule: Wednesday, July 17, the Clintons; Friday, July 19, Danny O'Keefe; Saturday, July 20, guitarist **STEFAN GROSSMAN;** Wednesday, July 24, the Têtes Noires, the Ben Vaughn Combo, and Love Tractor; and Friday, July 26, Eric Bogle. Mondays are hootenanny nights. Shows usually begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Wednesdays through Saturdays, Kitt Moran sings with the Mike Moran duo; on Mondays pianist Baba Motta and bassist John Belzaguy team up; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. All these groups begin about ten.

Hanratty's, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy back-room haunt for traditional-jazz pianists and their admirers. **JUDY CARMICHAEL,** who looks like a wisp of a girl but who is actually a fireball of a stride player, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays are claimed by Keith MacDonald, and Mondays by **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine. Dining.

Knickerbocker Saloon, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A nice room that has resumed its piano-bass policies. **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** are present through Saturday, July 20, and **HILTON RUIZ** and **MAJOR HOLLEY** will come in for a week on Tuesday, July 23. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. Two terrific blues guitarists and singers, **ALBERT COLLINS** and **LONNIE BROOKS,** share the stage on Wednesday, July 17; Thursday, July 18, will belong to **ASLEEP AT THE WHEEL** and La Bamba & the Hubcaps; Sunday and Monday, July 21-22, are reserved for singer **ROBERT GORDON** and the Flying Pickets; Tuesday, July 23, the soul band **WHO IT IS** will alternate with the Flying Pickets; and

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27

Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, the Radiators and the Flying Pickets will be onstage. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"The Roots of American Jazz," with Eddy Davis & the Turn of the Century Minstrels, a celebration of New Orleans jazz, can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. On Monday nights from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen is likely to show up to play celebrity clarinet with a New Orleans-style sextet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A longtime music hangout on the upper West Side. The musicians: Wednesday, July 17, Vincent Herring and Charles Davis; Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, R.-&-B.-ists **WHO IT IS;** Monday, July 22, **JUMP STREET;** and Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, violinist Noel Pointer. Music from about ten. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—The mostly rock-and-roll roster: Friday, July 19, **CHINA CRISIS** and the Way Moves; Monday, July 22, Against Depression; and Friday, July 26, **MEN WITHOUT HATS** and Kristi Rose & the Midnight Walkers. Shows begin after nine Mondays through Thursdays, and after eleven Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—The jazz, jazz-rock, and R. & B. schedule: Wednesday, July 17, the David Bond quartet; Thursday, July 18, Mike Clark; Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, **MIKE STERN, STEVE SLAGLE,** and **KENWOOD DENARD;** Sunday, July 21, Carl James; Tuesday, July 23, Marc Wagnon & the Shadow Lines; Wednesday, July 24, drummer **BOBBY BATTLE** and his trio; and Thursday through Saturday, July 25-27, saxophonist **BILL EVANS** and a quartet. Mondays belong to the **TOM PIERSON** orchestra. Music from nine-thirty.

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to mostly Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesday, July 17, Skah Shah; Thursday, July 18, the **AFRICAN CONNECTION;** Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAVA BAHIA BAND;** Sunday, July 21, **MARIO RIVERA & THE SALSA REFUGEES;** Wednesday and Thursday, July 24-25, **WILLIE COLON;** and Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, **PÉ-DE-BOI.** Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. The **NEW YORK JAZZ QUARTET** performs through Sunday, July 21, and starting Tuesday, July 23, saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT** will bring in his band. Mondays are the property of the **GIL EVANS ORCHESTRA.** Shows from about ten. Dining.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—In the big downstairs room, there's salsa after nine on Mondays: on July 22, **RAY BARRETTO** and his orchestra, **DAVE VALENTIN** and his group, and trumpeter **CLAUDIO RODITI,** the guest jazz soloist, will all be on hand. On Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, two great New Orleans pianists **DR. JOHN** and **ALLEN TOUSSAINT** both perform, and on Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, singer **PHYLLIS HYMAN** will be present. Weekend shows at about ten and midnight. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** play jumping piano-bass duets nightly except Mondays. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** is also present on Tuesdays. Music from nine-thirty.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Perhaps the most famous basement in the world, now fifty years old, has been described by Max Gordon, the wise proprietor and resident father figure, as "a good joint that people like to come to—thank God." And, speaking of father figures, tenor saxophonist **CHICO FREEMAN** and his dad, **VON FREEMAN,** are currently co-piloting a marvellous quintet—pianist **LARRY WILLIS,** bassist **RON CARTER,** and drummer **AL FOSTER**—through Sunday, July 21. Trumpeter **WYNTON MARSALIS** will be here Tuesday through Friday, July 23-26, and the **CLIFFORD JORDAN-BARRY HARRIS** hard-bopping quartet will round out the week on Saturday and Sunday, July 27-28. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** Blast-Off Nights. Music from ten.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of swing music, Latin jazz, and hard bop. **CHARLI PERSIP,** a wonderful drummer, heads a quartet through Sunday, July 21; Monday and Tuesday, July 22-23, will belong to Maura Ellyn and Bill Eldridge's group; and starting Wednesday, July 24, altoist **LOU DONALDSON,** who still plays hard-swinging, bluesy music in a strong, full tone and with bebop rapidity, will come in with pianist **NORMAN SIMMONS** and drummer **AL HAREWOOD.** Music from about nine,

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A speakeasy in the twenties, Reno Sweeney in the seventies, this ground-floor town-house space is now a SoHo-sleek and spacious bar and restaurant with a musical passageway between them. Guitarist **JACK WILKINS,** whose solos are sometimes flashy and sometimes chock full of zingers, works with bassist **HARVIE SWARTZ** through Saturday, July 20. On Monday, July 22, pianist **RAY BRYANT** will take over with his bassist **JIMMY ROWSER.** Closed Sundays.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Jazz in July—The first three in a series of six concerts. Tuesday, July 23: Max Morath, Carrie Smith, Dick Hyman, and the 92nd Street Ragtime Concert Band conducted by Harvey Phillips. . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24: Ralph Sutton & Jay McShann, Butch Miles, Judy Carmichael, and others. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25: Lawson-Haggart Jazz Band. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Evenings at 8.)

Irving Plaza—Thursday, July 18, at 10: Textones. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25, at 9: Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers and Mass Extension. (17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. 477-3728.)

Jazz Center of New York—Friday, July 19, at 9 and 10:30: Miroku Ensemble. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 9 and 10:30: Billy Harper quintet. (380 Lafayette St. 505-5660.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Bill Barrell—Abstract Expressionist oils that have figurative elements. Through Saturday, July 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway.)

Thomas Downing—Geometric abstractions, mostly from the sixties. Through Saturday, July 20. (Bouckaert, 100 Hudson St.)

Alberto and Diego Giacometti—Elegant tables, chairs, lampstands, andirons, and so on, made of cast bronze by the sculptor and his brother. Through Friday, July 26. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Michael Heizer—Paintings, sculptures, drawings, and photographs in a show that coincides with his installation at the Whitney Museum. Through Sept. 14. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gary Kahn / Catherine Koenig—Freestanding geometric sculptures in painted wood or

Corten steel. / Large seashells, derby hats crowned with bridal wreaths, and trompe-l'oeil collages, all painted in egg tempera or pastels. Through Friday, July 19. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Andrews Kelly—Abstract paintings. Through Friday, July 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 22 E. 80th St.)

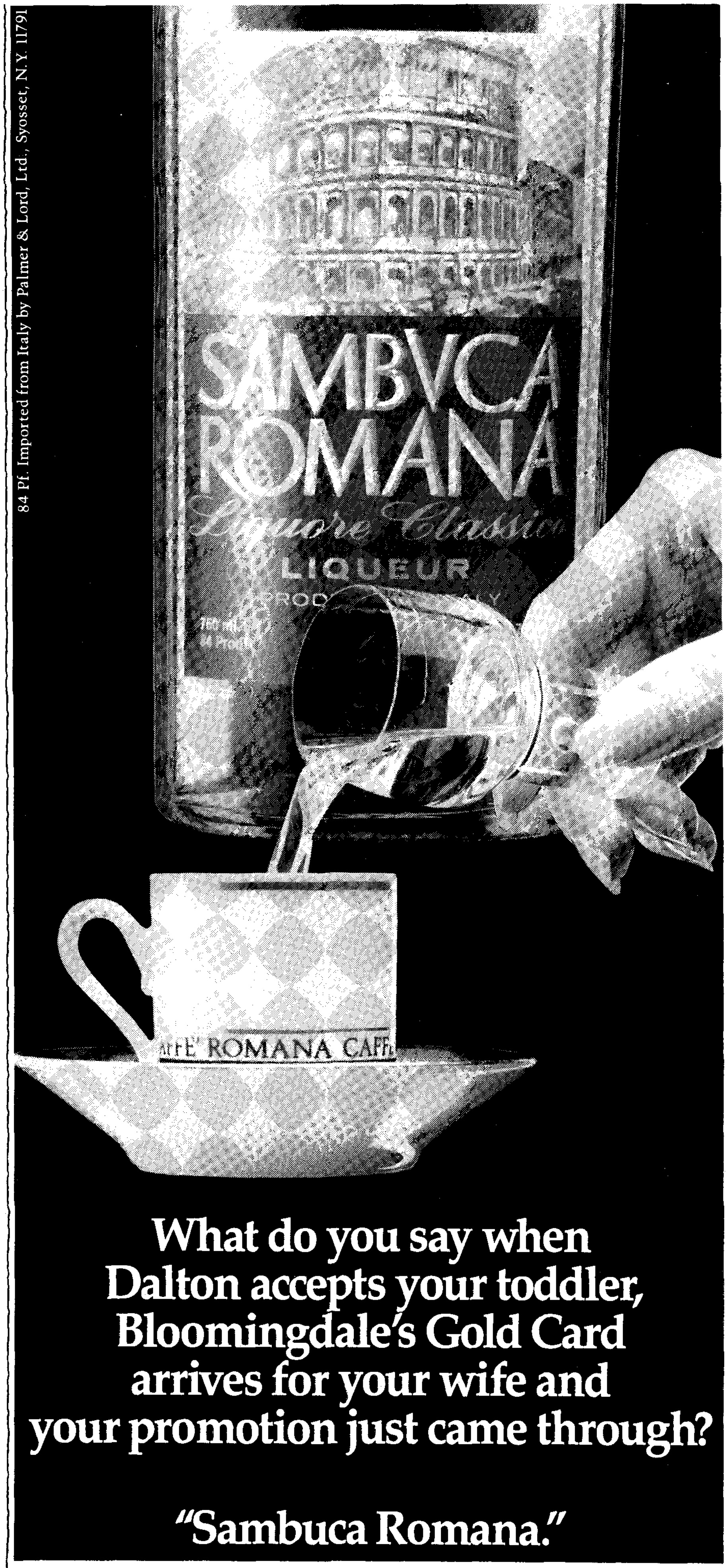
George Petty (1894-1975)—More than a hundred renderings (most air-brushed) of the Petty Girl, who was the star *Esquire* pinup of the early thirties and forties but looks sadly out of it today, especially in the light of current centerfolds. Through Friday, July 26. (Feldman, 31 Mercer St.)

Janet Stayton—Tiger lilies, tulips, and irises stand out in this group of floral monotypes. Through Friday, July 19. (Heesy, 50 W. 57th St.)

From the Collection of Sol LeWitt—Conceptual and Minimalist works in the artist's collection, which includes a plywood-box sculpture by Donald Judd and a tape recording of bird-calls by Louise Lawler. Through Aug. 26. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl.)

Art on the Beach—Ten installations, each created by a different group of individuals (for instance, an artist, an architect, and a dancer) and each the site of a performance, are the summer tenants on a plot of sand next to the Hudson River. The show is Creative Time's last project at this place. (Battery Park Landfill, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.) . . . ¶ John Bernd and dancers will perform on Sunday, July 21 (rain date July 25), and Wednesday, July 24 (July 27), at 6:30. Tickets at the gate.

Group Shows—At the **associated american artists,** 20 W. 57th St.: The gallery's annual Old Master print exhibition includes fourteen etchings by Rembrandt and nine engravings and woodcuts by Dürer. Through Aug. 7. . . . **blum helman,** 20 W. 57th St.: Big, powerful figurative paintings in wax and oils by Bruno Ceccobelli and by Jeff Gompertz, and big, powerful paintings of droopy tulips, in acrylics, by José María Sicilia. Through Friday, July 26. . . . **bromm,** 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St.: Paintings, sculptures, photographs, and installations that depict scenes from cities around the world (New York, Venice, Moscow among them) by Rosemarie Castoro, Mark Golderman, Rick Prol, and others. Through Aug. 2. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **brown,** 100 Greene St.: An assortment of drawings by ten sculptors, Abraham David Christian, Joel Fisher, and Italo Scanga among them. Through Friday, July 26. . . . **condeso-lawler,** 76 Greene St.: Abstract paintings by nearly two dozen artists, including Robert Mangold, Elizabeth Harms, Agnes Martin, and Sean Scully. Through Saturday, July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Drawings on loan from the Museo Correr, in Venice, which represent work done in that city from the Renaissance through the nineteenth century. Through Saturday, July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **franklin furnace,** 112 Franklin St.: More than two hundred artists' books, other autographic works, and periodicals that were added to the archives in the past year; early Gilbert and George postcards, for instance. Also, sound installations by James Green and Stephanie Rowden. Through Saturday, July 27. (Opens Tuesdays through Fridays at noon; Saturdays at 1.) . . . **frumkin,** 50 W. 57th St.: Paintings and constructed works, each based on either an outline or silhouette. Contributors to the show include Luis Cruz Azaceta, Robert Warrens, and Dan Rice. Through Aug. 16. . . . **gladstone,** 152 Wooster St.: Six artists' views of life in our times—Sue Coe's collage painting of a subway vigilante is one. Through Friday, July 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: Veteran European abstract painters, including Antoni Tàpies and Emilio Vedova, plus sculptures by Noguchi, Miró, and Gonzalo Fonseca. Through Aug. 9. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway: The joys of summer (a hammock, a beach, a pool) are captured in the photographs, paintings, and sculptures of Joan Brown, Malcolm Morley, Juan González, Alan Siegel, and others. Through Aug. 2. . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: Paintings by James Hennessey and Ellen Wiener and sculptures by Joseph Militello, Charles Spurrier, and Josephine Bentivegna.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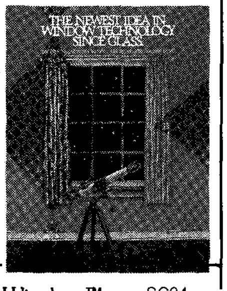


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Through Friday, July 26. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PLUMB,** 81 Greene St.: A reconstruction by Dennis Oppenheim of his 1979 sculptural work "Jail Break," plus paintings by Gregory Botts, Jeff Gompertz, and Jacques Flechemuller, in the inaugural show of this gallery, formerly Manhattan Art, under its new name. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **TATISTCHEFF,** 50 W. 57th St.: Figure paintings by six artists, William Clutz and Kathryn Freeman among them. Through Aug. 15. . . . **VANDERWOUDE TANANBAUM,** 24 E. 81st St.: Surrealist paintings and sculptures by seven young artists, including Cheryl Laemmle, Mike Berg, and Nick Ghiz. Through July 31. . . . **WUNDERLICH,** 41 E. 57th St.: Paintings and bronzes of the American West from the Bierstadt and Remington era. Through Sept. 6. . . . **YORK,** 21 E. 65th St.: Nostalgic summertime paintings by American artists—Homer, O'Keeffe, Hassam, Joseph Stella, Prendergast, and thirty-two others. Through Aug. 15. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Paintings by Jean-Luc Poivret; photographs by Pascal Kern; and hand-forged metal sculptures, plus ceramic pieces, by Peter Briggs. Through Friday, July 26. . . . **ZARRE,** 41 E. 57th St.: Abstract paintings and sculptures by Elizabeth de Cuevas, Michael Malpass, Esteban Vicente, Deborah Remington, and others. Through Saturday, July 20.

¶ Following is an arbitrary list of other galleries that are open, usually with changing exhibitions of works pulled from their stock: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PAM ADLER,** 578 Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **DAVIS & LANGDALE,** 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. . . . **DE NAGY,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **DEUTSCH,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **ESMAN,** 70 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **FISCHBACH,** 24 W. 57th St. . . . **FRENCH,** 41 W. 57th St. . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. . . . **GRUENEBAUM,** 38 E. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KIND,** 136 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **KRAUSHAAR,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. . . . **MC KEE,** 41 E. 57th St. . . . **METRO PICTURES,** 150 Greene St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **OSCARSSON HOOD,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **PROTETCH,** 37 W. 57th St. . . . **ALEX ROSENBERG,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **WILLARD,** 29 E. 72nd St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

JULIA MARGARET CAMERON (1815-79) / **MICHAEL LEVINE**—A travelling show from Great Britain of more than a hundred prints, including portraits of Carlyle, Darwin, Tennyson, and Alice (in Wonderland) Liddell. / Color prints, constructions, and paintings by an artist who looks to the urban environment for his subjects—smokestacks and building façades, for instance. Through July 28. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

SANDI FELLMAN—Large-format Polaroids of human figures, primarily body builders and tattooed Japanese men and women. Through Aug. 23. (Witkin, in a new location at 415 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

GEORGE FORSS—Familiar city locations such as Rockefeller Center, the Bronx Zoo, and Wall Street by a photographer who sells his work on the sidewalks of midtown. At the New York Public Library; see below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

EIKOH HOSOE—Black-and-white portraits of the Japanese writer Yukio Mishima. Through Saturday, July 27. (Burden, 20 E. 23rd St. Opens Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1.)

GROUP SHOWS—At the **FRENCH EMBASSY,** 972 Fifth Ave., at 78th St.: Fresson prints by thirteen photographers, including John Batho, Sheila Metzner, John Stewart, and Scott MacLeay. Through Aug. 30. . . . **LAURENCE MILLER,** 38 E. 57th St.: Self-portraits by Anne Rowland, Elizabeth Turk, Lee Friedlander, and others. Through Aug. 30. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **PFEIFER,** 568 Broadway: Charles Gatewood chose about fifty photographs he describes as "humorous and off-beat." From the Catskill Center for Photography. Through July 31. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **URDANG,** 23 E. 74th St.: Photographs by nine artists; sculptures by James Acevedo. Through Saturday, July 27. (Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.) . . . **WOLF,** 30 W. 57th St.: Summertime photographs by Josef Sudek, Eugène Atget, Helen Levitt, Edward Weston, and others. Through Aug. 23.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Landscapes of the American wilderness and portraits of the Indians that lived there by Karl Bodner in a display that commemorates the one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of his North American expedition. Starts Thursday, July 18. . . . ¶ From the museum's collection of seventy pianos, a kind of genealogical selection—the oldest existing piano (1720), built by the instrument's inventor, Cristofori, and about thirty of its progeny; audioguides are available on which visitors can hear them being played. . . . ¶ An exhibit of a hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the collection of Jan Mitchell. Through Aug. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A Kurt Schwitters retrospective that includes a comprehensive selection of collages by one of the first artists to use that form. . . . ¶ Nearly sixty works on paper (not strictly) by six contemporary Americans: Robert Morris, Bruce Nauman, James Rosenquist, Robert Ryman, Pat Steir, and Robert Wilson. (Ryman has used anodized aluminum instead of paper.) Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A display of works by two European architects; Ricardo Bofill is represented by photographs of apartment buildings in France, and Leon Krier, who designs but does not build, is necessarily represented by drawings. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.) . . . **NOTE:** The museum's sculpture garden, 14 W. 54th St., is open, free, Friday and Saturday evenings from 6 to 10, with entertainment on Fridays (rain date Saturdays) at 8.

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of a hundred paintings which could be said to deliver a cram course in the principal styles used by American and European artists of the past forty years. From the museum's collections and from private donors. Through Sept. 3. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A selection of more than ninety of the drawings that have entered the collection over the past few years. Through Sept. 22. . . . ¶ A sixteen-foot-high corrugated cardboard reproduction of one of Michael Heizer's earthworks fills the fourth-floor gallery. Through Sept. 1. A complementary exhibit is at Xavier Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. (The museum is open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of Japanese folk art. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily except Tuesdays. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The ancient Mayan civilization is recaptured and documented in an exhibit of objects (in gold, wood, jade, and shell), plus maps and photographic blowups. Through July 28. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

ASIA SOCIETY, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—A show devoted to seventeenth- to nineteenth-century Japanese painters who re-created supernatural figures in Japanese folklore—the Taoist Immortals, Shūki the Demon Queller, and Kabuki ghosts among them. Paintings, scrolls, screens, etc. Organized by the Spencer Museum of Art, University of Kansas. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—An all-purpose exhibit about wine as a creative stimulant: Chalices, decanters, goblets, and vessels of every kind; wallpaper, prints, textiles, and other decorative objects using grapevine patterns. Also, equipment for harvesting and processing—for instance, a large copper-and-brass still from the Cognac region of France. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A show of paintings and drawings by German artist Felix Nussbaum (1904-44), many from the period when he lived in hiding during the Second World War. The artist died at Auschwitz. Through Aug. 4. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A show of drawings and watercolors by Théodore Géricault, including fourteen preliminary studies for his best-known painting, "The Raft of the Medusa" (at the Louvre). Through July 31. (Open daily except Sundays and Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 125 W. 55th St.—High points in Southern folk art have been gathered for a show of ninety pieces, including paintings, sculptures, textiles, furniture, and pottery. Through Aug. 25. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Still-lifes by Luis Meléndez, an eighteenth-century Spanish painter. Through Sept. 1. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—The bicentennial of Audubon's birth is cause for celebration at the society, which owns and has mounted all four hundred and thirty-three remaining original watercolors for "Birds of America." Through Sept. 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.; temporary entrance on 42nd St.—A show that commemorates England's colonial exploits in North America four hundred years ago, with emphasis on the Roanoke voyages initiated by Sir Walter Raleigh. Documentation: John White's 1585 watercolors depicting Indians and nature; a copy of a book written about an exploration of Virginia which has engravings based on the White watercolors; the first map of North Carolina; and a paper with the signatures of Queen Elizabeth I and Raleigh authorizing payment for arrows for the British Army. A hundred of the items come from the British Museum and British Library; fifty are from the New York library. Through Aug. 20. (Open daily, except Sundays, 10 to 6.) . . . **Photography:** Prints by George Forss. Through Aug. 31. (This show is open Mondays through Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Marquis Studios (performance), Thursday through Saturday, July 18-20, and Thursday through Saturday, July 25-27, at 9. . . . ¶ John Bernd (performance), Sunday, July 21, at 10, and Monday, July 22, at 9.

MUSIC

New York City Opera—Wednesday, July 17, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; conducted by Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18, at 8: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Judith Forst, Joyce Castle, Michael Cousins, and Alan Titus; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 19-20, at 8: "The Student Prince," with Elizabeth Hynes, Jon Garrison, and Adib Fazah; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 2, and Sunday, July 21, at 1: "The Student Prince," with Leigh Munro, Mark Thomsen, and Dominic Cossa; Paul Gemignani. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 7: "The Daughter of the Regiment," with Erie Mills, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Robert Tate, and Joseph McKee; Joseph Rescigno. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25, at 8: "La Rondine," with Elizabeth Knighton, Claudette Peterson, Jon Garrison, and David Eisler; Alessandro Siciliani. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 8: "Lucia di Lammermoor," with Gianna Rolandi, Barry McCauley, Frederick Burchinal, and Harry Dworchak; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 2: "Carmen," with Elizabeth Hynes, Victoria Vergara, Harry Theyard, and William Dansby; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8: "La Cenerentola," with Leigh Munro, Judith Forst, Joyce Castle, Michael Cousins, and Alan Titus; Alessandro Siciliani. (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

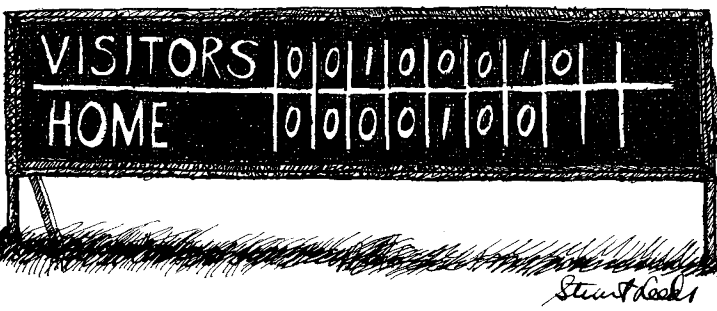
Mostly Mozart Festival—A seven-week season of orchestra, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, July 17: Gerard Schwarz conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Garrick Ohlsson, piano, and Dmitry Sitkovetsky, violin. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 18: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra in an all-Vivaldi program, with Christopher Parkening, classical guitarist, and Scott Goff, flutist. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 19-20: Raymond Leppard conducting the orchestra, with André Watts, piano. . . . [**Note:** On Sunday, July 21, at 2, a chamber ensemble will perform an all-Haydn program, with Christopher Hogwood as both narrator and fortepiano soloist; Benita Valente, soprano; Stanley Ritchie and Daniel Stepner, violin; Anthony Martin, viola; Myron Lutzke, cello; and Christopher Kreuger, flute.] . . . ¶ Monday, July 22, and Wednesday, July 24: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano, and Milan Turkovic, bassoon. . . . ¶ Tuesday, July 23: The Emerson String Quartet, with the Messrs. Ohlsson and Turkovic. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25: Peter Serkin, piano. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27: David Zinman conducting the orchestra, with Mitsuko Uchida, piano, and Janos Starker, cello. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Through Saturday, Aug. 24.)

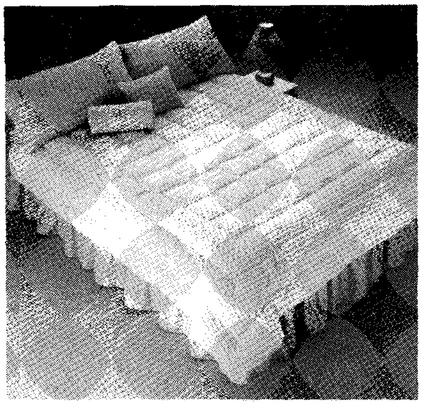
Rochelle Mancini—Soprano. (Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. 840-2824. Wednesday, July 17, at 6.)

Donald Joyce—Organ, in an all-Bach program. (Church of St. John the Evangelist, First Ave. at 55th St. Thursday, July 18, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Thursday, July 18, at 8:30: Manuel Barrueco, classical guitarist. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 7: The New England Harp Trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony in an all-Berlioz program, with Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Leonard Bernstein conducting an all-Brahms program, with Marek Drewnowski, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 2:30: Charles Dutoit conducting a Handel-Mozart-Schubert program; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday,





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July 25, at 8:30: Christopher Hogwood conducting members of the Boston Symphony and acting as fortepianist in an all-Haydn program, with Mary Rawcliffe, soprano. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, July 26-27, at 8: Christopher Hogwood directing the Boston Symphony in performances of Handel's "Messiah," with Miss Rawcliffe; Catherine Denley, mezzo-soprano; Laurence Dale, tenor; David Thomas, baritone; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 2:30: Adam Fischer conducting, with Alicia de Larrocha, piano. (Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Sept. 1. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 18, at 4:15: The St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble, with Elizabeth Pruett, soprano, and Robert Wolinsky, fortepiano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 19, at 9: Michael Feldman conducting the ensemble, with Miss Pruett; Elizabeth Mann, flute; and Dennis Godburn, recorder. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20, at 8:30: Michael Feldman conducting the Orchestra of St. Luke's, with William Blount, clarinet, and Mr. Godburn, bassoon. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 21, at 5:30: The Emerson String Quartet. . . . ¶ Thursday, July 25, at 4:15: The ensemble, with Russell Sherman, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26, at 9: The ensemble in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27, at 8:30: Alexander Schneider conducting the orchestra, with Peter Serkin, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, July 28, at 5:30: Håkan Hagegård, baritone, and Warren Jones, piano. (Katonah, N.Y. Through Sunday, Aug. 25. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—Final performances (tentative schedule) by the **NEW YORK CITY BALLET.** Wednesday evening, July 17: "The Four Temperaments," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Thursday matinée, July 18: "The Four Temperaments," "Firebird," and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Thursday evening, July 18: "Rossini Quartets," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . ¶ Friday evening, July 19: "The Four Temperaments," "The Cage," "Andantino," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, July 20: "Bugaku," the new ballet, and "Gounod Symphony." . . . ¶ Saturday evening, July 20: "Square Dance," "Poulenc Sonata," and "Gershwin Concerto." . . . **SPECIAL CONCERTS.** Sunday evening, July 21: Huey Lewis & the News and the Neville Brothers. . . . ¶ Monday evening, July 22: Robert Plant. . . . ¶ *Tuesday evening, July 23:* The Turtles, the Buckinghams, Grass Roots, and Gary Lewis and the Playboys. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, July 24: Al Jarreau and David Sanborn. . . . ¶ Thursday and Friday evenings, July 25-26: Barry Manilow. . . . ¶ Sunday evening, July 28: Chuck Mangione. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15; matinées at 2. Through Friday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

SUMMERFARE—Final performances of a festival of theatre, dance, and music. **WEDNESDAY, JULY 17, AT 7:** A performance of Handel's opera "Julius Caesar." . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 18, AT 7:45:** Shakespeare's "Macbeth," by La Compagnia del Collettivo di Parma, an avant-garde theatre company from Italy. . . . **AT 8:** The Kenneth Rinker Dance Company. . . . **AT 8:15:** The Lydian Quartet. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 19, AT 7:** "Julius Caesar." . . . **AT 7:30:** Spanish performance artist Carles Santos. . . . **AT 7:45:** "Macbeth." . . . **AT 8:** The Kenneth Rinker Dance Company. . . . **AT 10:30:** Composer/singer Diamanda Galas. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 20, AT 7:30:** Diamanda Galas. . . . **AT 7:45:** "Macbeth." . . . **AT 8:** Carles Santos, with Spanish dancer Cesc Gelabert, and a program of four Bach cantatas. . . . **AT 10:30:** French cabaret performer Hélène Delavault. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 21, AT 2 AND 7:** "Macbeth." . . . **AT 3:15:** "Julius Caesar" and Cesc Gelabert, with dancer Lydia Azzopardi. . . . **AT 7:** Hélène Delavault. . . . **AT 7:30:** The Marleen Pennison Dance Company. . . . **WEDNESDAY, JULY 24, AT 8:** The Junge Deutsche Philharmonie, with Gidon Kremer, violin. . . . **THURSDAY, JULY 25, AT 8:** The Lucinda Childs Dance Company and "Kafka's Dreams," a production of the Théâtre de la Tempête-Cartoucherie, from Paris. Performed in French, English, and Yiddish. . . . **AT 8:30:** A performance of Brecht/Weill's "Little Mahagonny," with additional music by Bach. . . . **FRIDAY, JULY 26, AT 7:30:** Dancer Pauline Daniëls. . . . **AT 8:** "Kafka's Dreams." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Little Mahagonny." . . . **AT 10:30:** The Lucinda Childs Dance Company. . . . **SATURDAY, JULY 27, AT 3:30:** The Marleen Pennison Dance Company. . . . **AT 7:15:** The Mark Morris Dance Group. . . . **AT 8:** The Lewitzky Dance Company and "Kafka's Dreams." . . . **AT 8:30:** "Little Mahagonny." . . . **AT 10:30:** Pauline Daniëls. . . . **SUNDAY, JULY 28, AT 3 AND 7:** "Little Mahagonny." . . . **AT 3:** Pauline Daniëls. . . . **AT 3:15 AND 7:30:** "Kafka's Dreams." . . . **AT 4:** The Lewitzky Dance Company. . . . **AT 7:** The Mark Morris Dance Group. (State University of New York, at Purchase. For information about tickets, call 1-914 253-5900.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 20: The Jacob's Pillow Ballet Ensemble and the American Ballroom Theatre. . . . ¶ *Tuesday through Saturday, July 23-27:* The Desrosiers Dance Theatre. (Becket, Mass. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Atlanta, Thursday, July 18, at 7:35; Friday, July 19, at 8:05; Saturday, July 20, at 4:05; and Sunday, July 21, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Cincinnati, Monday and Tuesday, July 22-23, at 7:35, and Wednesday, July 24, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Thursday, July 25, at 7:35; Friday, July 26, at 8:05; and Saturday, July 27, at 7:35.

RACING—At **BELMONT:** *Daily, except Tuesdays, at* 1; through Monday, July 29. The Brooklyn Handicap, Saturday, July 20; the Tom Fool, Sunday, July 21; and the Sword Dancer Handicap, Saturday, July 27. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:53 and 12:59, and Saturdays and Sundays between 10:58 and 1:04.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Monmouth Oaks, Saturday, July 20, and the Haskell Invitational, Saturday, July 27. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY AT GARDEN STATE PARK,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weeknights at 8; through Thursday, July 25. . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights at 8, from Friday, July 26, through Saturday, Aug. 31. The Matchmaker, Saturday, July 27.

TENNIS—Volvo Tennis/New Jersey. (Newark Academy, Livingston, N.J. Sunday, July 21, at 1; Monday through Friday, July 22-26, at noon and 7; semifinals Saturday, July 27, at 12:30; and finals Sunday, July 28, at 12:30. For information about tickets, call 1-201 *740-1715.)*

TROTTING—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 3. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 23. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 17.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

DAMROSCH PARK, Lincoln Center—Ainslee Cox conducting the Goldman Memorial Band in this summer's series of concerts. (Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8; through Sunday, Aug. 4.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free concerts on Pier 16: Friday, July 19: Lester Bowie's Brass Fantasy. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 20: Carmen Lundy and her trio. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26: Houston Person–Etta Jones quartet. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Adam Makowicz trio. (East River at Fulton St. Evenings at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will be given on the following Monday.)

MUSICAL FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summertime concerts. Wednesday, July 24: Melba Moore and Freddie Jackson. . . . ¶ Friday, July 26: UB 40 and Midnight Oil. . . . ¶ Saturday, July 27: Ashford & Simpson. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 14. For information about tickets, call 249-8870.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL—Vincent La Selva directing the New York Grand Opera Company and the Schola Cantorum in the last two in a series of productions. Wednesday, July 17, at 7:30: "La Bohème." . . . ¶ Wednesday, July 24, at 7:30: "Carmen."

WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK—Johannes Somary conducting the Festival Orchestra. The first in a series of four concerts. (Tuesday, July 23, at 8. In the event of rain, the concert will take place in the Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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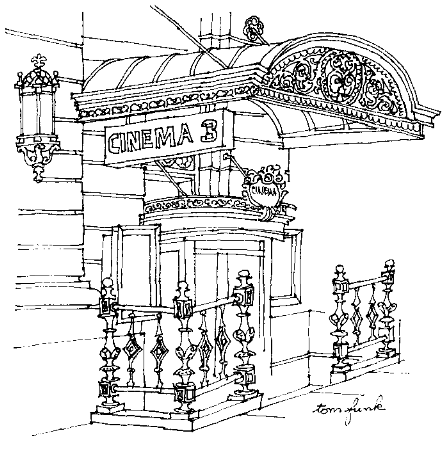

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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 14.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
Through July 18: "Raintree County" (1957; directed by Edward Dmytryk), with Montgomery Clift, Elizabeth Taylor, and Eva Marie Saint.
July 19-21: At 4, "The Taming of the Shrew" (1967; Franco Zeffirelli), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton; and "Hammersmith Is Out" (1972; Peter Ustinov), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, and Ustinov. At 8, "The V.I.P.s" (1963; Anthony Asquith), with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Maggie Smith, and Orson Welles; and "Secret Ceremony" (1968; Joseph Losey), with Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow, and Robert Mitchum.
July 23-25: "A Little Night Music" (†); and "The Blue Bird" (1976; George Cukor), with Elizabeth Taylor, Jane Fonda, Cicely Tyson, and Ava Gardner.
From July 26: At 4, "The Comedians" (1967; Peter Glenville), with Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton. At 8, "Reflections in a Golden Eye" (†) and "The Only Game in Town" (†).

R.K.O. Century Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Cocoon" (†).

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 2: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).
Theatre 3: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through July 18: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback.
From July 19: To be announced.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Cocoon" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Coca-Cola Kid" (Dusan Makavejev), with Eric Roberts.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner). From July 26: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "Silverado" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through July 18: "Witness" (†).
From July 19: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: Through July 21: "The Shooting Party" (†). July 22-25: Theatre closed. From July 26: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (Hector Babenco), with William Hurt and Raul Julia.
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero). From July 19: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through July 18: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
From July 19: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 19: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through July 18: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
From July 19: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through July 18: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner). From July 19: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: Through July 23: "Letters from Marusia" (1976; directed by Miguel Littin; in Spanish), with Gian Maria Volonte. From July 24: "Tosca's Kiss" (1984; Daniel Schmid; in Italian).
Theatre 2: Through July 25: "Dangerous Moves" (†). From July 26: "A Thousand Little Kisses" (Mira Recanati; in Hebrew).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Before Stonewall: The Making of a Gay and Lesbian Community" (Greta Schiller).
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "The Lift" (Dick Maas; in Dutch). From July 19: To be announced.

Greenwich Playhouse I and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: Through July 18: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero). From July 19: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Theatre 2: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Secret Honor" (†). From July 19: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.
Theatre 3: "A Man Like Eva" (1983; Radu Gabrea; in German), with Eva Mattes.
Theatre 4: Through July 18: "The Brother from Another Planet" (John Sayles), with Joe Morton, Dee Dee Bridgewater, and Sayles. From July 19: "The Shooting Party" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Witness" (†).
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen. From July 19: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 3: "Silverado" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th. (757-3100; closed Mondays.)
Through July 25: "Return to Oz" (Walter Murch), with Nicol Williamson and Jean Marsh.
From July 26: "The Black Caldron," a Disney animated film.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Silverado" (Lawrence Kasdan), with Kevin Kline and Scott Glenn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through July 18: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
From July 19: To be announced.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
Through July 18: "A Man Lke Eva" (1983; Radu Gavrea; in German), with Eva Mattes.
From July 19: To be announced.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
Through July 18: Theatre closed.
From July 19: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through July 18: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.
From July 19: "Wetherby" (David Hare), with Vanessa Redgrave.

Lincoln Plaza I, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "The Home and the World" (†).
Theatre 2: "A Flash of Green" (Victor Nuñez), with Ed Harris and Blair Brown.
Theatre 3: "Amadeus" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "St. Elmo's Fire" (Joel Schumacher), with Emilio Estevez and Rob Lowe.
Theatre 2: "The Purple Rose of Cairo" (†).

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: Through July 18: "Henry IV" (Marco Bellocchio; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Claudia Cardinale. From July 19: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Goodbye, New York" (Amos Kollek), with Julie Hagerty and Kollek. From July 19: "Henry IV."

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: Through July 18: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood. From July 19: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: "Mad Max Beyond Thunder-

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

dome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 5: "Explorers" (Joe Dante).
Theatre 6: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
"The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: Through July 18: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†). From July 19: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero). From July 19: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.
Theatre 3: Through July 25: "The Goonies" (Richard Donner). From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.
Theatre 4: Through July 18: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen. From July 19: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: Through July 25: "The Goonies" (directed by Richard Donner). From July 26: "National Lampoon's European Vacation" (Amy Heckerling), with Chevy Chase.
Theatre 2: "Cocoon" (†).
Theatre 3: Through July 18: "Secret Admirer" (David Greenwalt), with C. Thomas Howell. From July 19: "A View to a Kill" (†).
Theatre 4: Through July 25: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†). From July 26: "The Goonies."
Theatre 5: Through July 25: "Brewster's Millions" (Walter Hill), with Richard Pryor and John Candy. From July 26: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
Theatre 6: Through July 18: "Code of Silence" (Andy Davis), with Chuck Norris. From July 19: "Fletch" (Michael Ritchie), with Chevy Chase.

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through July 18: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
From July 19: "The Man with One Red Shoe" (Stan Dragoti), with Tom Hanks.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "Red Sonja" (Richard Fleischer), with Arnold Schwarzenegger and Brigitte Nielsen.
Theatre 3: "Beverly Hills Cop" (†).
Theatre 4: "Witness" (†).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Explorers" (Joe Dante).

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: "Back to the Future" (Robert Zemeckis), with Michael J. Fox and Lea Thompson.
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "A View to a Kill" (†). From July 19: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through July 25: "Rambo: First Blood Part II" (†).
From July 26: "The Heavenly Kid" (Cary Medoway), with Lewis Smith.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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21	22	23	24	25	26	27

"D.A.R.Y.L." (Simon Wincer), with Mary Beth Hurt and Michael McKean.

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Prizzi's Honor" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Emerald Forest" (John Boorman), with Powers Boothe, Meg Foster, and Charley Boorman.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: "Mad Max Beyond Thunderdome" (George Miller and George Ogilvie), with Mel Gibson.
Theatre 2: "Pale Rider" (Clint Eastwood), with Eastwood.

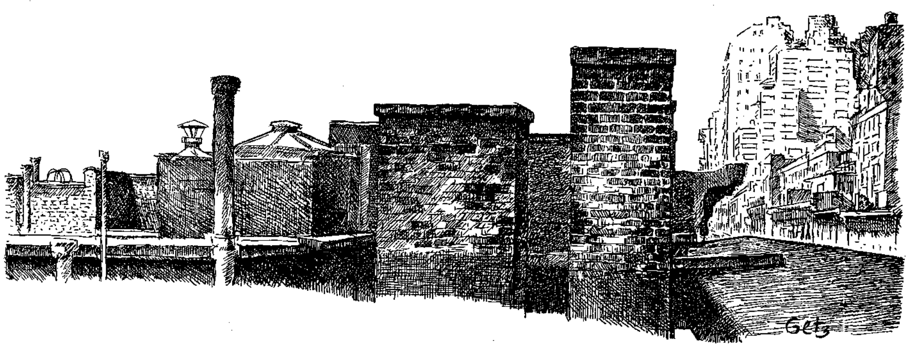
U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: "Day of the Dead" (George A. Romero).
Theatre 2: Through July 18: "Lifeforce" (Tobe Hooper), with Steve Railsback. From July 19: "The Legend of Billie Jean" (Matthew Robbins), with Helen Slater.

REVIVAL HOUSES

Agee Room, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 18: "Enormous Changes at the Last Minute" (1983; directed by Ellen Hovde and Mirra Bank).
From July 19: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560; on Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 18: "Desperately Seeking Susan" (†).
July 19-24: "The Wizard of Oz" (1939; Victor Fleming), with Judy Garland, Bert Lahr, Frank Morgan, Ray Bolger, and Jack Haley; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952; Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen), with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, and Donald O'Connor.
July 25: "The Night of the Hunter" (1955; Charles Laughton), with Robert Mitchum, Shelley Winters, and Lillian Gish; and "The Asphalt Jungle" (†).
From July 26: To be announced.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
July 17: "The Horse" (1982; Ali Ozgentürk; in Turkish); and "Yol" (1982; Yilmaz Güney; in Turkish).
July 18: "The Virgin Spring" (1960; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Gunnel Lindblom; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.
July 19-20: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.
July 21: "The Threepenny Opera" (1931; G. W. Pabst; in German), with Lotte Lenya; and "Diary of a Lost Girl" (1929; G. W. Pabst; a German silent film), with Louise Brooks.



July 22: "The Red Shoes" (†); and "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love" (1977; Harry Rasky), a documentary on Marc Chagall, narrated by James Mason.
July 23: "Kind Hearts and Coronets" (†); and "The Horse's Mouth" (1958; Ronald Neame), with Alec Guinness, Kay Walsh, and Ernest Thesiger.
July 24: "Miracle in Milan" (1951; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian), with Francesco Golissano, Brunella Bovo, Paolo Stoppa, and Emma Gramatica; and "Umberto D." (1952; Vittorio De Sica; in Italian).
July 25: "Knife in the Water" (†); and "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse.
July 26-27: "Smiles of a Summer Night" (†); and "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.

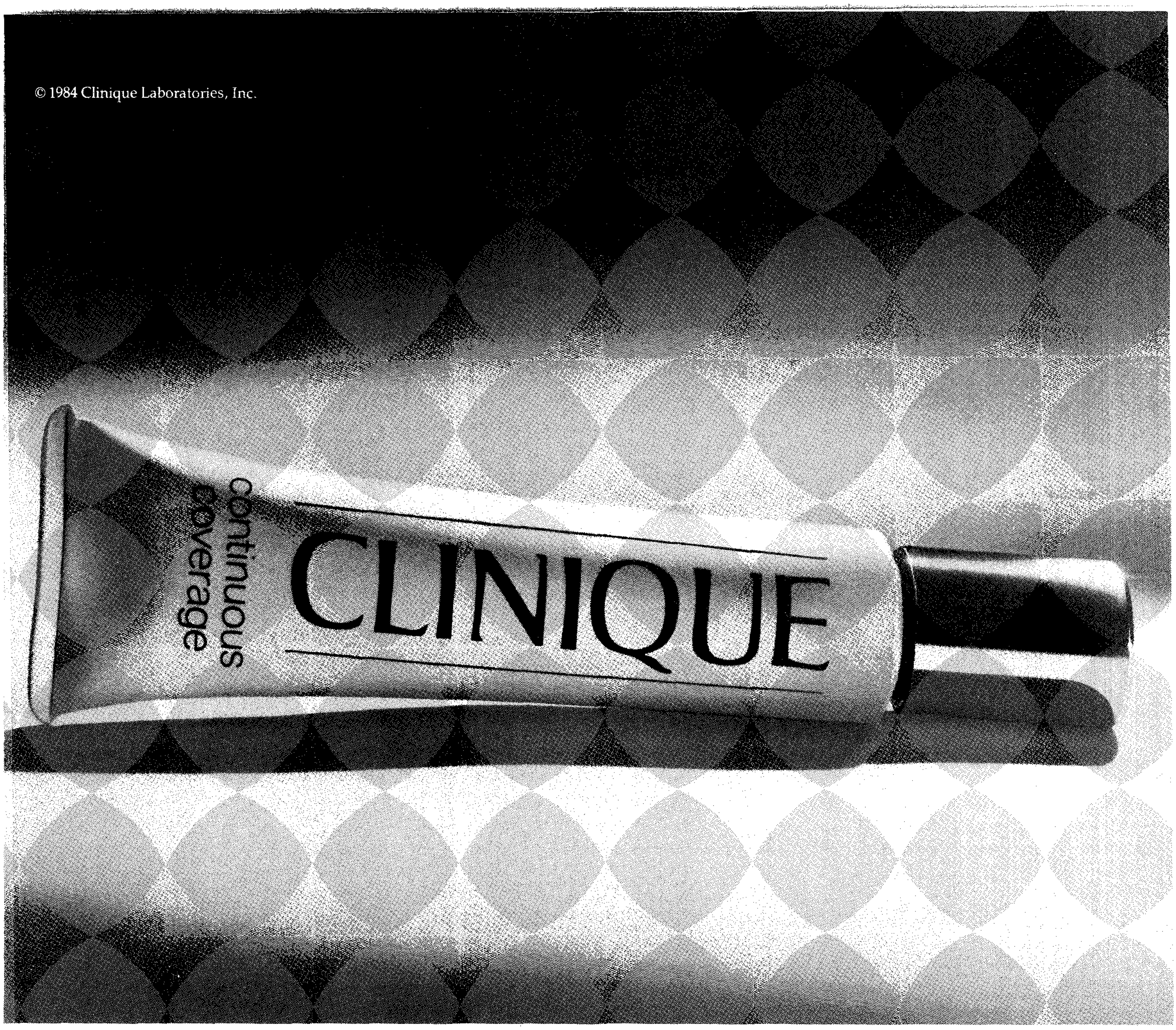
Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through July 18: "The Clowns" (1971; Federico Fellini; in Italian); and "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
July 19-20: "Rear Window" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and "Vertigo" (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
July 21: "La Dolce Vita" (1960; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anita Ekberg.
July 22-23: "Tommy" (†); and "Crimes of Passion" (1984; Ken Russell), with Kathleen Turner and Anthony Perkins.
July 24-25: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Depardieu, and Jean Poiret; and "Day for Night" (†).
July 26-27: A program of Looney Tunes cartoons.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through July 18: "Jules and Jim" (1962; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau, Oskar Werner, and Henri Serre; and "The 400 Blows" (1959; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Pierre Léaud.
From July 19: "E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial" (†).

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 18: "Life of Brian" (1979; Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman; and "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1975; Terry Gilliam and Terry Jones), with Graham Chapman.
July 19-20: "The Producers" (1968; Mel Brooks), with Zero Mostel, Dick Shawn, and Gene Wilder; and "The Stunt Man" (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, and Barbara Hershey.
July 21: "Salò, 120 Days of Sodom" (1977; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian).
July 22-23: "A Double Life" (1947; George Cukor), with Ronald Colman, Signe Hasso, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Double Indemnity" (1944; Billy Wilder), with Barbara Stanwyck, Fred MacMurray, and Edward G. Robinson.
July 24-25: "Chinatown" (1974; Roman Polanski), with Jack Nicholson, Faye Dunaway, and John Huston; and "The Day of the Locust" (1975; John Schlesinger), with Donald Sutherland, Karen Black, Burgess Meredith, Billy Barty, and William Atherton.
July 26-27: "Diva" (1981; Jean-Jacques Beineix; in French), with Wilhelmenia Fernandez and Frédéric Andrei; and "La Balance" (1983; Bob Swaim; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Philippe Léotard.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through July 18: A festival of Marx Brothers films.
July 19-25: A festival of Russ Meyer films.
From July 26: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
July 17: "Bigger Than Life" (1956; Nicholas Ray), with James Mason and Barbara Rush; and "Pickup on South Street" (1953;



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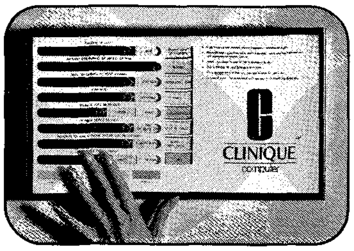

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Samuel Fuller), with Richard Widmark, Jean Peters, and Thelma Ritter.

July 18-20: "The Virgin Queen" (1955; Henry Koster), with Bette Davis, Richard Todd, and Joan Collins; and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.

July 21-22: "Margie" (1946; Henry King), with Jeanne Crain, Glenn Langan, and Alan Young; and "Cheaper by the Dozen" (1950; Walter Lang), with Clifton Webb, Myrna Loy, and Jeanne Crain.

July 23-24: "Boomerang!" (1947; Elia Kazan), with Dana Andrews, Jane Wyatt, and Arthur Kennedy; and "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn.

July 25: "Paddy O'Day" (1935; Lewis Seiler), with Jane Withers, Rita Hayworth, and Pinky Tomlin; "The Bullfighters" (1945; Mal St. Clair), with Laurel and Hardy; and "The Jones Family in Hollywood" (1939; Mal St. Clair), with Jed Prouty, Spring Byington, and William Tracy.

July 26-27: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Dana Andrews, and Gary Merrill; and "The Dark Corner" (1946; Henry Hathaway), with Lucille Ball, Mark Stevens, and Clifton Webb.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

July 17: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the Fabulous Strains" (1981; Lou Adler), with Diane Lane; and "Roadie" (1980; Alan Rudolph), with Meat Loaf, Kaki Hunter, and Art Carney.

July 18: "The Invasion of the Body Snatchers" (1956; Don Siegel), with Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter; and "Motel Hell" (1980; Kevin Connor), with Rory Calhoun.

July 19: "The Hidden Fortress" (1958; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune.

July 20: "The Year of Living Dangerously" (1983; Peter Weir), with Mel Gibson, Sigourney Weaver, and Linda Hunt; and "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward.

July 21: "Diary of a Country Priest" (†); and "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French).

July 22: A program of Bugs Bunny and Daffy Duck cartoons.

July 23: "Next Stop, Greenwich Village" (†); and "The Pope of Greenwich Village" (1984; Stuart Rosenberg), with Eric Roberts, Mickey Rourke, and Daryl Hannah.

July 24: "Thunder Road" (1958; Arthur Ripley), with Robert Mitchum and Gene Barry; and "Pursued" (1947; Raoul Walsh), with Teresa Wright, Robert Mitchum, and Judith Anderson.

July 25: "D.O.A." (1981; Lech Kowalski), and "The Decline of Western Civilization" (1981; Penelope Spheeris), both documentaries about punk rock.

July 26: "The Goalie's Anxiety at the Penalty Kick" (1972; Wim Wenders; in German); and "The Wrong Move" (1975; Wim Wenders; in German), with Rudiger Vogeler.

July 27: "Giant" (1956; George Stevens), with Elizabeth Taylor, Rock Hudson, James Dean, and Mercedes McCambridge.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

July 17: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "The Visit" (1964; Bernhard Wicki), with Ingrid Bergman and Anthony Quinn.

July 18: "The Guardsman" (1931; Sidney Franklin), with Lynn Fontanne and Alfred Lunt; and "Idiot's Delight" (1939; Clarence Brown), with Norma Shearer and Clark Gable.

July 19-20: "The Paradine Case" (1947; Alfred Hitchcock), with Alida Valli, Gregory Peck, Charles Laughton, and Ann Todd; and "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau.

July 21: "The Cat and the Canary" (1939; Elliott Nugent), with Paulette Goddard and Bob Hope; and "The Old Dark House" (†).

July 22: "That Obscure Object of Desire" (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina; and "Los Olvidados" (1950; "The Young and the Damned;" Luis Buñuel; in Spanish).

July 23: "A Thousand Clowns" (†); and "Barefoot in the Park" (1967; Gene Saks), with Robert Redford, Jane Fonda, Charles Boyer, and Mildred Natwick.

July 24: "All Fall Down" (†) and "Splendor in the Grass" (†).

July 25: "The Lady from Shanghai" (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and "Gilda" (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.

July 26-27: "Walkabout" (1971; Nicolas Roeg; an Australian film); and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Theatre 1: *July 18 at 2:30 and 6:* "The Docks of New York" (1928; directed by Josef von Sternberg; a silent film). . . . ¶ July 19 at 2:30: "Scrooge" (1951; Brian Desmond Hurst), with Alastair Sim, Jack Warner, and Mervyn Johns. . . . ¶ July 19 at 6: "Tom Jones" (1963; Tony Richardson), with Albert Finney. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2: "Scrooge." . . . ¶ July 20 at 5: "Tom Jones." . . . ¶ July 21 at 2: "The Entertainer" (1960; Tony Richardson), with Laurence Olivier, Brenda de Banzie, and Joan Plowright. . . . ¶ July 21 at 5: "Look Back in Anger" (1959; Tony Richardson), with Richard Burton, Claire Bloom, and Mary Ure. . . . ¶ July 22 at 2:30 and 6: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese, with English subtitles), with Marpessa Dawn. . . . ¶ July 23 at 2:30 and 6: "Advantage" (1977; Georgy Dyulgerov; in Bulgarian, with English subtitles. . . . ¶ July 25 at 2:30 and 6: "Accident, Uberfall" (1928; Erno Metzner), "Emak-Bakia" (1927; Man Ray), "Les Mystères du Château du Dé" (1929; Man Ray), and "Un Chien Andalou" (1929; Luis Buñuel), all silent films. . . . ¶ July 26 at 2:30: "Look Back in Anger." . . . ¶ July 26 at 6: "The Entertainer." . . . ¶ July 27 at 2: "The Railway Children" (1970; Lionel Jeffries), with Jenny Agutter. . . . ¶ July 27 at 5: "The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie" (1969; Ronald Neame), with Maggie Smith, Robert Stephens, and Pamela Franklin.

Theatre 2: July 18 at 3 and 6:30: A program of early silent films. . . . ¶ July 19 at 3: "Little Fugitive" (1953; Morris Engel, Ruth Orkin, and Ray Ashley); "Les Mistons" (1957; François Truffaut; in French, with English subtitles); "All Boys Are Called Patrick" (1957; Jean-Luc Godard; in French, with English subtitles); and "La Première Nuit" (1958; George Franju). . . . ¶ July 19 at 6:30: "The Quiet One" (1949; Sidney Meyers); and "On the Bowery" (1956; Lionel Rogosin). . . . ¶ July 20 at 12:30: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ July 20 at 2:30: "Little Fugitive," "Les Mistons," "All Boys Are Called Patrick," and "La Première Nuit." . . . ¶ July 20 at 5:30: "All My Babies" (1952; George C. Stoney) and "Indian Summer" (1958; Jules Schwerin). . . . ¶ July 21 at 12:30: Another program of animated films. . . . ¶ July 21 at 2:30: "The Quiet One" and "On the Bowery." . . . ¶ July 21 at 5:30: "Pull My Daisy" (1959; Robert Frank and Alfred Leslie); and "Shadows" (1961; John Cassavetes), with Lelia Goldoni, Ben Carruthers, and Anthony Ray. . . . ¶ July 22 at 3: "All My Babies" and "Indian Summer." . . . ¶ July 22 at 6:30: "The Savage Eye" (1960; Ben Maddow, Sidney Meyers, and Joseph Strick), with Barbara Baxley. . . . ¶ July 23 at 3: "Pull My Daisy" and "Shadows." . . . ¶ July 23 at 6:30: "The Connection" (1961; Shirley Clarke), with Carl Lee and Roscoe Lee Browne. . . . ¶ July 25 at 3: "The Savage Eye." . . . ¶ July 25 at 6:30: "Primary" (1960; Richard Leacock, D. A. Pennebaker, Albert Maysles, and T. McCartney-Filgate) and "Point of Order" (1964; Emile de Antonio). . . . ¶ July 26 at 3: "The Connection." . . . ¶ July 26 at 6:30: "Square Root of Zero" (1963; William Cannon). . . . ¶ July 27 at 12:30: A program of animated films. . . . ¶ July 27 at 2:30: "Primary" and "Point of Order." . . . ¶ July 27 at 5:30: "David Holzman Diary" (1967; Jim McBride), with L. M. Kit Carson.

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—July 17-20 at 11:30 and July 21 at 12:30: The first of four film programs. . . . ¶ July 17-20 at 2:30 and July 21 at 3:30: The second of four film programs. . . . ¶ July 23 at 1:30 and July 24-27 at 11:30: The third of four film programs. . . . ¶ July 23 at 4:30 and July 24-27 at 2:30: The fourth of four film programs. Closed Mondays.

Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. (570-3949)—July 17: "The Killers" (1946; Robert Siodmak), with Burt Lancaster, Edmond O'Brien, and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ July 18: "They Drive by Night" (1940; Raoul Walsh), with George Raft, Humphrey Bogart, Ann Sheridan, and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ July 19: "La Traviata" (1982; Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo. . . . ¶ July 22: "The Big Sleep" (1946; Howard Hawks), with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. . . . ¶ July 24: "The Snows of Kilimanjaro" (1952; Henry King), with Gregory Peck, Susan Hayward, and Ava Gardner. . . . ¶ July 25: "High Sierra" (1941; Raoul Walsh), with Humphrey Bogart and Ida Lupino. (All showings at 8. Tickets available one hour before performance time, on the night of the performance.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

All Fall Down (1962)—This ambitious and elaborately staged John Frankenheimer film is set deep in that strange area of nostalgic Americana where the familiar is the Freudian grotesque. The film turns out to be a portrait of the writer as an adolescent (Brandon deWilde plays the part) who grows up—"matures"—when he learns that the older brother he idolizes (Warren Beatty) is an empty wreck. Does *anybody* really grow up the way this boy grows up? He learns the truth, squares his shoulders, and walks out into the bright sunlight, as Alex North's music rises and swells in victory. With Eva Marie Saint, Angela Lansbury, and Karl Malden. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24.)

Amadeus—The lofty playwright Peter Shaffer has the minor composer Salieri (F. Murray Abraham) declaring war on Heaven for gypping him, and determined to ruin the incomparable Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (Tom Hulce) because God's voice is speaking through him. The director, Miloš Forman, trudges through the movie as if every step were a major contribution to art, and he keeps the audience hooked. Some redeeming qualities: Mozart's music, Twyla Tharp's staging of the dances and opera excerpts, and Abraham's eager, slimy Salieri. (Reviewed in our issue of 10/29/84.) (Lincoln Plaza.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller directed by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. Sterling Hayden is the central figure, and the cast includes Sam Jaffe, Louis Calhern, Jean Hagen, Marilyn Monroe, and James Whitmore. (Bleecker St. Cinema; July 25.)

Beverly Hills Cop—The plot is just a peg for little set pieces in which the street-smart Eddie Murphy, in his worn-out sweatshirts, saunters through swank Beverly Hills locations, tells whopping lies, and outsmarts the white dumbos. Hotfooting the picture to keep it going, he rattles off pitifully undistinguished profanity, but we're cued to react to every stupid four-letter word as riotous. With Judge Reinhold, Stephen Elliott, Bronson Pinchot, Ronny Cox, Steven Berkoff, Lisa

Eilbacher, and John Ashton. Directed by Martin Brest. (12/24/84) (Embassy.)

Cocoon—A science-fantasy sitcom, in which the old people from a St. Petersburg, Florida, retirement community go off to the planet Antares, a Shangri-La in space. If audiences enjoy the movie, it's largely because of the elderly actors and the affection that the young director, Ron Howard, shows for them. Wilford Brimley, with his walrus mustache and friendly belly, brings an ornery impudence to his role, and Don Ameche is amusing as a vain, natty old sheik. But Ron Howard overworks his "heart" and his ecumenical niceness—his attempt to provide something for all age groups and all faiths—and he keeps trying to extract tender emotions from scenes that could get by only as slapstick, and from scenes that can't get by as anything. The plot is less than ingenious, and things get pretty cloying. With Hume Cronyn, Jack Gilford, Maureen Stapleton, Gwen Verdon, Jessica Tandy, Herta Ware, Steve Guttenberg, Barret Oliver, and Brian Dennehy as the leader of the Antareans, who include Tahnee Welch and Tyrone Power, Jr. The script, by Tom Benedek, is based on a novel by David Saperstein. The special effects by Industrial Light & Magic are warmed-over versions of the basic imagery of "Close Encounters of the Third Kind." (7/15/85) (Bay Cinema, Gotham Cinema, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

Dangerous Moves—This Swiss picture is about a world-championship chess match held in Geneva between the longtime titleholder (Michel Piccoli), a courtly and cagey gray-bearded Russian Jew from the Soviet Union, and his former pupil, the handsome, high-strung challenger (Alexander Arbatt), a young Lithuanian who defected from the Soviet Union. At first, the young man's flamboyance and the older man's seething anger put us in an expectant mood, but the film turns into an uninspired account of the psychological pressures put on the contestants, who are both being manipulated by the Soviet bureaucracy. Written by Richard Dembo, who makes his début as a director. With Liv Ullmann, Leslie Caron, and Bernhard Wicki. In French. (6/3/85) (Film Forum; through July 25.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. It's a backstage story about the making of an American-financed movie, "Meet Pamela," set on the Riviera, in which Jacqueline Bisset, married to Jean-Pierre Léaud, falls in love with his father, Jean-Pierre Aumont. Truffaut, who plays the efficient and rather colorless director of "Meet Pamela," brings it all off gracefully. Truffaut's approach is filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. But the large cast is very ordinary and the film is too fan-magazinish in approach and too tenderly shallow. With Valentina Cortese. In French. (Cinema Village; July 24-25.)

Desperately Seeking Susan—Set in the punk world, it's a mistaken-identity fantasy about doe-eyed Roberta (Rosanna Arquette), a suburban housewife in New Jersey, who becomes fixated on a drifter named Susan (played by the rock star Madonna). This attempt at screwball charm was directed by Susan Seidelman, who wipes out her actors. All their responsiveness is cut off—there's nothing going on in them. No subtext—nothing. Nobody comes through except Madonna, who comes through as Madonna (she moves regally, an indolent, trampy goddess), and the cinematographer Edward Lachman, whose lighting gives the East Village shops and streets a funky prettiness. The cast includes Robert Joy, Aidan Quinn, Mark Blum, Laurie Metcalf, and the comedian Steven Wright. (4/22/85) (Guild. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through July 18. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through July 25. . . . ¶ Agee Room; starting July 19.)

Diary of a Country Priest (1950)—Robert Bresson's masterly adaptation of the Georges Bernanos novel about the suffering of a young priest (Claude Laydu) whose faith is neither understood nor accepted by his parishioners. A film of great purity and, at the end, a Bach-like intensity. This is one of the few modern works in any art form that help one to understand the religious life—which for this useless young man is a terrible one, yet with moments of holiness. With Nicole Maurey and Nicole Ladmiral. In French. (Thalia; July 21.)

E.T. The Extra-Terrestrial (1982)—Steven Spielberg's movie is the story of a ten-year-old boy, Elliott, who feels fatherless and lost because his parents have separated, and who finds a miraculous friend—an alien inadvertently left on Earth by a visiting spaceship. This fusion of science fiction and mythology is emotionally rounded and complete; it reminds you of the goofiest dreams you had as a kid, and rehabilitates them. It puts a spell on the audience; it's genuinely entrancing. The stars are Henry Thomas, as Elliott, and E.T., who was designed by Carlo Rambaldi. With Drew Barrymore, Robert MacNaughton, Dee Wallace, and Peter Coyote. (D. W. Griffith, Loews Orpheum, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, Olympia Quad, Loews State, and 8th St. Playhouse; starting July 19.)

The Home and the World ("Ghare-Baire")—Victor Banerjee is a maharajah in Bengal with a Western education and liberal views. His wife (Swatilekha Chatterjee) is content to live in the women's quarters of his palace and be visible to no man except him. But he wants her to be a modern woman, and persuades her to leave the Arabian Nights cushions and the English bric-a-brac of the women's quarters, and she immediately becomes enthralled by the cocksure masculinity of a fiery radical (Soumitra Chatterjee). This Satyajit Ray movie is in deep, glowing colors; the main characters talk, and the camera just stays on them and waits until they finish, yet these conversations in golden light and shadows have their own kind of voltage. Set in 1907, this marvellous film is about the destruction of the marriage, and the riots and bloodshed caused by the radical's terrorist supporters. In Bengali. (7/1/85) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

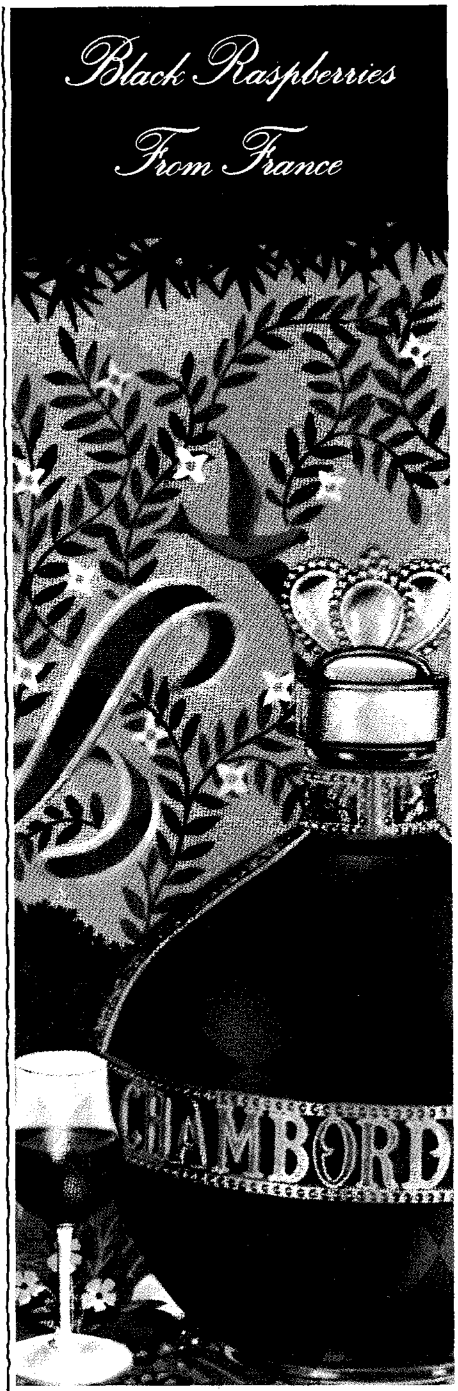
Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—This tart black comedy on the craving for social position and the art of murder is heartless, and that is the secret of its elegance. Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the insouciant young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—a snob, a general, a photographer, an admiral, a suffragette, a clergyman, a banker, and the duke—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. As the murderer takes us further into his confidence with each foul deed, we positively look forward to his next success. With purring little Joan Greenwood as the minx-nemesis Sybilla, Valerie Hobson as the high-minded Edith, and Miles Malleson as the poetastering executioner. Robert Hamer directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 23.)

Knife in the Water (1962)—A middle-aged man, his pretty young wife, and an undergraduate hitchhiker act out a rather sinister charade in modern Poland. Roman Polanski wrote and directed. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 25.)

A Little Night Music (1978)—This film is a cut above "Song of Norway" and "The Blue Bird," but it's in that general sylvan-settings category. It's an adaptation of the Broadway show, which was a reworking, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and a book by Hugh Wheeler, of Ingmar Bergman's "Smiles of a Summer Night." What was lyrical farce in the Bergman film has now become clodhopping operetta. This picture has been made as if the director (Harold Prince) had never *seen* a movie. With Diana Rigg and Lesley-Anne Down, who manage to get a performance rhythm going in some of their scenes, and with Elizabeth Taylor and Len Cariou. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; July 23-25.)

Next Stop, Greenwich Village (1976)—Paul Mazursky's wonderful autobiographical lyric satire about a young comedian's life in the Village in the early fifties. With a tip-top cast headed by Lenny Baker, Ellen Greene, Christopher Walken, and Antonio Fargas, and with Shelley Winters giving perhaps her best performance—as the comedian's mother, whose unused brains and talent have turned her into a morose, irrepressible, howling freak. (Thalia; July 23.)

The Old Dark House (1932)—This wonderful deadpan takeoff of horror plays was directed by the eccentric James Whale in the witty, perverse, and creepy manner he also brought to "The Bride of Frankenstein." Five travellers (Charles Laughton, Melvyn Doug-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

las, Raymond Massey, Gloria Stuart, and Lilian Bond) are caught in a storm in Wales. They seek shelter in a gloomy mansion, which is inhabited by a prize collection of monsters and decadent aristocrats: a mute, scarred brute of a butler (Boris Karloff) attends a prissy madman (Ernest Thesiger), his religious-fanatic hag of a sister (Eva Moore), his pyromaniac-dwarf younger brother (Brember Wells), and their father—a hundred-and-two-year-old baronet. (The performer is listed as "John Dudgeon," but the part is actually played by a woman, Elspeth Dudgeon.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 21.)

The Only Game in Town (1970)—After the initial pleasure of finding Elizabeth Taylor looking prettier than she has looked in years, and watching Warren Beatty's attractively relaxed style, it turns into a sluggish star vehicle of the old, bad days. This love story of a gambling musician and a chorus girl is set in Las Vegas, and there are long sequences of such blinding banality that you begin to wonder if the credit to Henri Decaë, one of the world's great cinematographers, could be some kind of joke. Miss Taylor has a sweetness and, despite her rather shapeless look, a touching quality of frailty, but the plot makes her ridiculous. Beatty is obviously younger than she is, and he's in fine shape, so when she prolongs this pokey, drowsy movie by stalling on his honorable marriage proposal, the audience gets so impatient you half expect to hear that old movie-house cry "Say yes so we can all go home!" Directed by George Stevens. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 26.)

Prizzi's Honor—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this is a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Sutton, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and R.K.O. Century National Twin.)

The Purple Rose of Cairo—The thirteenth movie that Woody Allen has directed, and possibly his finest creation. He wrote it for Mia Farrow, and it seems scaled to her cheekbones. The time is 1935, and she is Cecilia, who lives in a small town in New Jersey and can't hold a job for long because her thoughts wander away to the glamorous worlds she sees on the screen. Jeff Daniels plays a dashing young screen character who bounds down from the black-and-white image and into color, and takes Cecilia out of the theatre with him; he's also the ambitious young actor who arrives in the town to try to persuade the character to go back up on the screen where he belongs. Also with Danny Aiello, Stephanie Farrow, Zoe Caldwell, John Wood, Ed Herrmann, Van Johnson, and Dianne Wiest. (3/25/85) (Cinema Studio.)

Rambo: First Blood Part II—Audiences hoot at it and get a little charged up at the same time. The proceedings are directed by George P. Cosmatos, and he gives the near-psychotic material a veneer of professionalism, but the looniness is always there. The film's star and progenitor is Sylvester Stallone, and the way he's photographed he's huge—our national palooka. This humanoid Christ figure with brown leather skin and symmetrical scars goes into Vietnam and brings out a bunch of our missing-in-action men. With Julia Nickson, Richard Crenna, and Charles Napier. (6/17/85) (R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through July 18. . . . ¶ Gemini, and Movieland; through July 25.) . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; starting July 26.)

The Red Shoes (1948)—The film contains a fourteen-minute ballet, also entitled "The Red Shoes," based on a Hans Christian Andersen story about a wicked shoemaker who sells an enchanted pair of slippers to a young girl. Delighted at first with the slippers, in which she dances joyously, she discovers they will not let her stop dancing—and the bewitched, exhausted girl dies. The film's story is, of course, the same story, spelled out in more complicated terms, with the shoemaker of the ballet (Léonide Massine) replaced by the megalomaniac ballet impresario (Anton Walbrook). The exquisite young Moira Shearer is the ballerina; the cast includes Marius Goring, Robert Helpmann, Albert Basserman, Ludmilla Tcherina, and Esmond Knight. Blubbery and self-conscious, but it affects some people *passionately*, and it's undeniably some kind of classic. Written, produced, and directed by Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger—master purveyors of high kitsch. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 22.)

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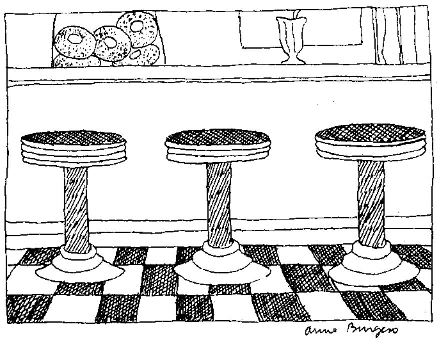
Reflections in a Golden Eye (1967)—John Huston directed this sensuous and intense version of Carson McCullers' Georgia-set short novel of 1941; the visual style, which suggests paintings made from photographs, has a measured lyricism. The movie doesn't find a way to give us the emotional texture of the interrelationships and dependencies in the book, but the principal actors (Marlon Brando, Brian Keith, Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Harris) were able to do some startling things with their roles. The stifled homosexuality of Brando's duty-bound Major Penderton is grotesque and painful. This is one of Brando's most daring performances. Taylor is charming as the Major's silly, ardent, Southern-"lady" wife, who makes love to Keith in a berry patch. Keith, underplaying, has one of his rare opportunities to show depth; at moments he seems the most *believable* of actors—these are great moments. The story has been furbished with *additional* fetishes, as if McCullers' material weren't Southern and Gothic enough. With Robert Forster and Zorro David. (Little Theatre, Public Theatre; starting July 26.)

Secret Honor—As Richard Milhous Nixon, Philip Baker Hall delivers a wild rumination of his life—a mixture of confession and self-exoneration. Directed by Robert Altman, the movie has a heightened quality, as if all the tumult of Nixon's last year in the White House, his resignation and his pardon—all the news that we devoured from magazines and the papers and TV, and the constant stream of revelations—were compacted into this frazzled monologue. It's a seizure, a crackup, and the near-pornographic excess of the display is transfixing. There's a virtuoso naughtiness about the sureness of Altman's touch here; he has a small, weird triumph with his gonzo psychodocudrama. From the play by Donald Freed and Arnold M. Stone; cinematography by Pierre Mignot. (7/15/85) (Quad Cinema; through July 18.)

The Shooting Party—Working with Julian Bond's adaptation of Isabel Colegate's novel and a dream of a cast—James Mason (in his final movie), John Gielgud, Dorothy Tutin, Edward Fox, Gordon Jackson, Cheryl Campbell, Judi Bowker, Rupert Frazer, Aharon Ipalé—the director Alan Bridges carries the Masterpiece Theatre approach to the level of art. In the English countryside in the autumn of 1913, a large number of landed gentry, aristocrats, servants, gamekeepers, beaters, and loaders gather for a three-day shoot. Colegate's tone is lightly self-mocking, and the film is full of the English affection for gentle lunacy. This is one of the rare movies that can be said to be for an educated audience without that being a putdown. As the host, an aging baronet who's conscious that he's losing his grip, Mason gives the film its immediacy. (6/17/85) (Cinema I; through July 21. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting July 19.)



Smiles of a Summer Night (1955)—Ingmar Bergman achieves one of the few classics of carnal comedy: a tragicomic chase and roundelay that raises boudoir farce to elegance and lyric poetry. As writer and director, he ties up his persistent, early battle-of-the-sexes themes in an intricate plot structure. And in this fin-de-siècle houseparty setting, with its soft light, its delicate, perfumed atmosphere, and its golden pavilion, the women are all beautiful, and epigrams shine. As the hostess, the stage actress trying to win back the lawyer she loves, there is the great Eva Dahlbeck. With Ulla Jacobsson, Harriet Andersson, Margit Carlquist, and Gunnar Björnstrand. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; July 26-27.)

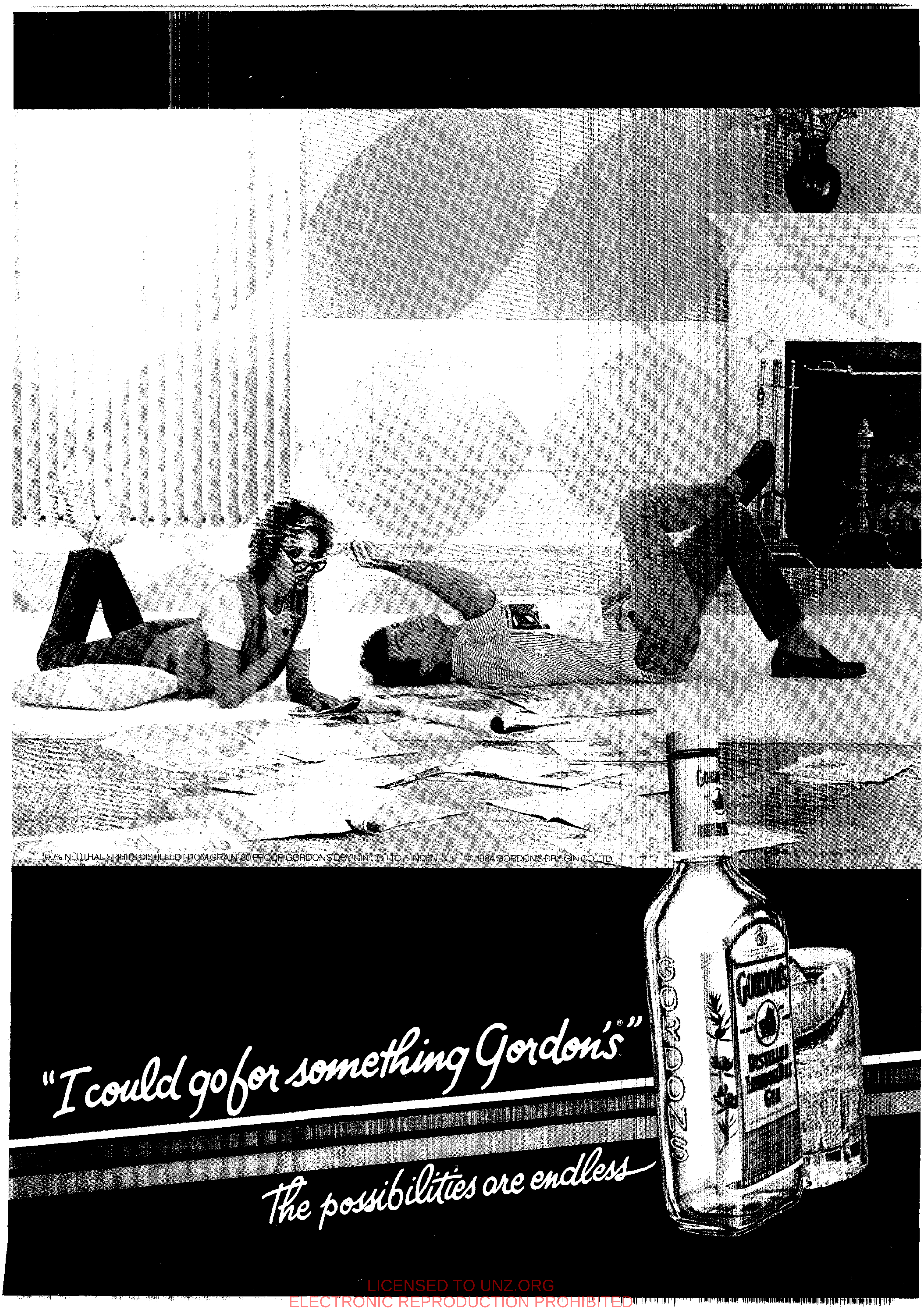
Splendor in the Grass (1961)—William Inge wrote the baroque primer-Freud screenplay, about the frustrations of adolescent sexuality, and Elia Kazan whipped it up. The picture, set in a small Kansas town in the twenties, is hysterically on the side of young love, and this hysteria seems integral to the film's moments of emotional power, its humor, and its beauty. Natalie Wood and Warren Beatty are high-school sweethearts whose parents think they are too young to marry. And so, deprived of love together, the boy turns to a floozy and the girl, maddened by loss of him, goes to a mental institution. The parents are the mean, hypocritical monsters you expect in this sort of youth-slanted picture. It's the old corn, fermented in a new way. The extraordinary cast includes Sandy Dennis, Barbara Loden, Zohra Lampert, Pat Hingle, Phyllis Diller as Texas Guinan, and Inge himself as the Reverend. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 24.)

A Thousand Clowns (1965)—An adaptation of Herb Gardner's Broadway comedy, with Jason Robards as the rebellious TV writer. In this kind of comedy, his rebellion takes the form of being a crackpot and spouting TV-style jokes about TV. With Martin Balsam, Barbara Harris, William Daniels, Gene Saks, and Barry Gordon. Fred Coe directed, lamely. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; July 23.)

Tommy (1975)—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (Cinema Village; July 22-23.)

A View to a Kill—The James Bond series has had its bummers, but nothing before in the class of this one. The villain, Christopher Walken, is the ultra-blond psychopathic product of a Nazi doctor's experiments, and his major endeavor is to flood Silicon Valley. All that keeps the picture going is that it needs to reach a certain heft to fit into the series. With Roger Moore in his seventh go-round as Bond, Grace Jones, Tanya Roberts, Patrick Macnee, Patrick Bauchau, and a stunning young model named Alison Doody. Directed (dispiritedly) by John Glen. (6/3/85) (Loews State; through July 18.) . . . ¶ Greenwich Playhouse, and Criterion Theatres; starting July 19.)

Witness—An eight-year-old Amish boy (Lukas Haas), on his first trip to a city, sees a murder taking place in the men's room of Philadelphia's Thirtieth Street train station. In order to protect the boy and his widowed mother (Kelly McGillis) from the killers, the police captain (Harrison Ford) who's in charge of the investigation tries to hide their identities, and, with a bullet wound in his side, drives them back to their farm in Lancaster County before he collapses. Directed by the Australian Peter Weir, the movie seems to take its view of the Amish from a quaint dreamland, a Brigadoon of tall golden wheat, and to take its squalid, hyped-up view of life in Philadelphia from prolonged exposure to TV cop shows. With Alexander Godunov, Patti LuPone, Josef Sommer, Danny Glover, and Jan Rubes. (2/25/85) (23rd St. West Triplex, and Embassy. . . . ¶ D. W. Griffith; through July 18.)



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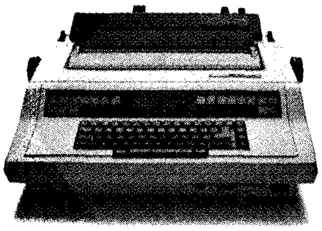

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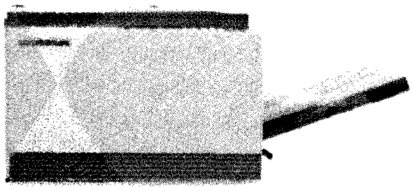

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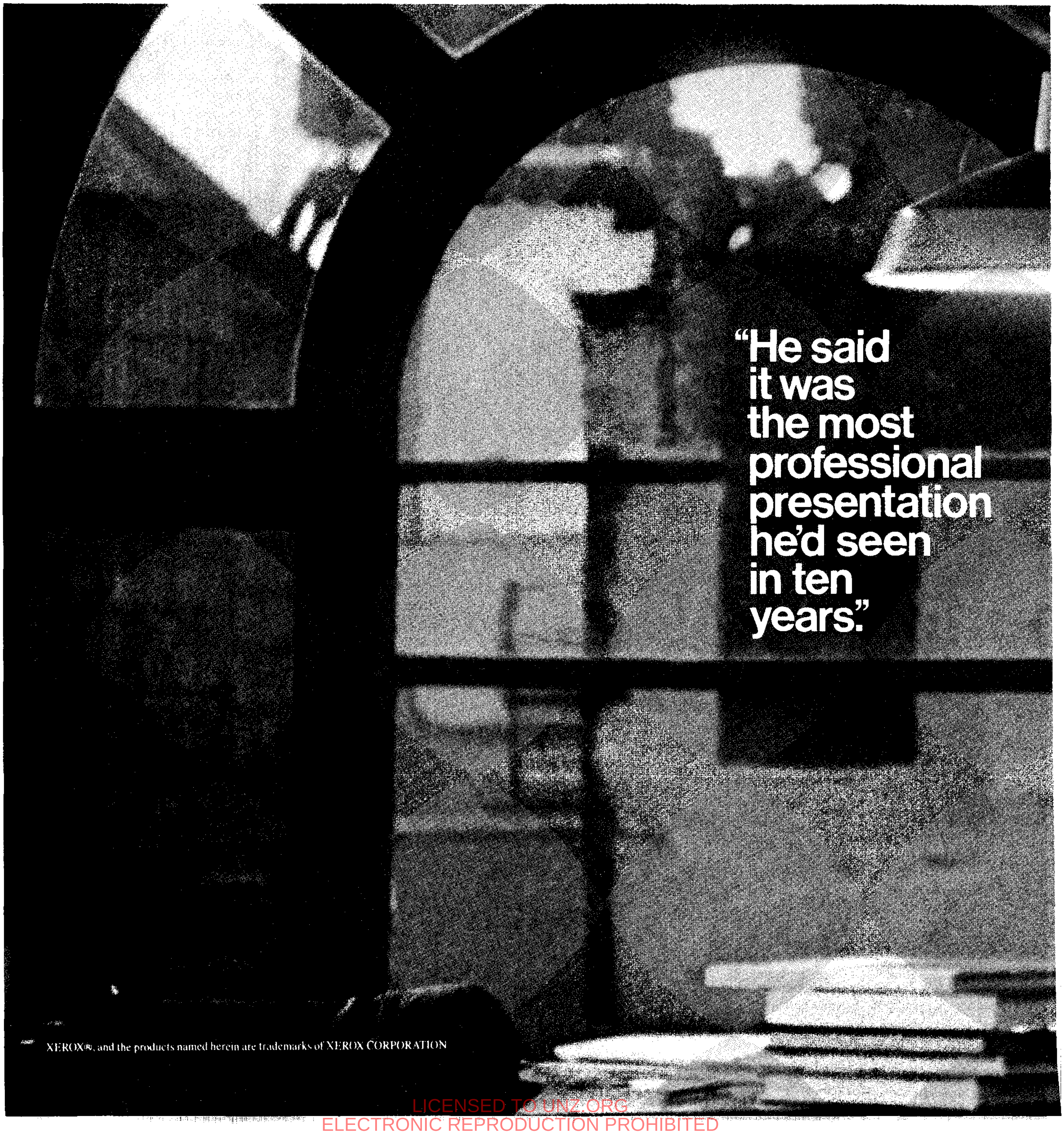
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

A YOUNG friend who used to shuck scallops for a living on Cape Cod writes:

I was in Orleans one day for a visit and heard that a big freighter had run aground in a storm on Nauset Beach, and I had to go for a look. It was Monday afternoon, just after three—sunny, warm wind, a beautiful Cape day. Since the accident had taken place three or four days before, I assumed nobody would be around, so my dog, Wolf, and I drove down toward the beach looking for private lanes leading past the fancy houses, in search of a high point that would give me a view of the wreck. But handwritten "Keep Off" signs and other intimidating messages were hung at entrances to all the lanes; we went down to Nauset on the regular road. Nauset is one of the most beautiful beaches on the Cape—a huge expanse of sky and sea with a buff-colored prairie land of salt grass on the high dune, and green breakers crashing on the wide beach below. I drove into the parking lot. It is gigantic, and it was jammed. There were fishermen's trucks with nets and pails in the back, station wagons, oil trucks, carpenters' trucks with business signs emblazoned in red and gold, motorcycles, aggressive-looking vans with fat dune tires. Crowds of people were moving around the parking lot; groups were silhouetted on the dunes. Everybody on Cape Cod has a dog, and all the people I saw had brought theirs. Lots of children, too. Babies riding on a hip, slung like a bag of scallops, and small kids staggering along, one tiny hand in the big paw of their fathers—rough-looking men with squinty, sunburned faces. At one end of the parking lot, a Coast Guard helicopter was hovering above coils of fire hose and an assortment of salvaged cargo: metal drums in nets, crates of all sizes. A long line trailed from the helicopter twenty feet to the ground. The wind from the rotors flattened the hair on Wolf's back. Off to the south, across about a mile of prairie, was the ship, a bluish beached whale seen like a vision through waving grass. My first thought was, simply: Yep, she's grounded, all right. My next thought was: I hope I see my friend Jim, the scalloper, so I can yell to him, "Get your skiff and haul her offa there!" The third thought I had was: Somebody is in *big* trouble. ("Uh, Captain, sir? You remember last night when you told me to take the wheel?") Town officials, National Seashore rangers, Coast Guard sailors in high boots were moving across the landscape. A yellow bulldozer rumbled down a rutted sand road. (Returning in defeat?) Officials yelled at people to stay in the parking lot, but the distant ship was mesmerizing, magnetic. You had to get closer. Everyone was now walking across the dunes, all at the same pace, ignoring the officials. Not slow, not very fast, but in an eerie constant stream, a methodical migration across the great expanse: fat housewives in jeans, complaining about the exercise; people with cameras; strangers giving each other sheepish grins as they walked. The closer we got to the ship, the more it disappeared as we went up and down, crossing gullies between the dunes. We climbed over a final rise, and there it was. Gargantuan. Two city blocks' worth of ship. She was broadside to us, entirely out of the water, lurched to the left, her keel run deep into the beach. But the gash had healed—the sand mounds had been blown smooth around it—and the ship was at ease, an environmental sculpture set against salt grass and sky. It seemed odd that something so far out of its element could be so peaceful. A rope as thick as a fist had been slung between two two-by-four stakes to keep the crowd back. People struggled up to the rope, then stood staring—at the reddish steel hull and on up past the waterline and the scuppers, high above them, to the masts angling into the sky. Each person looked quietly pleased—satisfied—and then, after a few moments, turned around and went

back. Wolf and I scrambled down the dunes into the shallows of the sea and followed the tide line along the beach to the parking lot.

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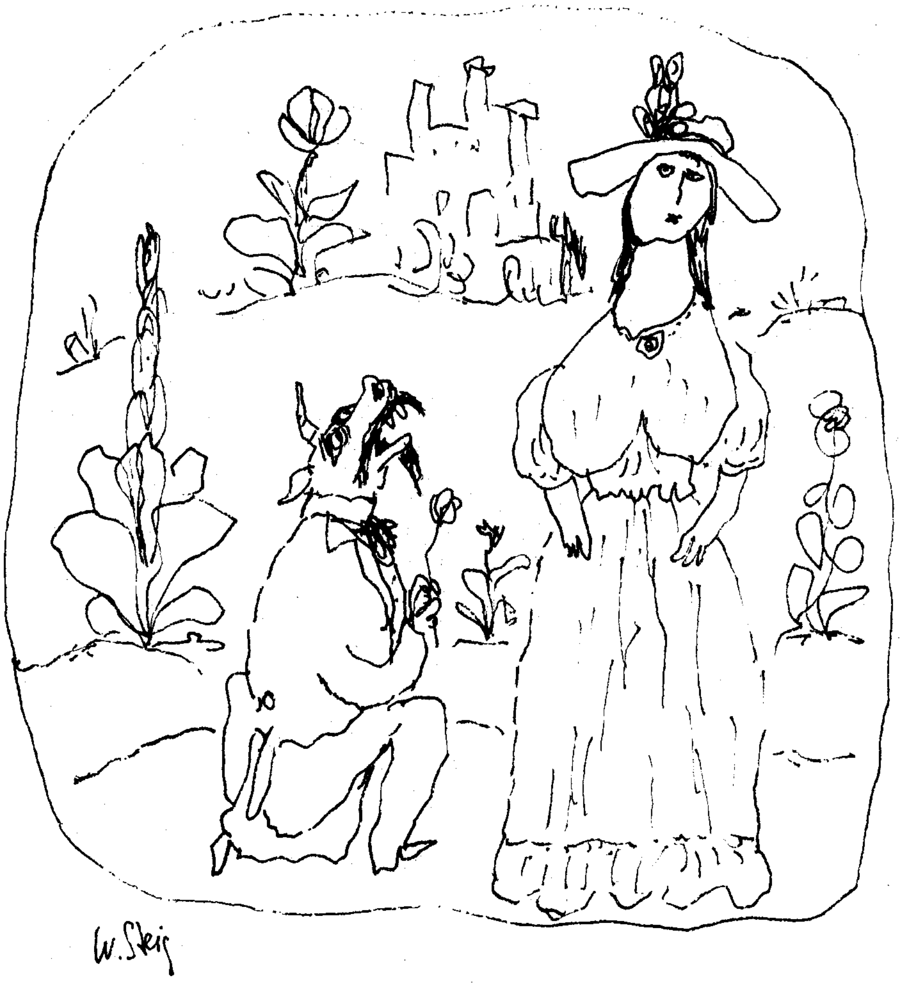
Encampment

ALTHOUGH Airstream trailers vary somewhat in length, luxury, and price, these self-contained homes all share the same silver-colored skin, and their aluminum sides round in the same soft shoulders. Late last month, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-five of them rolled into what are usually the Lake Placid Airport and the Lake Placid Horseshow Grounds for the annual week-long encampment of the Wally Byam Caravan Club International. Wally Byam invented the Airstream trailer. He needed three hundred dollars to finish outfitting the first few models, and he borrowed the money from the men who were working on assembling the vehicles. Now the trailers lined up in absolutely uniform rows, flush down long lines, each line ten feet from the next. "Each area, there's a chairman in charge of parking. You might have the retired vice-president of some large, well-known corporation out there taking orders from some retired electrician," said Wilford E. Chaney, M.D., now from Fort Myers, Florida, to which he retired from Dayton, Ohio, where he was given a huge retirement party—four hundred people or more.

Americans clot by their nature into democracies large and small, each citizen slapped on his back and judged fairly for his true worth; the enfeebling hemophilia of aristocracy and arrogance did not survive the trip to these shores. That is the first great national idea, the Mississippi, the Rockies, the Great Plains of our self-image, a notion large enough to encompass our extraordinary citizens and our average. The other grand American notion, sprung from the empty land, perhaps, but alive long past the frontier, is that a citizen can, should, must go where he will, do what he will, without hindrance or fear. To be precise, this belief is the oxygen atom dangling on the hydrogens of our democracy, turning them wet, sweet, useful. The two ideas joined in Lake Placid last month, flowing into the dip between the mountains to form what looked from the air like a wide and glinting lake.



"Why not?"

A number of the Airstreamers will go to China in the fall—the first trailer caravan through the People's Republic. Frank Sargent, an engineer and inventor, dreamed up the China trip and made the thousands of arrangements, which included plans for shipping the trailers to China by boat. "One man said, 'I want to go, but I want you to guarantee I'll be safe,' " Mr. Sargent told us. "I said to him, 'I won't guarantee anything, and if that's the way you want things to be you should stay at home.' " Mr. Sargent said that many, many people wanted to make the journey, but only eleven Airstreams could be fitted into each of a series of eight caravans, to end in 1987. "My wife typed each of the names on a card, and then I put all the cards in a grocery bag and took them over to a woman I know who was a retired judge's secretary. And I told her, 'Just reach down in the sack and shake them up and pull them out one by one, putting a number on each one, and give me a ring when you're done.' And that's what she did."

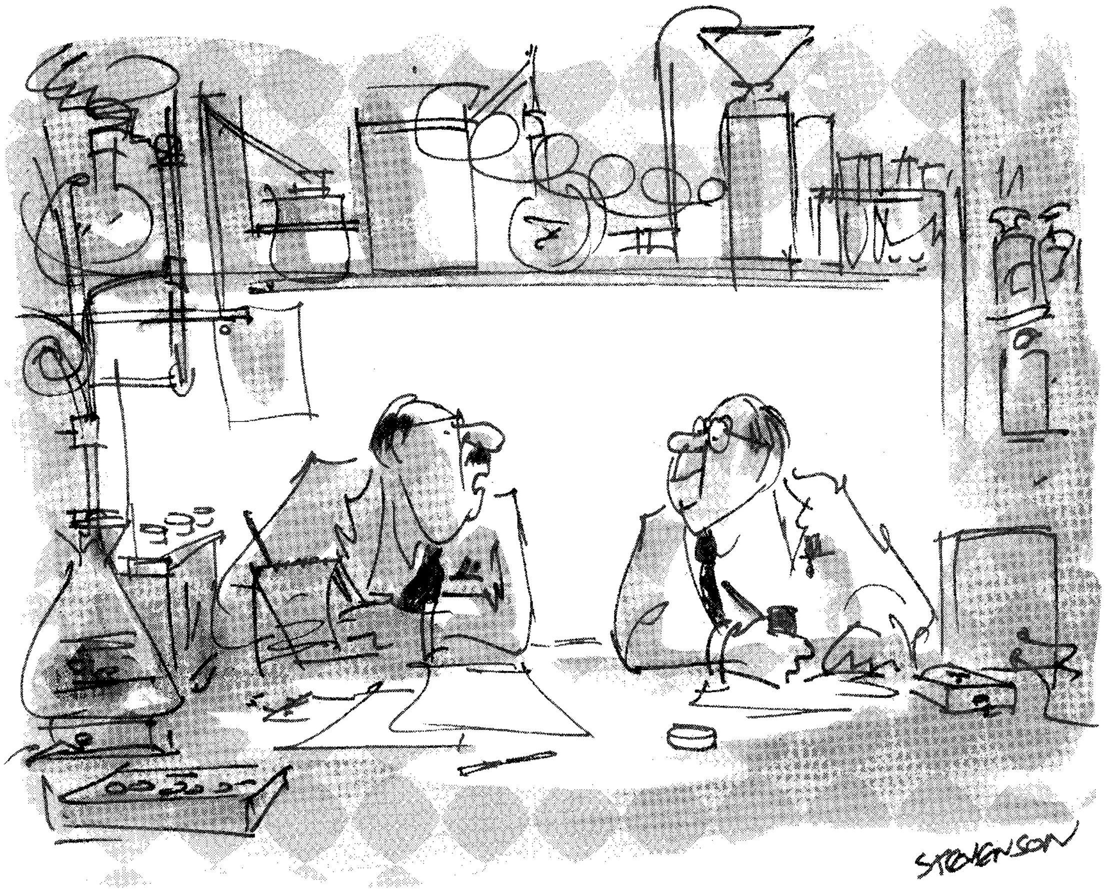
Alisa Ermert, of Athens, Alabama, reigned as the Airstreamers' International Teen Queen for the year just past. She placed her crown on the head of her successor, Ann Bellinger, of Jacksonville, Florida, at the Lake Placid rally. "My talent was that I played the flute," Alisa said. "I entertained at a lot of Caravan Club events this year—some people said I was a good-will ambassador. I'd been in a lot of other pageants before this. I was Miss Hemisphere. I was Miss Cinderella, which is in Alabama."

The delegates from the hundred and seventy-five regional units of the club (Top'o'Texas, West Texas, Texas Plains, Texas Hill Country, Texas Highland Lakes, Texas Gulf Coast, Texas Tropical Trails, Texas Coastal Plains, Texas-Alamo, South Texas, North Texas, and East Texas Lakes, for instance) met in the Lake Placid field house where the United States men's ice-hockey team won the gold medal in the 1980 Olympics. Each unit has a president and a first lady, and the presidents were the delegates. An alternate from each unit also attended the session, to fill in for the president if he had to leave.

Donald and Carolyn Putnam, who live on a farm in Ada, Ohio, are helping plan the China expedition. "We'll be eating out every other night over there," said Mr. Putnam. "The other nights, we plan to entertain the Chinese in our trailers."

"We'll try to teach them American things," said Mrs. Putnam. "We met some Chinese men, who came over to help us prepare for the trip, and they were just delighted with American sandwiches. If we can buy pork in their markets, I'll do my sweet-and-sour pork, because I understand that's actually an American dish. I'll serve it over their own rice."

When Oscar Payne was born, in South Dakota, it had been a state for only five years. He married Etta, and they farmed in South Dakota for twenty years, but only twice did they make any money to speak of. So they moved to Laramie, Wyoming, and opened a motel, and then they bought a bigger one, for seventeen thousand five hundred dollars, even though everyone told them they'd never make it pay. But the Second World War was ending, and a vacation suddenly meant driving across America, and they did just fine. Eventually, they discovered trailering and opened the Fountain of Youth Recreational-Vehicle Park (with large mineral pool) in Thermopolis, Wyoming. Oscar will turn ninety-one while he and the others in his caravan are in China. He and Etta—who in eight hundred and sixty-nine days in the nineteen-seventies became the first people to circumnavigate the globe in an Airstream trailer—will celebrate their sixty-fifth wedding anniversary somewhere in Fujian Province. "We're people who've made successes of our lives," Mrs. Payne said.



"I'll thank you to stop referring to my research, Whatley, as sci-fi."

• •

Art Around Boston

IT had been twenty years since we last talked with Corita. In the fall of 1965, she was Sister Mary Corita Kent, head of the Art Department of Immaculate Heart College, in Los Angeles. Her serigraphs and prints were full of Beatles lyrics, and the people at I.B.M. were worried that the holiday display they'd commissioned her to install in their lobby wasn't quite "Christmassy"—in fact, it seemed to have something to do with the war in Vietnam. Corita has since left her order, and moved to Boston, and got over the breakup of the Beatles, and mellowed. No, come to think of it, she hasn't mellowed. We were just saying that about the mellowing. It's what you're supposed to say. People grow up—they turn inward, and they make some money, and they mellow, till, like elderly whiskey, they slip down smooth, with no bite. A key part of mellowing is deciding that everything is incredibly complicated.

Corita recently drew a stamp for the Post Office. It says "Love" beneath six bright swipes of her brush—a glad rainbow. "Besides romantic love, which is splendid but personal, there is a kind of love that could help us as countries to realize there is a bond between us," Corita said to us last week. "I'd been thinking it might be appropriate to have the stamp dedicated at the United Nations. Then I got a call at seven-thirty in the morning from a nice man at the Post Office, who said that my ticket to California was in the mail. They had decided to unveil the stamp in Hollywood, on the set of 'Love Boat.' "

It was television's notion of love ("What kind of thrill can I seek tonight?") that kept Corita off the quarterdeck, not artistic disdain for mass media. She has always concentrated on silk-screening prints, an activity that puts her somewhere between Rembrandt and Gutenberg to begin with. And she'd prefer to work on objects that people can't miss seeing—stamps, or billboards. "A year or so ago, some friends affiliated with the California chapter of Physicians for Social Responsibility asked me to do a billboard, and I agreed." That abstract landscape, a wash of green and blue and tawny, carried the message "We Can Create Life Without War" and a phone number to call for information. "The idea is to put it before people's eyes every day, until eventually they realize they are part of that 'We.' Now I'm doing a new design with the same message, for the Boston area. It's another landscape, with rough, free brushstrokes. It's very dark on the left-hand side, then red in the middle, and on the right there's grass. I can read a lot of things into it now that it's done. It's going up in thirty or forty places around here, including a particularly huge billboard on the Southeast Expressway near the gas tank"—the enormous Boston Gas tank, which has worn a Corita rainbow for fifteen years. "And I've got people working on putting it up in India."

•

WRITERS have it easy. Faced with a complex person, we can wind back and forth and around the bend, describing first one side of his character and then another. "A man of contrasts," we often say. But artists—sculptors, for instance—get just one chance at a face, and as a result they often do some gritty thinking about the essential. So we went out from Boston to Brookline to talk with John Wilson, who is finishing a bust of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. When it is installed, next January, it will be the very first portrait of a black man in the Capitol, in Washington.

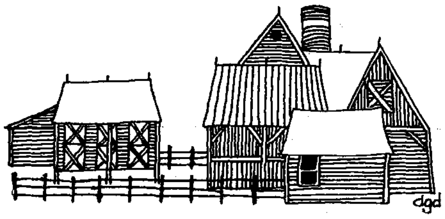
"There are so many Dr. Kings, but I think of him first as a man of ideas," Wilson said. "I think he had answers to how people should relate, how they should share this world. With him, and with Gandhi, the world had a chance to move onto a new level of interrelationship, a new way of living. His genius was his ability to verbalize these feelings about nonviolence and love—to codify them. He verbalized things I sensed. In trying to make an image that will symbolize all that, I think in terms of his head. In my sculpture, everything is focussed on his head. The pedestal tapers up to his arms, and the rhythm and the angle of his shoulders move up to his head. It's one unbroken kind of shape, such that I hope the details, the features of his head, become the whole center. And with those features I want somehow to suggest forces generating from the core of his mind. It's the kind of thing I see when I look at certain Egyptian sculptures—superficial things are stripped away, and the picture sums up something. I'm not going to give his face some concrete expression—I'm not going to show him frowning, say. I think of some of those statues of the Buddha, where there is a feeling of a sort of universal force."

Wilson, who is black, was working as a graphic artist in Chicago in the mid-nineteen-fifties, when King asked the people of Montgomery to stay off the city buses. "My fundamental reaction was 'It's about time.' It was something that had to happen, and finally it was happening. I had tremendous respect and awe for the courage it took to mount the campaign in the heart of the South, and if I'd been fifteen years younger and hadn't had kids to support I'd like to have been there myself. And from that point on, it was fascinating to see Dr. King grow. I think, just judging by his face, that he understood more and more the significance of what he was—that he realized he was taking the role of a vehicle for history, knowing full well he would be physically destroyed. I've looked at so many photographs, from the beginning to the end of his career, and you can see how it takes a toll of him. There is so much strain and struggle and load in his face."

Fish-Market Art

EACH night, millions of New Yorkers torture themselves with the conviction that while they lie in bed everyone else is having gobs of no-holds-barred *fun* in a city that never sleeps—enjoying scuba-disco or pro-wrestling videos at hot new clubs or exotic blender drinks served in *giant* glasses (more giant than the biggest evening glasses, so giant you need both hands: *goldfish* bowls). This myth lives on precisely because it is false. We stayed up very late one night not long ago, and we took a three-hour walk around town, and we can assure you that nearly everybody had gone to bed and those who hadn't looked tired. (Millions of New Yorkers also lie awake plotting financial gain, and this intelligence should give them pause. We have run up against the barriers of space in Manhattan, but as yet the dimension of time remains inviolate. Why not create a society of shifts? Every apartment could be rented twice! It's been done on ships. We own this idea, but you can buy it.)

Our stroll through dormant Manhattan took place under the direction of Bernard Cohen, a tour guide for the New York Walk-About company. It began shortly after midnight at the South Street Seaport, where some well-dressed young men were trying to rip down a street sign. They looked too bored to be yuppies, if there still are yuppies; perhaps they were preppies, if there still are preppies. Our party of thirty or so stopped first at the Skidmore Building, on the corner of Beekman Street and Front Street, which dates from the last century. Mr. Cohen used his flashlight to point out metal starfish covering the ends of the tie-rods, and a number of other architectural details. "This used to be a fish warehouse. Now it's an apartment house," Mr. Cohen remarked.

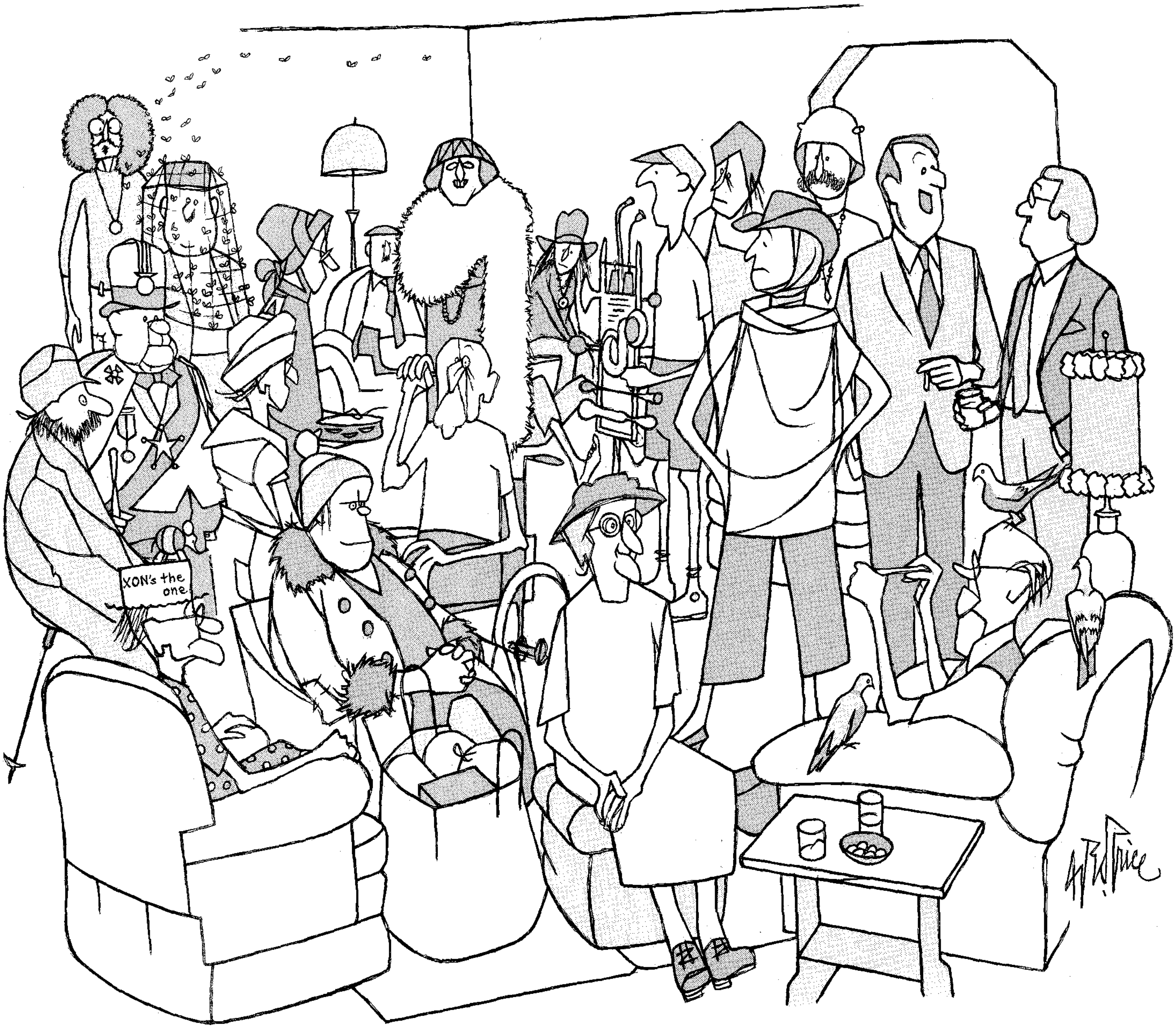


"Do you think we should be shining our flashlights at their windows?" one of our group asked.

"We are taking a *tour*," Mr. Cohen said.

Next, Mr. Cohen led us west, toward the financial district. "This is 127 John Street, a very unusual building," he said. "The entrance is designed to look like a *vacuum-cleaner hose*." He walked us to William Street, birthplace of Washington Irving, and he read us a quotation from Irving: "A dried crust paid for is a sweeter morsel than a truffled turkey that I have to run in debt for." We saw the Federal Reserve Bank, where some of the employees wear magnesium shoes, so that if they drop a gold brick they won't break their toes. There were some Greek Revival items, and, in the old Delmonico's Restaurant, some pillars imported from Pompeii, and more, lots more, but, damn, it was late.

One sight along the tour interested us enough so that we returned in the daylight for a better look. Naima Rauam, a pleasant woman with a round, honest face, has a studio and art gallery at the edge of the Fulton Fish Market. But she runs it only in the afternoon; in the morning, it is a fish store—New York's major supplier of finnan haddie. When we arrived early (for us) one morning, Charles McEntee, the owner, had sold about as much fish as he was going to sell that day, and so he had time to talk. Finnan haddie, he told us, is cold-smoked codfish. "It used to be made out of haddock, but haddock is too small," he said mysteriously, handing us a pamphlet titled "Finnan Haddie Facts" and illustrated with a picture of a fish smoking a pipe. It contained recipes for baked, broiled, creamed, and au-gratin finnan haddie and for finnan-haddie fish cakes ("a good way to use leftover finnan haddie"). Mr. McEntee said



"Who made up this guest list—Norman Lear?"

• •

that finnan haddie has yet to take off in the manner of, say, kiwi fruit, but business is steady. "We used to sell a lot of fish on Friday, but that was a shotgun business—people ate fish because they had to. Now people eat it because they want to," he said. His firm—the Meyer & Thompson Company, Inc.—smokes other fish as well. (The walls of its smokehouse, three stories above its store, are coated with seventy years of residue from the smoke—a shiny tar-black obsidianlike substance that adds to the flavor.) We asked him about bloaters, which were advertised in the window.

"They're a kind of smoked herring," he said.

"But why are they called bloaters?" we pressed, probing, searching.

"Why is a lamb chop called a lamb chop? That's its name," explained Mr. McEntee, who was getting ready to clean up.

Each day, he and his staff wash down their first-floor showroom and move their equipment out of the way, so that, about eleven, Miss Rauam can set up. She pulls her oil paintings—most of them scenes of the fish market—out of a closet and stacks them around the room: four-thousand-dollar canvases balanced on crates of cocktail sauce and clam juice. "I was once painting a picture in the street outside, and I set up in front of Mr. McEntee's store," she told us. "It was a huge oil, so I was there a good five weeks, and they were very nice—they let me store my paints, and all. And it evolved into this." Miss Rauam, who, in addition to her paintings, often shows carvings and ship models done by others, comes in to paint each morning, breakfasting at Carmine's, on the corner, next to fish-market men having a drink after work. Many of them recognize her, and yell jokes as she strides through the gory pandemonium of the main market. We stood with her on the curb, looking west across Front Street at the remaining block of aging fillet houses, at the piles of fish stacked in front of them on the sidewalks, at the men with hooks (for grabbing gills) slung around their necks like stethoscopes. It was so picturesque it nearly seemed fake, except for the smell. "This area is being heavily renovated," she said. "From a practical point of view, it has to happen, but aesthetically it's a shame. So I'm painting fast to get it all down."

TURBOTOME

CONGRATULATIONS on purchasing TURBOTOME—a software program designed especially for the Professional Writer (YOU)! TURBOTOME enables you to bypass the rough draft, the first and second drafts, the galleys—even the test of time!—and get on with the business of writing.

Let's begin with a few basic operations to acquaint you with the TURBOMOUSE.

TYPE IN a couple of sentences. GIVE VENT TO YOUR IMAGINATION!! (It's allowed.)

Take care of the pence. The pounds will take care of themselves.

Let's rewrite, using the MOUSE.

Take care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves.

It flows now, doesn't it? As a writer, you no doubt like to spend your time playing around with the English language. With TURBOTOME, you won't be able to keep your mouse off it!

ONCE AGAIN!!

Take care of the pence!! The pounds will take care of themselves!!

Since you've mastered the basics so quickly, it's time to get down on paper that novel you've had in brain storage all these years.

Daunted?

And how!

Don't be! TURBOTOME will guide you step by step through the arduous process. All *you* have to do right now is think long and hard about the kind of novel you might want to put your name on. (If you need more than one hour to make up your mind, DIM THE SCREEN.)

Let me write a masterpiece!

MASTERPIECE MENU

Unreadable Work of Questionable Genius
Minor Oeuvre
Commendable Contribution to the Body of Literature
Neglected Work of Genius
Classic
Nobel Prize Winner (not available with this program)

Let my masterpiece be a classic!

Good choice! And what are you going to call your classic?

"UNTITLED."

Immortal! It all starts with one little OPENING SENTENCE. (You may begin INPUT of your novel.)

Take care of the pence.

LEAVE A SPACE. Then TYPE IN your LAST SENTENCE. Don't worry about it being memorable. The important thing is to be able to visualize an end to the arduous process of writing your classic.

The pounds will take care of themselves.

In the space between your first and last sentences, you may BEGIN JOTTING YOUR NOTES. These should include the germ of your novel, your theme(s), and anything you want to remember to say or do during the course of it.

NOTES ON "UNTITLED"

Man's Inhumanity to Man
Man's Inhumanity to Me (would like to concentrate on my experiences in seventh grade)
Don't forget!! Dentist appointment Mon. 9:50!!

You're going to turn your attention now to the music of your prose. How would you like to be famous for your STYLE?

You bet! Let me be compared to Dostoyevski and James!

It's time to take advantage of TURBOTOME'S exclusive STYLE ENHANCER.

```
YOUR PERSONALIZED STYLE MATRIX

          despair, such              ,      ,
, whatever it was, it was cer-
tainly not        finer happiness.
Woe,          ,          , woe,          a
thrashing          woe;          death....
And, yet, certain things--things
; these          agonizingly plain.
Suffering, in particular. Every-
thing else was filthy delusion!
```

Isn't fiction writing exciting? Just be sure you don't leave the all-important dimension of SETTING until the last minute. Have you thought about WHERE your classic is going to take place?

India.

Great! Here are some sample paragraphs for you to embroider as you see fit:

Colonel Hatchforth, on the eve of departing with his regiment, reflected with pride on the fact that his wife was one of the few Englishwomen on the subcontinent who had never been the subject of a criminal attack or dysentery.

"We all have rituals, Mrs. Hatchforth. You English have afternoon tea and we have the Rites of Kali," Prince Begur said.

"It's not just a cow to us, Mrs. Hatchforth. It is a sacred cow," Prince Begur explained.

And the monsoons! The only time Mrs. Hatchforth had experienced anything like them was when she was four and her nanny left her in the tub too long.

"Why, thank you, Prince Begur, I've always possessed a longing to read the Kamasutra," said Mrs. Hatchforth.

Would you like to try your hand?

"Mrs. Hatchforth! Mrs. Hatchforth!"

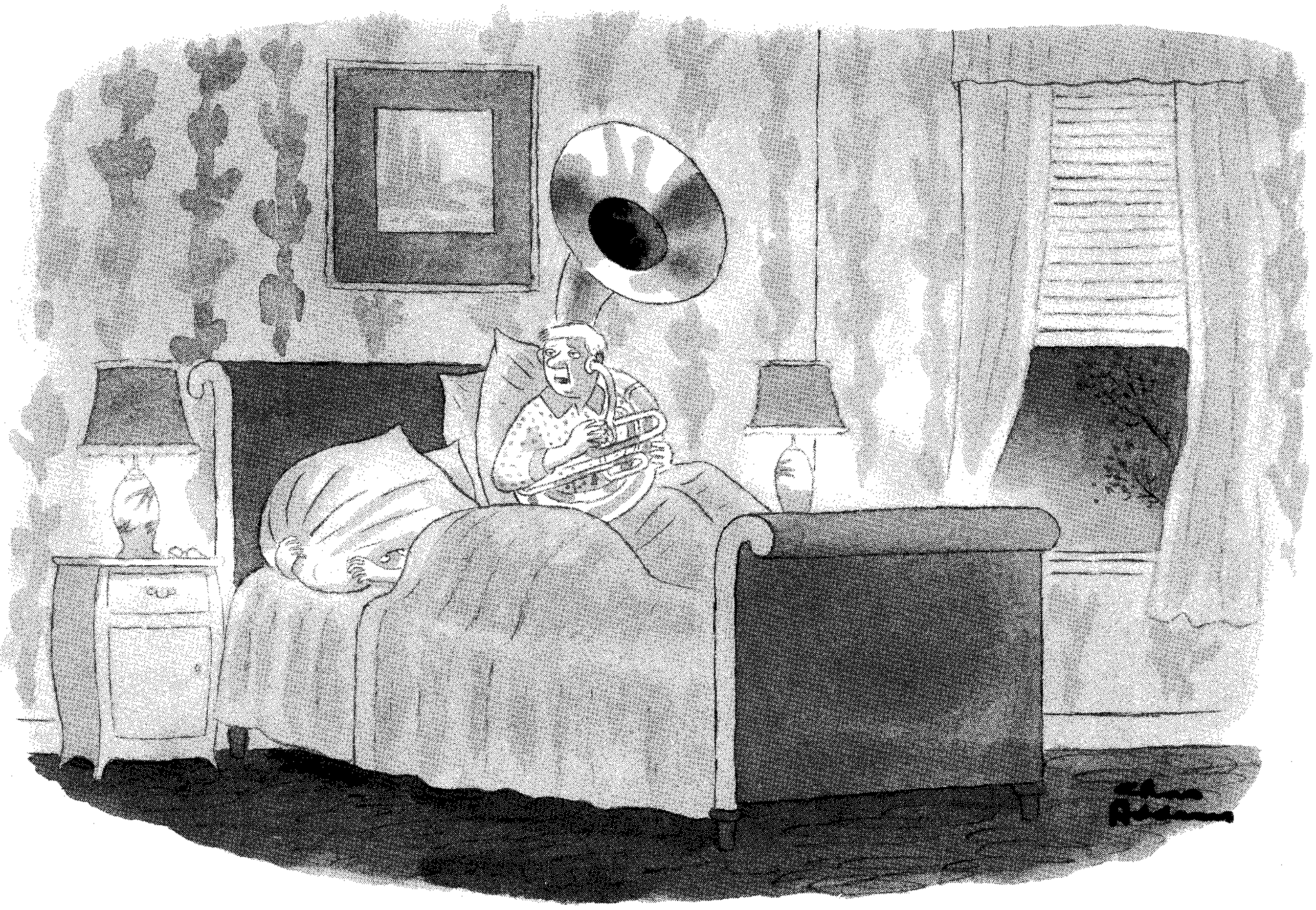
Bravo! At this point, many writers like to consider GENRE. Which one are you going to choose?

The Western.

What about your CHARACTERS? How are PRINCE BEGUR and MRS. HATCHFORTH going to develop?

Through male bonding.

You're probably dying to assemble your classic! If you're anything like most Professional Writers, you find moving your paragraphs around a deeply affecting, spiritual TURBOEXPERIENCE!



"You've changed, Irma. You used to love Sousa marches."

• •

But don't neglect PLOT! PLOT is the special ingredient that will give your classic LIFE!

Oh, let me think about PLOT sometime after the third printing....

When you're ready for a look at your WORK-IN-PROGRESS, CLICK THE MOUSE ONCE.

CLASSICS OF MODERN LITERATURE

UNTITLED

Chapter I

"What kind of a God would allow the English to take afternoon tea?" Prince Begur asked.

"I haven't the faintest idea," replied Mrs. Hatchforth, "but don't forget to take care of the pence."

Chapter XX

"There's only one man fit fer the job o' movin' a herd o' sacred cows through the Himalayas, and that's Prince Begur," Prince Begur said.

Chapter XXIV

"Won't anything make a man of you?" Prince Begur demanded of Mrs. Hatchforth after they had been on the trail a spell.

Chapter XXXII

It all had something to do with seventh grade, but neither Prince Begur nor Mrs. Hatchforth was sure what.

Page 597

"Mrs. Hatchforth! Don't forget your teeth-cleaning -- "

Somewhere After the Second Climax:

"Oh, Mrs. Hatchforth--9:50!

Epilogue

The pounds did not take care of themselves.

One of the best things about TURBOTOME is the way it simplifies the writing process so you can amass a sizable OEUVRE. And you're sure to have noticed the ADDITIONAL TIME you have during your day to create interesting material for your biographers. Why not begin INPUT of your memoirs? Right now!

For some reason I have been quite tired recently.

You're going to PAUSE now and think about the way you want to be perceived by future generations.

When you're ready to activate TURBOBIOGRAPHY, simply TYPE IN the kind of writer's life you would like to lead. Then it's back to work for you—time to put the finishing touches on your TURBOCLASSIC!

Let me put as much into my life as into my art!

Let me lead a life like Yukio Mishima's and Norman Mailer's!

YOUR PERSONALIZED TURBOMEMOIR

After scandalously ending my seventh marriage, I formed my own army yesterday, based on the belief that the old warrior ways were better. There is some dissent among the ranks as to whether this means the hoplites or the Visigoths. Anyway, I stayed up all night practicing army maneuvers in women's clothing. This was perhaps too easy a test of my manhood, as I am already a woman.

Exhausted this morning, I had to rely on a combination of Bushido and ten cups of coffee to get me through the arduous process of writing.

—POLLY FROST

FAIRFIELDS

"WHY can't the father, the father of your— What I mean is, why can't he do something?"

"I've told you—he's dead."

"How can you say that? He was on the phone last night. I could tell by your voice that's who it was."

"He's dead. I've told you."

At last the day has come when I must leave for Fairfields. It is all arranged. I have been there once to see them and for them to see me, and know it to be a place of grated raw vegetables and children with restless eyes. It is also a place of poetry and music and of people with interesting lives and ideas.

"I simply can't understand you. How could you, with your education and your background, breed like a rabbit?"

"You're always saying that. For years you've said it. I've told you rabbits have six, I only one."

"How can you speak to me, your mother, like that?"

"Oh, shut up and remember this: I'm never coming back. Never!"

"And another thing—Helena looks like a miner's child dressed up for an outing!" My mother does not like the white frock and the white socks and the white hair ribbons. I tie Helena's hair in two bunches with enormous bows and do not remind my mother that she bought the white frock and the white socks and the white ribbons.

"She'll get a headache, her hair pulled tight like that. And why white for a train journey—two train journeys? Oh, Vera!" My mother, I can see, has tears in her eyes. "Leave Helena here with me. Your father and I would like to have her here with us, please! Besides, she is happy with us."

But I will not be parted from my child. I throw a milk bottle across the kitchen. It shatters on the tiles and I am pleased, because my mother is frightened. "What's wrong with miners and their children and their outings?" I shout at her.

Perhaps Helena *would* be happier with her grandmother. I do not want to think this, and it is painful to be told so.

My father comes with us to the station. "That's a nice coat," he says, carrying it for me. It is the winter coat I wore in school, dark green and thick. It would not fit into my case, so I have to carry it or wear it.

"It's a new coat, is it?" he says, feeling the cloth with his hands. I don't reply, because I have been wearing the coat for so many years.

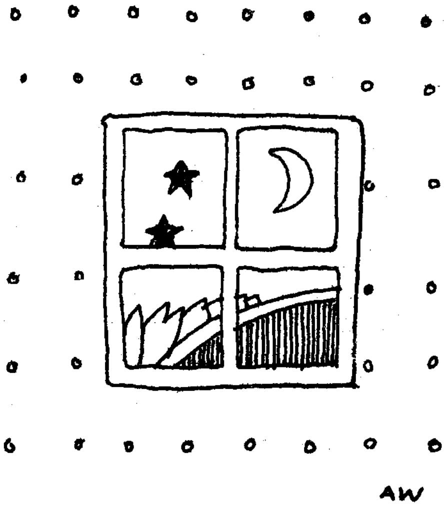
We are too early for the train. The platform is deserted.

"It looks like a loden." He is still talking about the coat. "Like an Austrian loden cloth." He is restless, my father, very white-faced, and he holds Helena's hand and walks up and down the platform, up and down, the coat on his other arm.

When my father sees off a train, he is always at the station too soon. And then when the train is about to leave, when the whistle is being blown and the doors slam shut, one after the other down the whole length of the train, he rushes away and comes back with newspapers and magazines and pushes them through the window as he runs beside the moving train. As the engine gets up steam and the carriages clank alongside the platform, my father increases his speed, keeping up a smiling face outside the window. His bent figure, his waving arms, and his white face have always been the last things I have seen when leaving. I know, too, from being with him, seeing other people off, that he stands at the end of the platform, still waving, long after the whole train has disappeared.

WALKING up and down, we do not speak to each other. The smell of the station and the sound of an engine at the other platform remind me of Ramsden and of the night several years earlier when I met her train. Ramsden, Staff Nurse Ramsden, arriving at midnight. There was a thick fog and her train was delayed.

"I've invited Ramsden to come and stay for a few days," I said to my mother then, assuming a nonchalance, a carelessness of speech, to hide Ramsden's age and seniority.



"Why, of course, Vera. A nursing friend is always welcome. . . ." There had been a natural progression from school friend to nursing friend. My father never learned to follow, to keep up with this progression. "And is Miss Ramsden a good girl?" would be his greeting, a continuation of "And is Jeanie a good girl?" He would say it to Ramsden without seeing the maturity and the elegance and without any understanding of the superior quality of her underclothes.

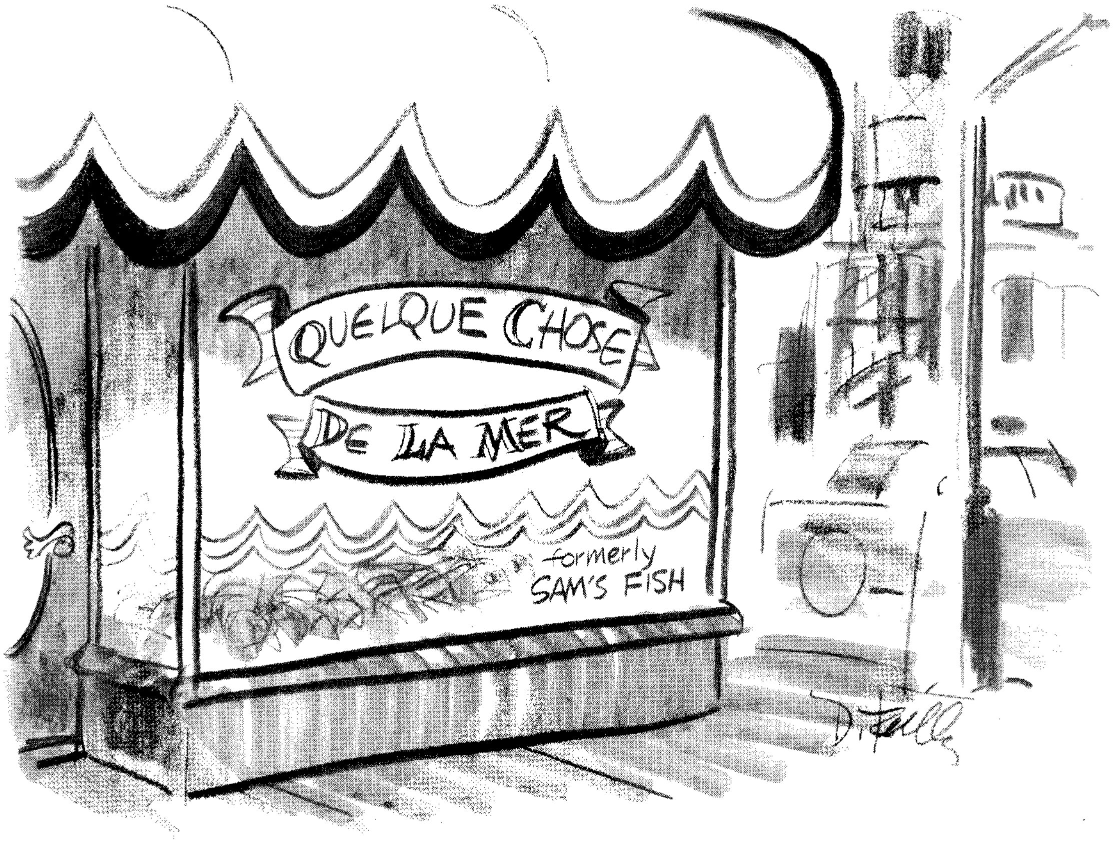
"My parents are looking forward to meeting you," I said when inviting Ramsden.

Ramsden, with two tickets to Beethoven, in our Town Hall, prepared herself to make the long journey. I put off the visit, in my mind, from one day to the next, and then, reluctantly, at last I was in the Ladies Only waiting room crouched over a dying fire, thin-lipped and hostile in the bitter night. My school coat heavy but not warm enough and my shoes soaked. Ramsden, who had once, unasked, played the piano to soothe my tears, arrived at last. I could see she was cold. She was pale, and there were dark circles of fatigue round her eyes. She came toward me, distinguished in her well-cut tailored jacket and skirt. Her clothing and manner set her apart immediately from the other disembarking passengers.

"Miss Ramsden will have to share the room," my mother said before I left for the station. "Your sister's come home again." Shrugging and blinking, I went on reading and did not reply. I got ready slowly, turning the pages of my book, keeping one finger in the book while I dressed to go and meet the train.

Ramsden came toward me with both hands reaching out in leather gloves. At once she was telling me about the Beethoven, the "Choral" Symphony, and how she had been able to get tickets. There was Bach, too—Cantata 18. "Remember?" she said. "For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from Heaven," she sang, beating time with one hand. "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth." In the poor light of the single mean lamp her eyes were pools of pleasure and tenderness. She did not mind the blackout, she said, when I apologized for the dreariness of the station.

"Ramsden," I said, "I'm most awfully sorry, but there's been something



of a tragedy at home. I couldn't let you know. . . . I'm so most awfully sorry."

"Not—" Concern added more lines to Ramsden's tired face.

I nodded, turning away from the smell of travelling, which hung about the woollen cloth of her suit.

"Oh, Wright! I am so sorry, Vera." It was the first time she had spoken my first name—well, almost the first time. I glanced at her luggage, which stood by itself on the fast emptying platform. The case seemed to hold in its shape and leather the four long hours of travelling, the long, tedious journey made twice as long by the fog.

There would be a stopping train to London coming through late, expected at three in the morning, the porter said as Ramsden retrieved her case from its desolation. A glance into the waiting room showed that the remnant of the fire was now a little heap of cold ash. Perhaps, she suggested, even though there was no fire it would be warmer to sit in there.

"I'm so sorry," I said. "I shall not be able to wait for your train." So sorry, I told her. I must get back, simply must get back.

"Is it—" More concern caused Ramsden to raise her dark eyebrows. The question unfinished, I drew my arm away from her hand's touch. I thought of the needlework-and-embroidery book I had taken from her room, too nervous to read the titles, when to please me she said I should choose a book to keep, as a present, from her shelf. The badly chosen book, I thought at the time, had made me feel sick. I began that day, almost straightaway, to feel sick.

We walked along the fog-filled platform. "I've come to you all the way from London," Ramsden, drawing me to her, began in her low voice. "I'd hoped . . ." I turned away from the clumsy embrace and her breathed-out, whispered words, knowing her breath to be the breath of hunger.

"I'm sorry," I said again, stiffening away from her, "but I'll have to go."

"To them," she said. "Yes, of course, you must." She nodded her understanding and her resignation.

"I am sorry I can't wait till your train comes. I can't wait with you. I'm most awfully sorry!" I said, trying to change my accent, to lift it to match hers.

She nodded again. I knew from before, though I couldn't see them, what her eyes would be like.

I had to walk the three miles home, as there were no buses at that time of night. The fog swirled cold in my face. The way was familiar, but other things were not. My own body, for one thing, for I was trying, every day, to conceal my morning sickness.

I TURN away, trying to avoid the place on the platform where Ramsden tried to draw me toward an intensity of feeling I could not be a part of that night.

"She wasn't on the train," I told my mother the next morning, standing on purpose behind her flowered smock and keeping to the back of her head, which was still encased in metal rollers. She was hurrying to get to the Red Cross depot. Her war effort.

"It was a dreadful night for travelling," my mother said, not turning from the sink. "Perhaps your Miss Ramsden will send a letter. You can invite her again, perhaps in the spring —we'll have more space then. Perhaps by then your sister will be better."

My father, running now beside the moving train, pushes a magazine and a comic through the window. I, because I feel I must, lean out and see him waving at the end of the platform. Helena, clinging to my skirt, cries for her grandpa.

Unable to stop thinking of Ramsden, I wonder why I think of her today, after all this time of forgetting her. I never write to her. I never did write, even when she wrote to me saying that she was still nursing and that she lived out—that she had a little flat, which had escaped the bombs —and if I'd like to stay she would love to have me stay as long as I liked. "As long as you feel like it." I never answered. Never told her I had a child. Never let her into my poverty and never let her into my loneliness.

LONDON is full of people who seem to know where they are and to have some purpose in this knowing. I drag my case and the coat and Helena, and change stations, and at last we are travelling through the fields and summer meadows of Hertfordshire. The train this time is dirty and has no corridor, and immediately Helena wants the lavatory. I hate the scenery.

At last we are climbing the steep field path from the bus stop to the school. Fairfields—I have been here once already and know the way. The path is a mud path after it leaves the dry, narrow track through the tall corn, which is turning, waving and rippling, from green to gold spotted scarlet with poppies and is visited by humming hot-weather insects. I have seen before that the mud is caused by water seeping from two enormous culverts among the trees at the top of the hill. Drains, the drains of Fairfields School.

"Who is that?" Helena stops whimpering. And I see a man standing quite still, half hidden by trees. He does not seem to be watching; rather, it is as if he were trying to be unseen as we climb higher. He does not move except to try and merge into a tree trunk. With the case, I push Helena on, up the steepest part of the path, and I do not look back into the woods.

In the courtyard no one is about except for a little boy standing in the porch. He tells me his granny will be coming to this door, that he is waiting to be fetched by her. "My granny's got a gas stove," he tells me. I think suddenly of my mother's kitchen and wish that I could wait now at this door for her to come and fetch me and Helena. Already I want to go back.

Miss Palmer, the principal, the one they call Patch—I know this, too, from my earlier visit—carrying a hod of coke, comes round from an outbuilding. "Ah!" she says. "I see you mean to stay!" She indicates my winter coat. "So this is Helena!" She glances at my child. "She's buttoned up, I daresay." I know this to mean something not quite explained, but I nod and smile. Patch tells me that no one is coming to fetch Martin. "He's new," she says, looking across to the little boy. "He hasn't adjusted yet."

She shows me my room, which I am to share with Helena. It is bare except for a cupboard and two small beds. It is bright yellow. There is a window high up, strangled with creeper.

"Feel free to wander," Patch says. "Tea in the study at four. Children's tea in the playroom at five, and then the bathings. Paint the walls if you feel creative." She has a fleshy face and short, stiff hair—gray, like some sort of metal. I do not dislike her.

"Thank you," I say, narrowing my eyes at the walls as if planning an exotic mural.

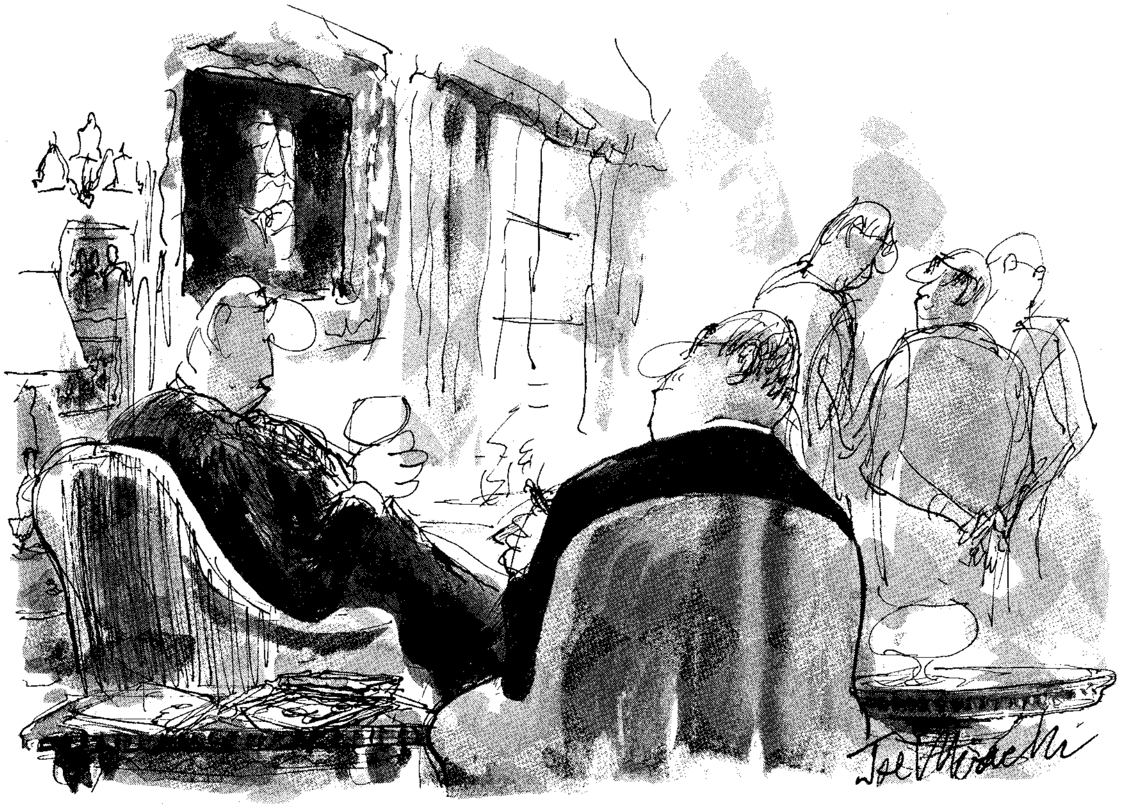
Helena, pulling everything from the unlocked case, intones a monologue over her rediscovered few toys. I stare into the foliage and the thick mass of summer-green leaf immediately outside the window.

Later the Swiss girl, Josepha, who has the room opposite mine, takes me round the upstairs rooms, which are strewn with sleeping children. We pull some of them out of bed and sit them on little chipped enamel pots. There is the hot smell of sleeping children and their pots. Josepha tells me the top bathroom is mine and she gives me a bath list. The face flannels and towels hang on hooks round the room.

Josepha comes late to breakfast and takes most of the bread and the milk and the butter up to her room, where her sweetheart, Rudi, sleeps. I heard their endless talk up and down in another language, the rise and fall of an incomprehensible muttering, all night long, or so it seemed in my own sleeplessness.

The staff sit at breakfast in a well-bred studied shabbiness, huddled round a tall copper coffeepot and some blue bowls of milk. Children are not allowed, and it seems that I hear Helena crying and crying, locked in our room upstairs. Patch does not come to breakfast, but Myles, who is deputy principal, fetches prunes and Ryvita for her. She is dark-eyed and expensively dressed, like Ramsden, but she has nothing of Ramsden's music and tenderness. She is aloof and flanked by two enormous dogs. She is also something more than deputy principal. Josepha explains. "Do not go in," she says, pointing at Patch's door, "if both together are in there."

When I dress Helena I take great trouble over her hair ribbons and let her, with many changes of mind, choose her dress, because I am sorry for leaving her alone, locked in to cry in a strange place. I have come to Fairfields to work, with the idea that it will give Helena



"The way I see it, good losers are a dime a dozen. But good winners like you and me are damned hard to find."

school and companionship, and already I have tried to persuade her to stay in the room, have begged her, and have finally rushed away from her frightened crying, because staff offspring (Myles' phrase) are not allowed at staff meals. I take a long time dressing Helena and find that Josepha has dressed all the children from my list as well as her own. I begin to collect up the little pots.

"No! Leave!" Josepha shouts and, tying the last child into a pinafore, she herds them downstairs. Moving swiftly, Josepha can make me, with Helena clinging to my dress, seem useless.

Josepha does the dining room, and I am to do, with Olive Morris, the playroom, where the smaller children have their meals. Mrs. Morris has a little boy, called Frank, but Helena will not sit by him. She follows me with a piece of bread and treacle, and I have to spend so much time cleaning her that Olive Morris does the whole breakfast and wipes the tables and the floor. She does not say anything but only gets on with ladling cod-liver oil, which is free from our government, into the children as they leave the little tables.

I discover that Olive Morris has three children in the school and that Josepha feels it is morally right that Olive should work more than anyone else because of this. Josepha is always dragging children off to have their hair washed. She has enormous washing days and is often scrubbing something violently at ten o'clock at night. The smell of scorching accompanies the fierceness of her ironing.

"Do not go in there"—Josepha points to the first-floor bathroom—"when Patch and Tanya are in there, and do not tell Myles!"

Tanya teaches art. She looks poor, but Josepha says she is filthy rich and wears rags on purpose. Tanya, on my first day at work, was painting headless clowns on the dining-room walls. She stepped back, squinting at her work. "They are going to play ball with the heads," she explained, bending down over her paint pots as if she had been talking to me for years.

"What a good idea," I said, ashamed of my accent and trying to sound as if I knew all about painting.

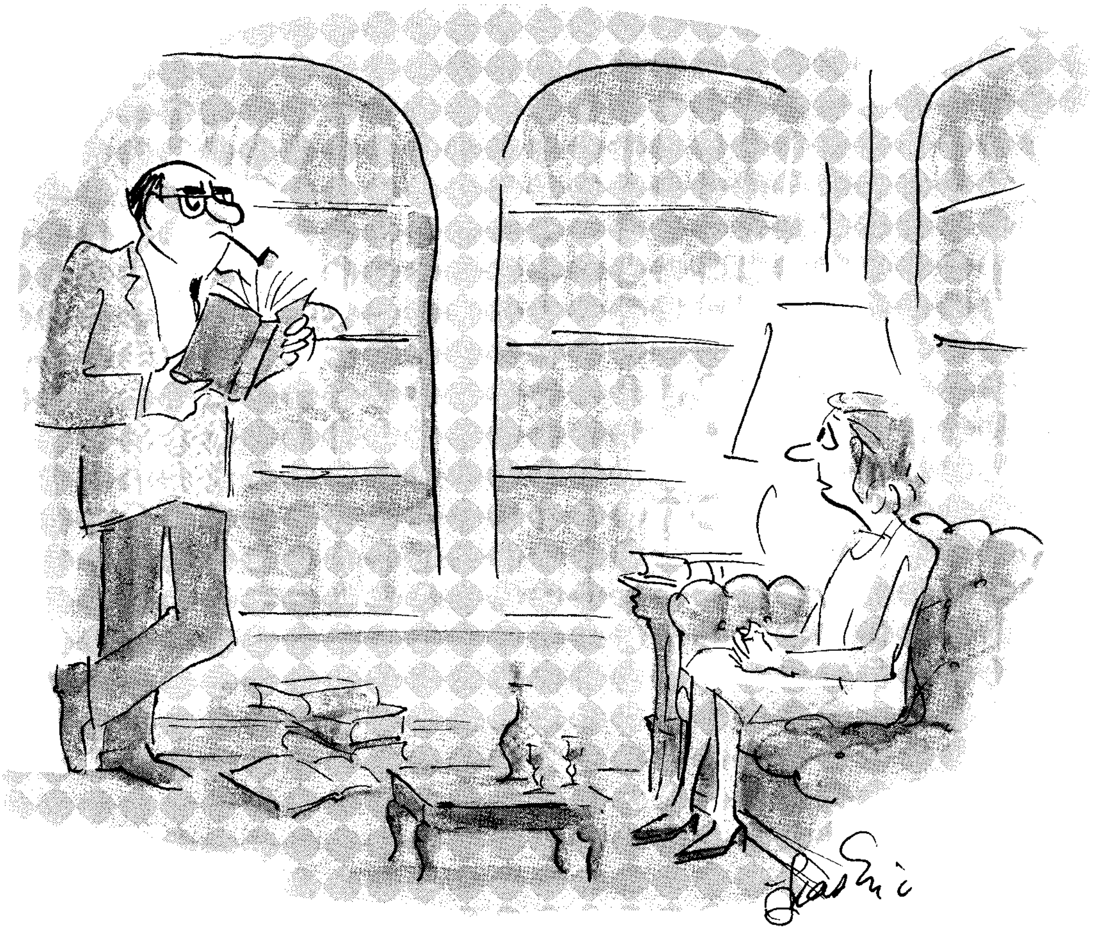
That day she asked me what time it was, saying that she must hurry and get her wrists slashed before Frederick came back from his holiday.

Later, in the pantry, she is there with both arms bandaged. "Frederick the Great," she says. "He'll be back. Disinfectant, fly spray, cockroach powder, and mousetraps. He will ask you to examine his tonsils."

Olive Morris looks ill. Sometimes when I sit in my room at night, with an old cardigan round the light to keep it from shining on Helena's bed, I think of Olive and begin to understand what real poverty is: her dreadful little bowls of never clean washing, the rags that she is forever mending, and her pale, crumpled face, from which her worried eyes look out hopelessly.

I have plenty of pretty clothes for Helena. And then it suddenly comes to me that this is the only difference. My prospects are the same as Olive's. I have as little hope for the future as she has. It just happens that at present, because of gifts from my mother, Helena for the first years of her life has been properly fed and is well dressed.

ONE hot afternoon I sit with the children in the sandpit, hoping that they will play. There are only two little spades and the children quarrel and fight and bite each other over them. It is hard to understand why the children can't enjoy the spacious lawns and the places where they can run and shout and hide among the rosebushes. Beyond the lawns is deep uncut grass bright with buttercups and china-blue harebells. I am tired, tired in a way that makes me want to lie down in the long grass and close my



"I won't hold it against you, Austin, if you don't give me the exact quote."

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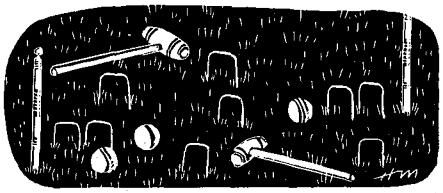
eyes. Helena, crying, will not let me rest. The children are unhappy. I think it is because they do not have enough food. They are hungry all the time.

I do lie down and I look up at the sky. Once, I looked at the sky not with Ramsden but after we had been talking together. I would like to hear Ramsden's voice now. It is strange to wish this after so long. Perhaps it is because everyone here seems to have someone. Relationships, as they are called here, are acceptable. And I, having no one, wishing for someone, vividly recall Ramsden. She said that time—in the morning, before I went for my day off to sleep among the spindles of rosemary at the end of my mother's garden—that love was infinite. That it was possible, if a person loved, to believe in the spiritual understanding of truths that were not fully understood intellectually. She said that the person you loved was not an end in itself, was not something you came to the end of, but the beginning of discoveries that could be made because of loving someone.

Lying in the grass, pushing Helena away, I think about this and wonder how I can bring it into the conversation at the four-o'clock staff tea and impress Patch and Myles. I practice some words and an accent of better quality.

Because of being away from meadow flowers for so long I pick some, and some of the delicate grasses, which add their glowing tips to the bunch, and wonder, with bitter uneasiness, how I can get them unseen to my room. I can see Patch and Myles at the large window of Patch's room. Instead of impressing them, I shall simply seem vulgar, acquisitive, and stupid, clutching a handful of weeds, ineffectually shepherding the little children toward their meagre plates of lettuce leaves and Patch-rationed bread.

In the evening there is a thunderstorm with heavy rain. I am caught in the rain on the way back from the little shop where I have tried to buy some fruit. The woman there asks me if I am from the school, and if I am, she says, she is unable to give me credit. In the shop, there is the warm, sweet smell of newspapers, firelighters, and cheap sweets, aniseed—a smell of ordinary life, which is missing in the life of the school. Shocked, I tell her I can pay and I buy some poor-quality carrots, as the apples, beneath their rosy skins, might be rotten. I will wash the carrots and give them to Helena when I have to leave her alone in our room in the mornings.



The storm is directly overhead, the thunder so loud I am afraid Helena will wake and be frightened, so I do not shelter in the shop but hurry back

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RACCOON JOURNAL

(Provincetown, 1984)

July 14

rac-coon′, n. from the American Indian
(Algonquian) *arahkunem,* "he scratches
with the hands."—*New World Dictionary.*

July 17

They live promiscuously in the woods
above the marsh, snuggling in hollow trees
on rock-piled hillside dens,
from which they swagger in dead of night,
nosy, precocious, bushy-tailed,
to inspect their properties in town.

At every house they drop a calling card,
doorstep deposits of soft reddish scats
and heavy sprays of territorial scent
that on damp mornings mixes with the dew.

August 21-26

I've seen them, under the street light,
paddling up the lane,
five pelts in single file,
halting in unison to topple
a garbage can and gorge
on lobster shells and fish heads
or scattered parts of chicken.

Last year my neighbor's dog,
a full-grown Labrador retriever,
chased a grizzly old codger
into the tidal basin,
where shaggy arms reached up
from the ooze to embrace him,
dragging his muzzle under
until at length he drowned.

There's nobody left this side
of Gull Hill to tangle
with them, certainly not
my superannuated cat,
domesticated out of nature,
who stretches by the stove
and puts on a show of bristling.
She does that even when mice
go racing round the kitchen.

We seem to be two of a kind,
though that's not to say I'm happy
paying my vegetable tithe
over and over
out of ripe summer's bounty
to feed omnivorous appetites,
or listening to the scratch of prowlers
from the fragrant terraces, as they
dig-dig-dig, because they're mad
for bonemeal, uprooting plants and bulbs,
whole clumps, squirming and dank,
wherever they catch a whiff
of buried angel dust.

October 31

To be like Orpheus, who could talk
with animals in their own language—
in sleep I had that art, but now
I've waked into the separate
wilderness of age,
where the old, libidinous beasts
assume familiar shapes,
pretending to be tamed.

Raccoons! I can hear them
confabulating on the porch,
half churring, half growling,
bubbling to a manic hoot
that curdles the night air.
Something out there appalls.
On the back-door screen
a heavy fur piece hangs,
spread-eagled, breathing hard,
hooked by prehensile fingers,
with its pointed snout pressing in,
and the dark agates of its bandit eyes
furiously blazing. Behind,
where shadows deepen, burly forms
lumber from side to side
like diminished bears
in a flat-footed shuffle.
They watch me, unafraid.
I know they'll never leave;
they've come to take possession.

—Stanley Kunitz

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along the main road, through the corn, and up the steep path. I am wet through, and the mud path is a stream. The trees sway and groan. I slip and catch hold of the undergrowth to stop myself from falling. When I look up I see that there is someone standing, half hidden, quite near, in the same place where the man was standing on that first afternoon. This man—I think it is the same man—is standing quite still, letting the rain wash over him as it pours through the leaves and branches. His hair is plastered, wet-sleeked, on his round head, and water runs in rivulets down his dark suit. He, like me, has no coat. He does not move and he does not speak. He seems to be looking at me as I try to climb the steep path as quickly as I can. I feel afraid. I have never felt or experienced fear like this before. Real terror, because of his stillness, makes my legs weak. I hurry, splashing across the courtyard, and make my way, trembling, round to the kitchen door. Wet and shivering, I meet Olive Morris in the passage outside my room. She is carrying a basin of washing. Rags trail over her shoulder, and her worn-out blouse, as usual, has come out of her skirt.

I tell her about the man in the woods. "Ought I to tell Patch?" I try to breathe calmly. "It's getting dark out there. He's soaked to the skin. I ought to tell Patch."

Olive Morris's shapeless soft face is paler than ever and her lips twitch. She looks behind her nervously. "No," she says in a low voice. "No, never tell anyone here anything. Never!" She hurries off to the other stairs, which lead directly up to her room in the top gable of the house.

While I am drying my hair Olive Morris, in a torn raincoat, comes to my door. "I'm going down to post a letter," she says, putting a scarf over her head. "So if I see your stranger in the trees I'll send him on his way. There's no need at all to have Myles go out with the dogs. No need at all."

My surprise at the suggestion that Myles and the dogs might hunt the intruder is less than the feeling of relief that I need not go to Patch's room, where Myles, renowned for her sensitive nudes, will be sketching Patch in charcoal and reading poetry aloud. They would smile at each other, exchanging intimate glances while only half listening to what I had to say. Earlier, while Patch pretended to search her handbag for a ten-shilling note as part of the payment owing to me, Myles looked up, gazing as if thoughtfully at me for a few minutes, and then resumed her reading of the leather-bound poems.

Josepha is on bedroom duty and the whole school is quiet. Grateful that Helena has not been disturbed by the storm, I lie down in my narrow bed. Instead of falling asleep, I think of the school and how it is not at all as I thought it would be. Helena stands alone all day peering through partly closed doors, watching the dancing classes. She looks on at the painting and at the clay-modelling and is only on the edge of the music.

There must be people who feel and think as I do, but they are not here, as I thought they would be. I want to lean out of a window in a city full of such people and call to some passerby. I am by my own mistakes buried in this green-leafed corruption, and I am alone.

MY day off, which Josepha did not tell me about till all the children were washed and dressed, was a mixture of relief and sadness. A bus ride to town. Sitting with Helena in a small café eating doughnuts. Choosing a sun hat for Helena. Buying some little wooden spades and some colored chalks. Trying to eat a picnic lunch of fruit and biscuits on a road mender's heap of gravel chips. I can hardly bear to think about it. As I handed Helena her share and saw her crouched on the stones trying to hold her food, without a plate, in her small hands, I knew how wrong it was for her to be like this with no place to go home to. I thought over and over again that it was my fault that we were alone—

more so than ever—at the side of the main road, with cars and lorries streaming in both directions.

There is a sudden sound, a sound of shooting. Gunshots. I go into the dark passage. From Josepha's room comes the usual running up and down of voices, first hers and then Rudi's. I am afraid to disturb them. A door farther down clicks open and I see, with relief, that it is Tanya.

"Oh, it's you, Tanya! Did you hear anything just now?"

"Lord, no. I never hear a thing, m'dear, and I never ask questions, either, so if you've been letting anyone in or out I just wouldn't know, darling."

I tell her about the shots.

"Lord!" Tanya says. "That's Frederick. Back from his leave. Frederick the Great, literature and drama. Room's over the stables. Never unpacks. Got a mother, North London. Cap gun. Shoots off gun for sex. The only trouble is, darling," Tanya drawls, "the orgasm isn't shared." She disappears into the bathroom, saying that she's taken an overdose and so must have her bath quickly.

I go on up the next lot of stairs to Olive's room. I have never been there. I must talk to someone. Softly, I knock on the door.

At once Olive opens it, as if she were waiting on the other side of it. "Oh, it's you!" Her frightened white face peers at me.

"Can I come in?" I step past her hesitation into her room. It is not my intention to be rude, I tell her, it is my loneliness. Olive catches me by the arm. Her eyes implore. I am suddenly ashamed, for sitting up in bed, wearing a crumpled shirt and a tie, is a man. The man I had seen standing with sinister patience in the rain.

"Oh, Olive, I am so sorry. I do beg . . ."

"This is Mr. Morris, my husband. This is Vera Wright, dear," Olive whispers.

"Pleased to meet you I'm sure," Mr. Morris says.

I continue to mumble words of apology and try to move backward to the door.

The three Morris children are all in a heap, asleep, in a second sagging double bed up against the gable window. Washing is hanging on little lines across the crowded room, and Mr. Morris's suit is spread over the bed ends to dry.

"Mr. Morris is on his way to a business conference," Olive begins to explain.

I squeeze her arm. "I'll see you tomorrow," I say. We are wordless at the top of the steep stairs. She is tucking her blouse into her too loose skirt. It seems to me that she will go on performing this little action forever. Repeating it forever even when she has no clothes on.

"No one at all knows that Mr. Morris is here," she says in a breaking whisper.

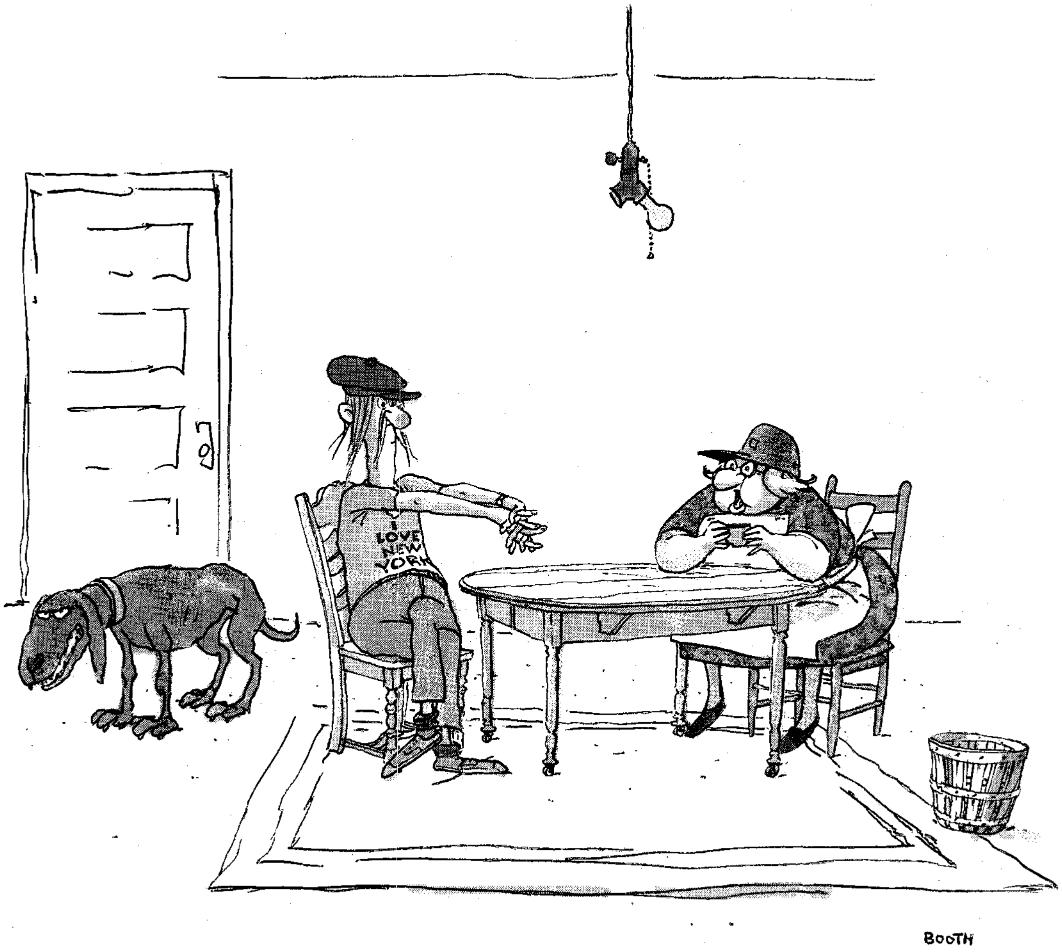
At breakfast I wish I had someone to whom I could carry, with devotion, bread and butter and coffee. I could not envy Myles because of Patch, or Josepha because of Rudi. Tanya must be feeling as I feel, for she prepares a little tray for Frederick, and is back almost at once with a swollen, bruised, bleeding nose and quite quickly develops two black eyes, which, it is clear, will take days to fade.

It would be nice for Olive to sail into breakfast and remove a quantity of food and bear it away with dignity to the room in the top gable.

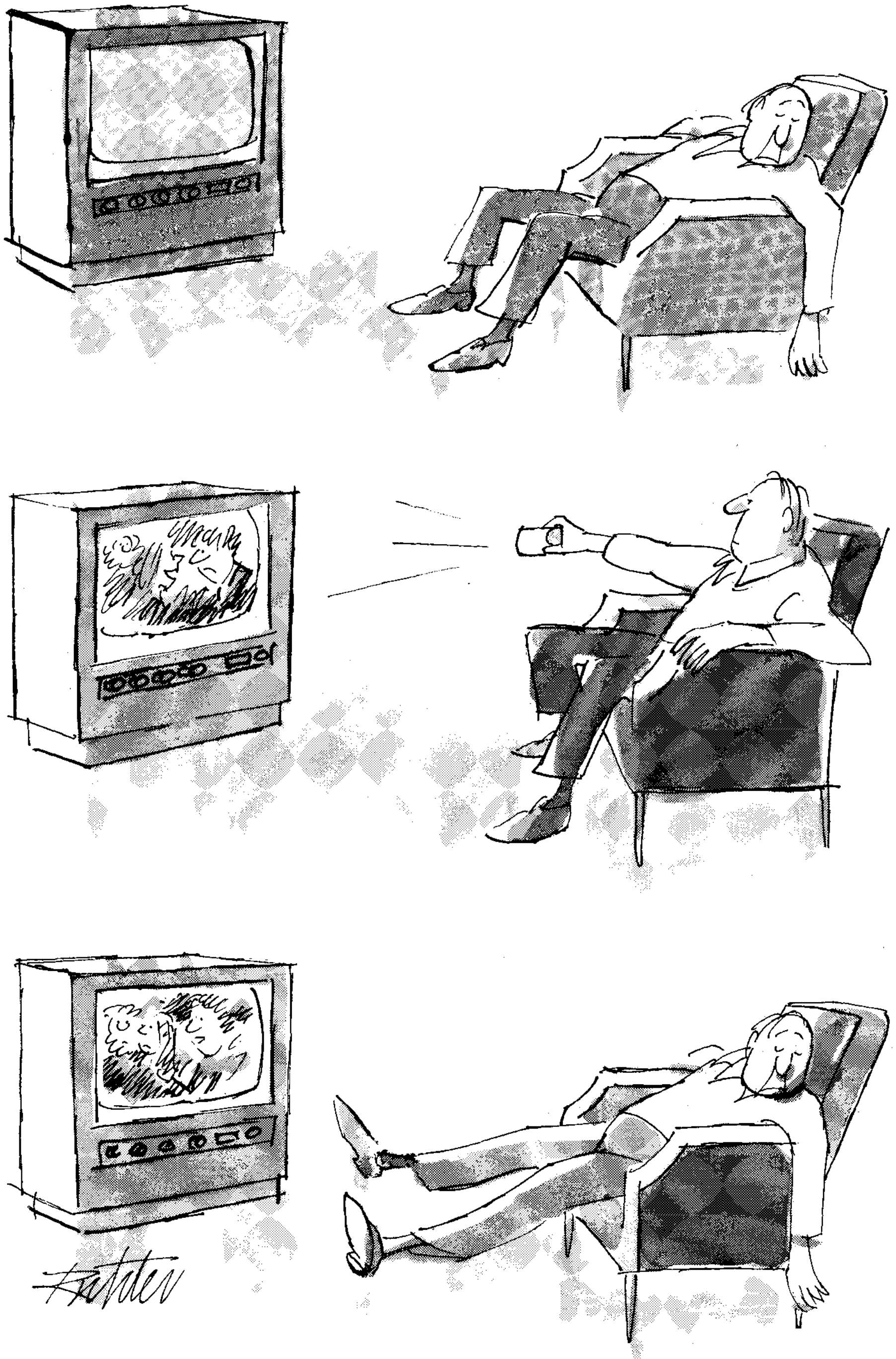
"I suppose you know," I say to Patch when we meet by chance in the hall, "that Olive Morris's husband arrived unexpectedly last night and will be with us for a few days."

Patch says, "Is he, dear?" That is all.

Mr. Morris, who is a big man, wears his good suit every day, thus setting himself somewhat apart from the rest of us. He comes to supper and tells us stories about dog racing. His dogs win. He tells us about boxing and wrestling. He has knocked out all the champs. He knows all their names and the dates of the matches.



"You get a good suède jacket—I mean a good suède jacket—and take proper care of it, and it will last you the rest of your natural years. You betcha!"



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He knows confidence men who treble their millions in five minutes. His brothers and sisters teach in all the best universities, and his dear old mother is the favorite lady-in-waiting at Buckingham Palace. Snooker is his forte—a sign, he tells us, of a misspent youth. He sighs.

Things change. Patch comes to supper every night. Josepha stops shouting at Olive. Mr. Morris calls Olive "lovey" and reminds her, for us all to hear, of extravagant incidents in their lives. He boasts about his older children, regaling us with their exam results and sporting successes. Olive withers. She is smaller and paler and trembles visibly when Patch, in a genial mood, with mockery and amusement in her voice, leads Mr. Morris into greater heights of storytelling. While he talks, his eyes slide sideways as he tries to observe us all and see the effects of his fast-moving mouth.

Mr. Morris, we have to see, is the perfect husband and father. During the day he encourages his children and the other children to climb all over him. He organizes games and races, promising prizes. He gives all sorts of presents. The table in the kitchen is heaped with chickens and ducks ready for the oven, jars of honey and expensive jams, and baskets of apples and fresh vegetables. Patch prepares the meals herself. Our diet was vegetarian only because the local butchers, unpaid, no longer supplied the school.

Frederick, refusing to come to meals, refusing to leave the loft, has a bucket on a string, into which Josepha—he will not take from anyone else—puts chicken breasts and bread and butter and a white jug of milk. Tanya says if there is any wormy fruit or flyblown meat Frederick the Great will get it. Because of always searching for them, she explains, he attracts the disasters in food.

"Where is Mr. Philbrick?" Patch asks one evening, and then quickly corrects what she calls a "fox paw," a slip of the tongue. "Mr. Morris. Why isn't he here?" She is carving, with skill, the golden chickens, and Myles is serving the beans and baby carrots, which shine in butter. Olive can hardly swallow a mouthful.

"What's keeping Mr. Morris?" I ask her loudly enough for Patch's ears. "Anything wrong? Is someone ill?"

"No. No—it's nothing at all," she whispers.

Toward the end of the meal, Mr. Morris comes in quietly and sits down next to the shrinking Olive. Patch, with grease on her large chin, hands a plate of chicken to him. Thick-set, stocky, she sits at the head of the table and sings contralto, as if guarding a secret with undisturbed complacence.

There is a commotion in the hall and the sound of boots approaching.

"It is the politz!" Josepha, on bedroom duty, calls from the stairs. Mr. Morris leaps up.

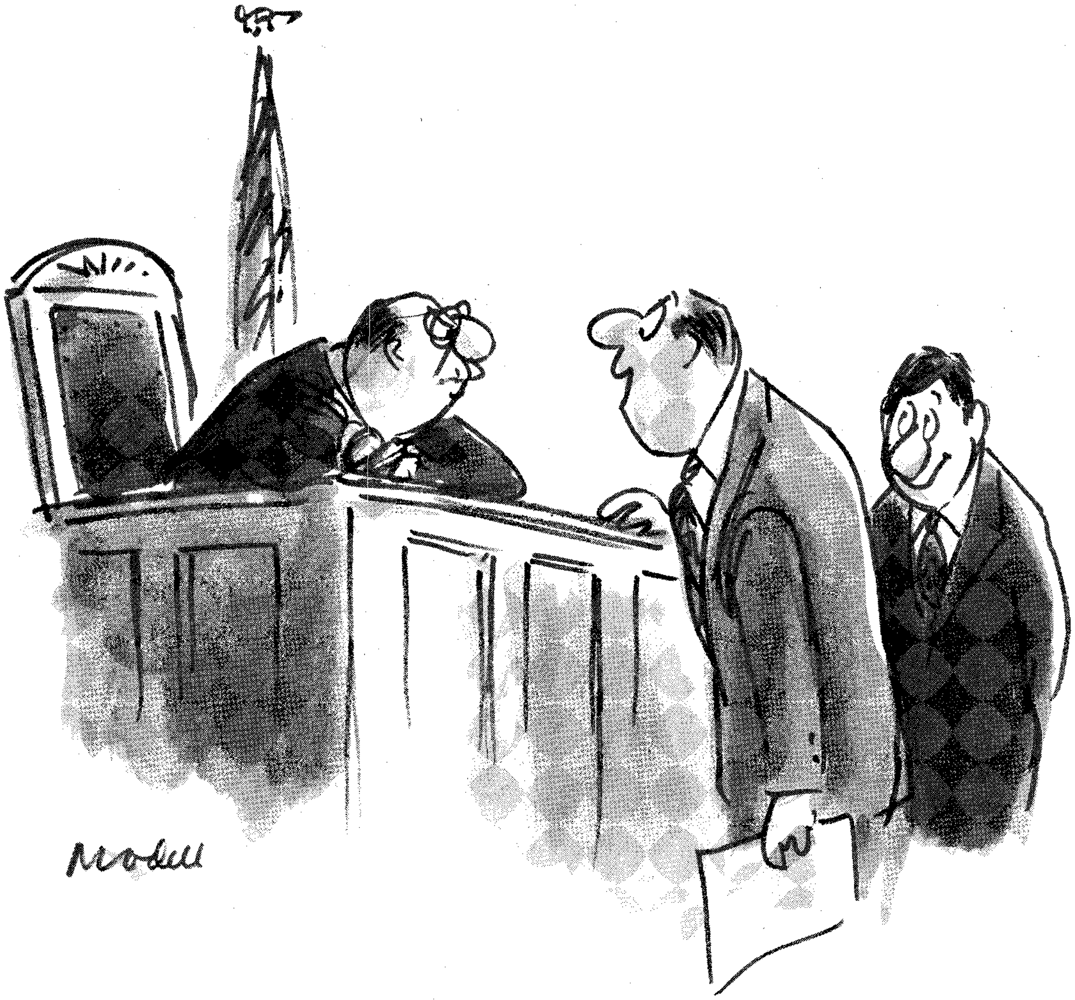
"Leave this to me, dear lady," he says to Patch. And with a snakelike movement he is on his way to the door.

We follow just in time to see Mr. Morris, suddenly small and white-faced, being led in handcuffs to the front door and out to a car waiting with the engine running.

I want to say something to Olive to comfort her.

"It's better this way," she says. "Better for him this way. Better than them getting him with dogs. And the children," she says, "they didn't see anything." I don't ask her what Mr. Morris has done. She does not tell me anything except that Mr. Morris finds prison life unbearable and that he has a long stretch of it ahead.

PATCH walks about the school singing and eating the ends off a crusty loaf. When the bills for all the



"My client would like Your Honor to know he's one hundred per cent behind you no matter what your decision happens to be."

presents from Mr. Morris come addressed to her, she laughs and tosses them into the kitchen fire.

One of the little boys rushing through the hall stops to glance at Tanya's latest painting. "How often do you have sexual intercourse?" he pauses long enough in his flight to ask.

"Three times a week." Tanya steps back to squint at her work. "Never more, never less," she says.

Tanya says that Frederick the Great is coming down from the loft and will be at supper. I wash my hair and put on my good dress and go down to the meal early, rejoicing that it is Olive's night to settle the children. I am looking forward to meeting Frederick. Perhaps, at last, there will be someone for me. Olive scuttles by with her tray, which she must take upstairs. I hear the uproar from the bedrooms and smile to myself.

A man who must be Frederick is bent in a strange contortion over the sink in the pantry. He is trying to see into his throat with a flashlight and a small piece of broken mirror stuck into the loose window frame. I am glad to be able to meet him without Josepha and Tanya.

"Would you mind looking at my throat?" he says, straightening up. He is very tall, and his eyes, enclosed in gold-rimmed spectacles, do not look at me. "I've been trying a new gargle." He hands me the flashlight and I peer into his throat.

"Is it painful?" I feel I should ask him.

"Not at all," he says, taking back the flashlight.

In the dining room Frederick has a little table to himself in the corner. He eats alone quickly and leaves at once. I sit in my usual place. One of the children is practicing on the pantry piano. I listen to the conscientious stumblings. Ramsden played Bach seriously, repeating and repeating until she was satisfied and then moving on to the next phrases.

In my head I compose a letter to Ramsden. *This neck of the woods*—this is not my way but it persists—*this neck of the woods is not far from London. Any chance of your coming down one afternoon? Staff tea is at four. I'd love to see you and show you round . . .* There is so much I would tell Ramsden.

For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from Heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and make it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater: So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth. I want to write to Ramsden. After that night and after almost five years, how do I address her? Dear Ramsden? Dear Staff Nurse Ramsden? She might be Sister Ramsden. She might not be nursing now, though she did go on after the end of the war. She might be married, though I think that is unlikely. Perhaps she is on concert platforms. . . .

Dear Ramsden, I have no way at all of getting away from this place. Please, Ramsden, can you come? Please?

Patch and Myles come in to supper. Ignoring me, they devotedly help each other to mountains of grated raw carrots and cabbage.

—ELIZABETH JOLLEY

•

F. Barnet was there, still talking to Ursula and pointing out parts of his now sweating and stomping charge. Ursula nodded noncommittally, her own eyes knowledgeably raking the gelding from stem to stern, a neat competent good-looking fifty in a rust-colored coat and a brown velvet beret.—*"Banker," by Dick Francis.*

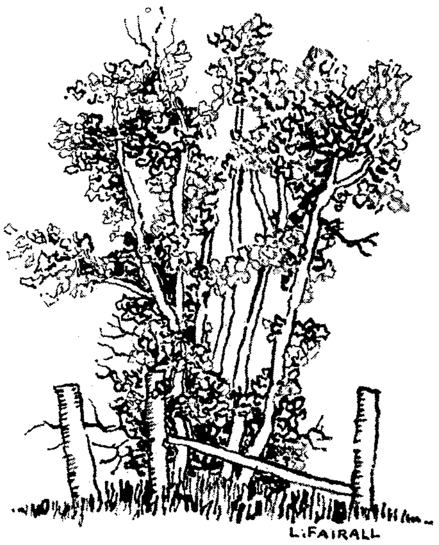
No wonder the poor thing sweats and stomps.

THE DIPLOMATIC ROUND

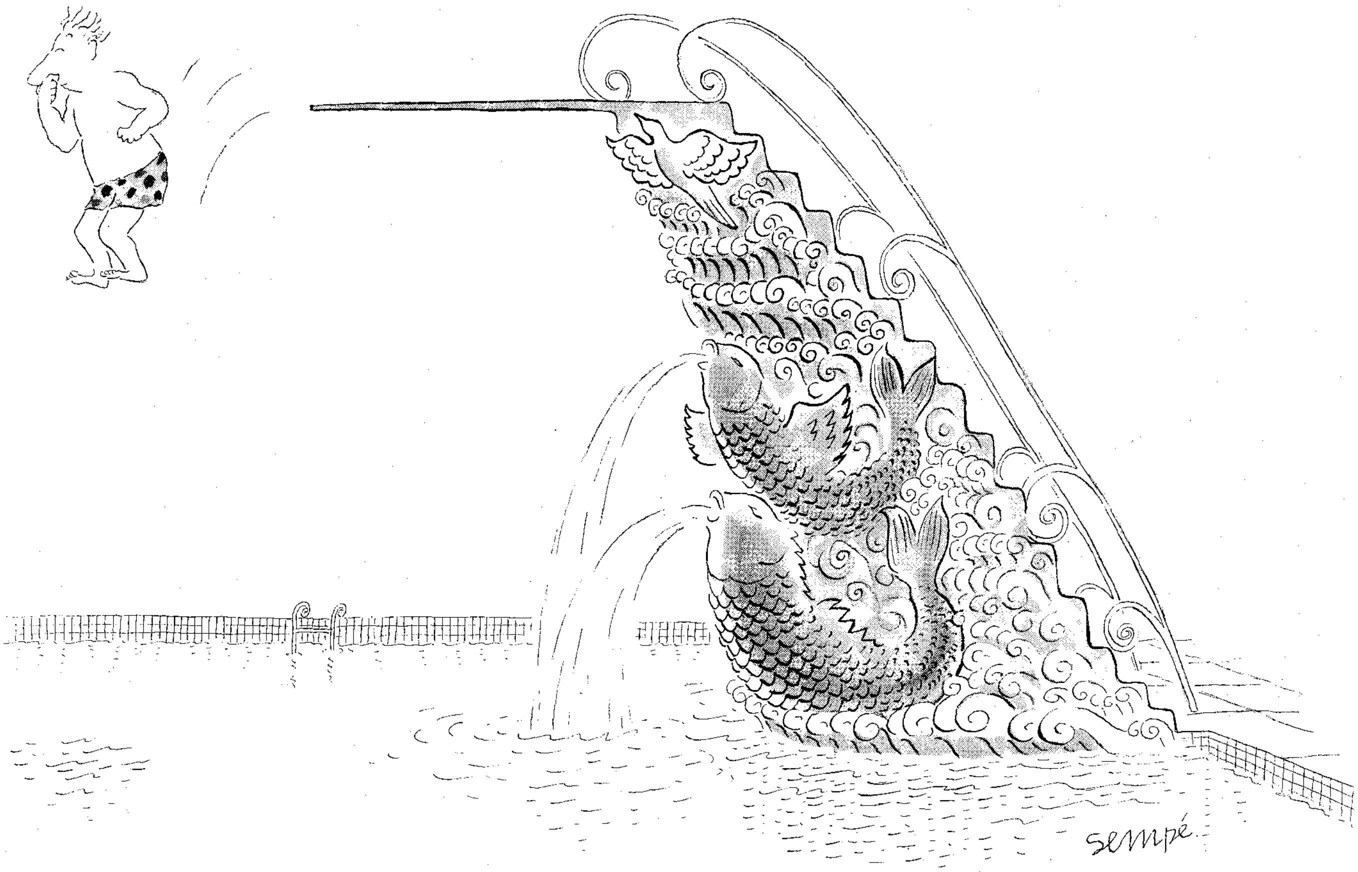
TEST

"OBSESSIVE" is a fair description of the state of mind into which the Star Wars project—President Reagan's plan for taming the nuclear genie—has maneuvered European governments. Reagan's commitment to his strategic defense initiative, or S.D.I., as diplomats and soldiers call it, is reliably said to be total and unshakable; the project is meant to be his enduring legacy to the cause of keeping the planet Earth in one piece. But other governments, along with most people in official Washington, strongly doubt whether the plan is feasible; nor will it be, they say, for as far into the future as most imaginations can stretch. Also, every European capital is deeply apprehensive about the near-term consequences of the initiative, which is known to be very much Reagan's own. In mid-May, just after the economic summit meeting in Bonn, I visited Bonn, Paris, and London to find out what people were thinking and saying about Star Wars and how they were responding to heavy American pressure to endorse the project and take on a part of the immense research, much of it recondite, that underlies the largest spending program this or any other country has ever proposed. In all three capitals, people seemed to be talking of little else; Star Wars has become a consuming topic. Even though the press coverage of the summit meeting dwelt largely on Reagan's visit to the Bitburg cemetery, Star Wars, I learned, was really the dominant, if generally offstage, topic of the conference. In Bonn, some of my appointments were postponed because emergency meetings on Star Wars popped up. One official cancelled an appointment because he was abruptly hauled off to Washington for an unexpected meeting on the subject. The issue has pushed the Germans into what is for them the most uncomfortable of positions—having to choose between America, their protector, and France, an old enemy but now the other half of a partnership that anchors Europe's political and economic stability. The contesting pressures from Paris, which is openly hostile to Star Wars, and Washington are heavy, and may become intolerable; a choice between the two places isn't one the Germans can make. They need both. A European ambassador based in Bonn says, in describing the effects of Star Wars, "The Foreign Ministry is *Ratlosigkeit*"—a condition somewhere between stumped and bewildered.

In Paris, the government of President François Mitterrand has been maneuvered or tempted—or in part both—into playing *cavalier seul*, a role that General Charles de Gaulle exalted in the nineteen-sixties. In matters affecting French security, de Gaulle incarnated France's strong preference for free hands and self-sufficiency. "However large may be the glass offered to us, we prefer to drink from our own, while touching glasses round about," he said. Actually, most French, British, and German officials and diplomats are roughly in agreement about Star Wars. But each of their leaders is dealing with the problem largely in terms of political self-interest—hence differently from each of the others. Mitterrand wants to cut the losses he is expected to suffer in parliamentary elections next year, and he reckons that he can gain politically by saying what he and his people think about Star Wars; he is probably right. His colleagues in Bonn and London, Chancellor Helmut Kohl and Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, confront a more complicated situation. Kohl's is especially difficult; like Mrs. Thatcher, he wants to avoid getting into a row with Washington over Star Wars, or even getting very far afield from its eminent patron. Kohl's political stock is falling. A member of his government, Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann, has openly criticized him for lack of leadership. And on Sunday, May 12th, Kohl personally and his Christian Democratic Party experienced an unexpected and shattering political defeat in North Rhine–Westphalia, where about a third of the electorate lives. Although Star Wars wasn't an issue, German diplomats worry that it will become one—perhaps the pivotal issue in federal elections to be held in April of 1987. The Social Democratic Party is unalterably opposed to it, and some of Kohl's political advisers are already envisioning a campaign in which Germans will be asked whether they are for or against America and the Atlantic alliance, with Star Wars becoming the test of continued German support for both. German officials and diplomats, most of whom are as appalled by Star Wars as the French, also worry that their Chancellor, because of his heavy-handed insistence that Reagan go through with the ceremony at Bitburg, is deeply indebted to him and will be asked to make good with open support of Star Wars. After Bitburg, Kohl was apparently overheard to say, "Ron, I will personally never forget what you did." The Administration isn't letting him forget. Stories about Kohl's having damaged his standing with the White House began to appear just after the summit. "Reagan's trust and confidence in Kohl have been impaired, perhaps permanently, by the controversial wreath-laying ceremony," a story in the Washington *Post* said. And the French government has used the press almost unceasingly to register its unhappiness with Kohl's summit performance—especially his quite unexpected expression of support for Star Wars, which seemed to undercut Mitterrand's efforts to rally support behind a European alternative. The French campaign appears to be working. "We are hearing tones out of France that we have not heard in a long time," a German official told the *Times*.



Although Margaret Thatcher shares the concerns of her ministers and civil servants about Star Wars, there is her somewhat special relationship with Reagan to be protected; and it is said that, being a scientist (a



chemist) herself, she is generally sympathetic to efforts to cross distant frontiers. Still, since she plans to spend well over ten billion pounds sterling to improve Britain's nuclear deterrent she can hardly join the Reagan claque in extolling missile defense and denouncing nuclear deterrence as immoral. Then, there is the anti-ballistic-missile, or A.B.M., treaty, which some of the Reagan people would like to scrap, partly because it forbids putting devices into space that are supposed to destroy offensive missiles—and Star Wars is built around the notion of using lasers and other "directed-energy" weapons for just that purpose. All Europeans hope that the A.B.M. treaty will be kept intact. They and most orthodox American thinkers on the subject are sure that any sizable defensive system would have the perverse effect of creating an enormous spiral in offensive nuclear arms—a situation in which there would be far less stability, and so less security for all. The British and the French have another reason for cherishing the A.B.M. treaty: without it their own modest nuclear-missile forces might have trouble reaching Russian cities, because the Soviets could in theory erect strong defenses around them. European governments are also strenuously in favor of continued compliance by Washington and Moscow with the second strategic-arms-limitation accord—SALT II—which was signed in June of 1979 and, although it has never been submitted to the Senate for ratification, has been adhered to; the treaty expires at the end of this year, and the Reagan people have been bitterly divided over whether to continue accepting its restrictions.

While what is said about Star Wars in Bonn, Paris, and London varies somewhat, it amounts to a variation on the same basic themes. Germans stress their concern about predictable Soviet countermeasures and the over-all military effects. "If the strategic defense initiative goes forward, we will be in difficult times," says a German general who is closely involved. "Our leaders would have to ask the people for more money for defense. And the Americans, we think, would have to improve nuclear weapons across the entire spectrum: short-range and long-range ballistic missiles, cruise missiles—all weapons."

Suppose Star Wars comes to nothing, I said.

"You can't spend twenty-six billion dollars"—the Administration's five-year spending goal—"and not have something," the general replied. "That something may be improved offensive weapons, possibly a new family of them, or a mixture of new offensive and defensive weapons. We can't say now what it will be. But all that money will buy something." He and most other Europeans strongly doubt, however, whether the something will resemble the Reagan vision.

The French are the most abusively critical and seem to be the most deeply offended by what they regard as the arbitrary and impulsive manner in which Star Wars was thrust upon them. Washington, they say, is trying to impose an entire new strategy on the Western alliance without any consultation. "Our first objection is to the Reagan presentation," a French diplomat says. "We regard nuclear deterrence as indispensable. We cannot all go to the ends of the earth persuading Europeans that they should accept deployment of missiles, and then call them immoral and about to become obsolete. This is a great contradiction. The Germans and the British share our precise concerns, and their analyses correspond to our own." The British, Mrs. Thatcher included, emphasize the importance of protecting the accepted arrangements concerning deterrence. "All this is terra incognita, and everyone puts his own particular gloss on it," one of her advisers says of Star Wars. "But what is most important to her is the inviolability of existing treaties and the SALT II constraints."

What, I asked, did he hear from the Administration about its intentions on that score?

"Washington is a Tower of Babel on this," he said.

In all three European capitals, various officials speak of Star Wars as one of those political tests which West Europeans confront every decade or so and can pass only by acting jointly. Acting jointly comes harder to them than just about anything, so the test is usually, though not invariably, flunked. Some Europeans are saying that the test, although clearly there, is more economic or technological than political. Star Wars won't budge very far from Square One militarily, they think—and some Americans agree—but the commercial spinoff from all that money spent on the most awesome technologies could be immense; phrases like "third industrial revolution" are bandied about. "In the end, the spinoff may be all there is of S.D.I.," an American diplomat says. "I mean the artificial intelligence, space telecommunications, miniaturized computers, and the rest. Directed-energy devices have uses other than destroying objects. You can communicate information with them. Commercial projects in space will be far more feasible, because the program should drastically reduce the price per kilo of space vehicles." One is told that Star Wars will have an even greater impact on high-technology commerce in the years ahead than the Apollo program had in the nineteen-sixties and seventies. "Apollo had to be made fail-safe, because people were being sent to the moon and had to be returned safely," says a French expert on high technology. "The unproved, cutting-edge technologies couldn't be risked. S.D.I. is creating a demand for the cutting-edge technologies that wouldn't otherwise exist. It will mean no less than a revolution in software, and will have very direct impact on industry in general." A technology gap with the United States and Japan is felt by some Europeans to be their most serious problem. Others among them demur, saying that what is laggard isn't European technology but, rather, Europe's ability to exploit its attainments commercially—a problem that returns conversation to Europe's lack of cohe-

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sion and its failure to convert national markets into one huge single market. "America and Japan make money with high technology, and Europe loses money with it," a French diplomat says. Mitterrand talks sombrely about "the Balkanization of European technology." And all Europeans seem to agree on the need either to plug their countries into Star Wars in some way or to create comparable demand in Europe for the cutting-edge technologies. A concern about missing the boat is general. "Europeans can't be sold, but they may be bought" is an allusion to their dilemma over Star Wars that one hears in Washington. It means that the attractions of taking part in the program will overcome doubt and aversion. Perhaps. But the comment overlooks some reasons for Europeans to be polite yet essentially noncommittal about Star Wars. First of all, there is the so-called brain drain; America *already* attracts a share of the bright young lights in European science and technology. The Apollo program made deep inroads, especially into British talent, and the impact of Star Wars could be greater still—unless, that is, Europe can create an alternative. An even larger reservation arises from the widely held doubts of Europeans that their companies will be offered more than crumbs by the people running Star Wars. The more alluring projects are in most cases likely to be highly sensitive, and thus classified and off limits to non-American firms. Europeans also know that Congress can exclude them—and often has excluded them—from projects in which their involvement had been approved by other areas of the federal government. The most skeptical of the Europeans are the British and the French—the ones with the most experience in coöperating with Americans on advanced weapons. Washington's real interest, they think, lies not in recruiting their companies but in drawing teams of especially accomplished Europeans away from companies. "The trade will be brains for crumbs," a Whitehall civil servant says.

Few Europeans, however hostile they may be to Star Wars, oppose American research in space weaponry, if only because they know that the Soviet Union has a similar program. Both programs have been under way for some time—probably since the late nineteen-sixties. Each is a hedge against the other, but it is thought that, given the forbidding nature of

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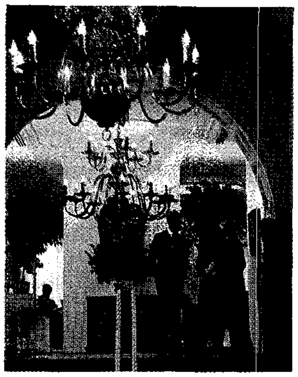
(Authentic examples of the standard of service at the Hay-Adams Hotel.)



Our front-office manager, Mary, received an anxious call. A maid had found a forgotten piece of luggage. The guest was on his way to National Airport. Mary noted the guest's destination, guessed the flight time and airline, commandeered our limousine, and scurried to the Airport. Mary intercepted the guest and handed over the luggage. An extraordinary, once-in-a-lifetime event? No. All in a day's work.

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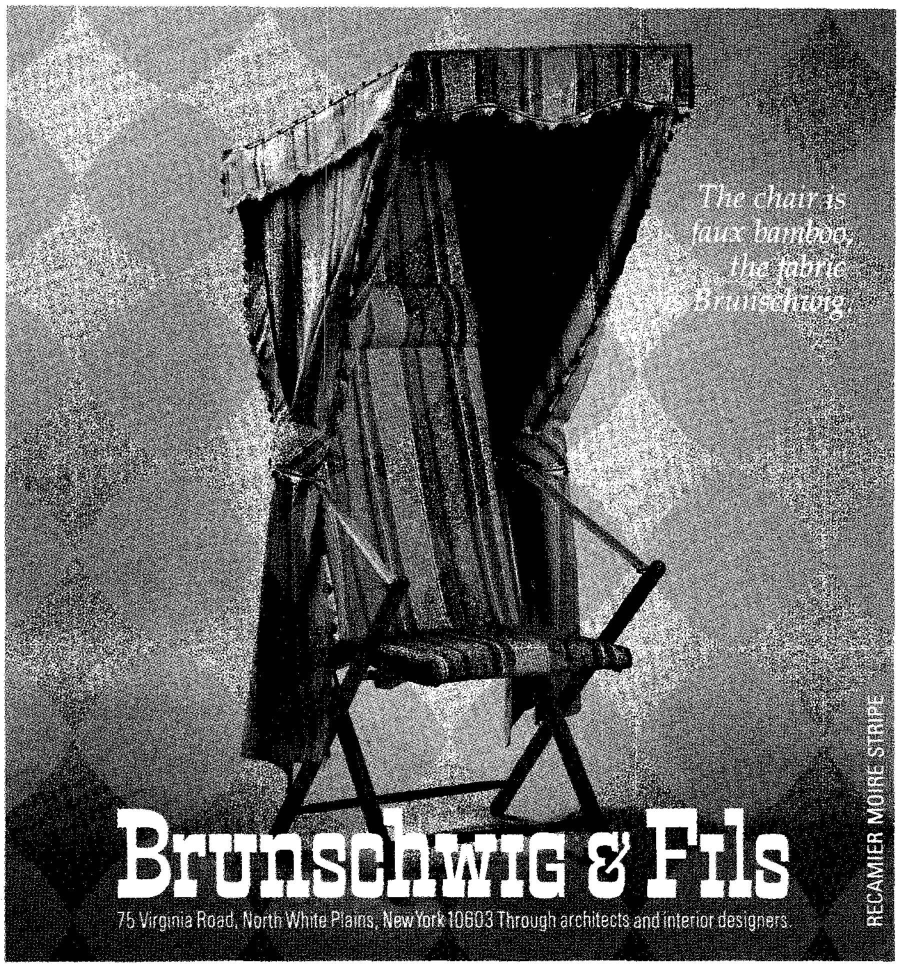

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the technologies, neither has progressed much. The assumption has been that directed-energy weapons might be an option in the distant future, and that at some point—probably well into the next millennium—these devices could be phased into the deterrence scheme and nuclear weapons could perhaps be phased out. In brief, none of Reagan's predecessors have questioned the wisdom of sustaining research in this family of weapons, which includes lasers, beams of charged particles travelling at nearly the speed of light, and ultra-high-speed missiles, along with an array of daunting support technologies for them. What to do about "exotics," as they used to be called, was an issue during the negotiations on the A.B.M. treaty. Late in 1971, the parties agreed to ban testing and deployment of such systems and their components; no restrictions were placed on research, if only because it isn't possible to monitor, and so verify, the extent of research. But the ripple effect of the Reagan proposal would include moving research out of the laboratories and into space—starting probably in the early nineteen-nineties—and carrying out tests that would violate the A.B.M. treaty. Since the planning for all this is under way, the treaty—the backbone of the arms-control regime—is in jeopardy, and a common anxiety is uniting America's allies.

"Today I'm going to do something nice for ***me****."*

• •

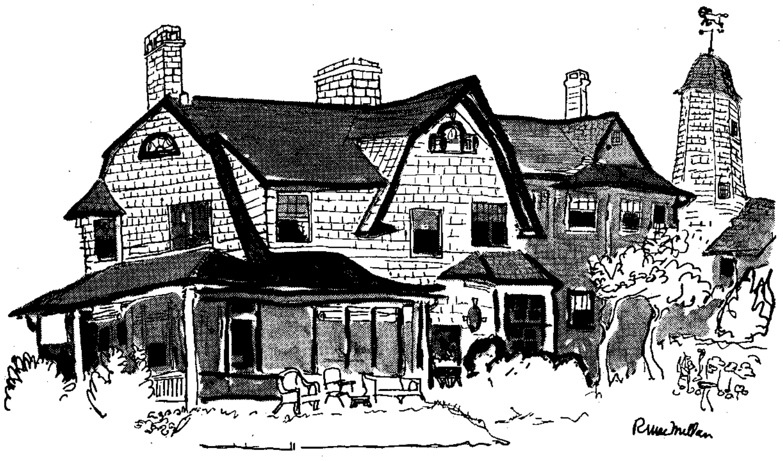
REALITY in the nuclear age tends to become what people whose voices carry say it is. Competent technicians are available to shore up any side of any argument. A given point of view may be vulnerable to ridicule but not to being disproved by facts; these are obscured by unknowns and abstractions arising from the nature, the role, the destructive potential, and the reliability of nuclear weapons. Probably no one other than a politically secure American President could have imposed upon his own country and others—allies and adversary alike—a notion as farfetched as most experienced scientists and technicians consider the Star Wars proposal to be. In one short passage of a speech delivered in March of 1983, the President proposed creating a defense that would "give us the means of rendering . . . nuclear weapons impotent and obsolete." Virtually no one beyond a remarkably tiny circle in the White House had been aware that he would make such a proposal, or even that he was contemplating it. Within the government, the idea hadn't been examined, let alone "staffed out," as Presidential initiatives invariably are. Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger may have been forewarned, although it is far from clear that he was, but Secretary of State George Shultz was blindsided. On the evening before the speech was delivered, Shultz was meeting in his office with three aides when a copy of the speech arrived from the White House—not for comment but for Shultz's information. One of the aides described their reaction as "stunned, flabbergasted." Nuclear deterrence, it appeared, was out, and defense—not just partial defense but a seamless, perfect astrodome—was in. Many people in the Administration were appalled, and most were skeptical, to put it mildly. The true believers and the advocates were a small group—as they still are—including the President's science adviser, George Keyworth, and Edward Teller, who pioneered the development of the hydrogen bomb. The advocates have tended to equate technically competent opponents of Star Wars with the scientists who questioned the feasibility of the Manhattan Project and the Apollo program. Predictable breakthroughs in computers and data processing, they argue, will allow lasers and particle beams to destroy ballistic missiles during the four minutes or so of their boost phase, which is when they are most vulnerable: in this phase they are rising slowly; their hot exhaust plumes make them easy to detect with infrared sensors; and each missile constitutes one target instead of many, because its numerous warheads and decoys are still lodged in the nose cone awaiting release. And what about attacking vehicles that may survive the boost phase? It is said that these, too, can be knocked out—in a "layered" space defense—but Star Wars advocates concede that destroying them becomes progressively more difficult during the twenty minutes of flight remaining.

Reagan, in his remarkable speech, said that society should be defended against a nuclear attack instead of merely avenged. No one disputes his preference. And he isn't the first Chief Executive to believe, quite genuinely, that if an idea he likes plays well as a speech it will play as policy. Nor do the many Star Wars critics—space scientists, weapons experts, and numerous others—dispute the proposition that objects on earth (or in space) can be readily destroyed by devices in space. The issue, they say, is whether a defense—either the leakproof astrodome envisioned by Reagan or something just partly effective—can be built on the Star Wars concept. It can't, they say, because a good offense will always beat any defense. And they strongly dispute the analogy that is made with splitting the atom and with putting people on the moon. These accomplishments, they observe, were strictly scientific projects, with only the barriers to knowledge and insight to be overcome. The moon, which is unarmed, has little in common with Russia, which is heavily armed with an array of nuclear forces, some portion of which would be unaffected by a Star Wars defense even if it could be made reliable against ballistic missiles. The point, the critics say, is that the Soviets won't sit by idly while the other superpower cobbles together a defense against a major component of their strategic forces. First, they can be counted on to neutralize a defense, or try to, by swamping it with more offensive weapons or decoys. Second, they could deploy beam weapons of their own against orbiting Star Wars battle stations. Some of these weapons might be ground-based, with mirrors directing the beams; others would be space-based themselves. It turns out to be much easier to destroy space-based devices than it is for space-based devices to survive long enough to destroy missiles launched from the ground. In any case, a Star Wars defense, if one is ever built, will vindicate the name, because its orbiting battle stations will be pitted against similar Soviet battle stations intended to counter them. The mise en scène could be enriched by the positioning of explosive mines in space. As yet another hedge against Star Wars, the Soviets might adopt techniques that would enable them to reduce the vulnerable boost stage of their missiles from four minutes to one. Two European Foreign Ministers—one British, one French—have used the term "Maginot Line" in talking about space-based defense.

Star Wars is hard on American diplomats, who have to explain and justify whatever their leaders serve up. The advocacy role in this case is especially difficult, partly because other governments are aware that much of the American support for Star Wars comes from people who don't believe in it at all but do see it as a vehicle for quietly pushing land-based nuclear defense. These are people who want to replay the debate on A.B.M.s that occurred in the late nineteen-sixties and early seventies, and went against A.B.M.s. They intend to win the debate this time. Star Wars, they reckon, will sooner or later enter an irreversible decline, and at that point A.B.M.s—ground-based—will come into their own. Among these people are some whose first priority is sidetracking the arms-control process altogether and getting on with the job of building not just a major A.B.M. system but many more offensive-weapons systems as well. Their goal is strategic superiority. A less ambitious lot, including some who really don't want a replay of the debate but see a need for some compromise, would like to try persuading the Soviets to amend the treaty to leave room for a few more A.B.M. sites than the single site it currently allows. Weinberger, a staunch advocate of Star Wars, which he has called "an inspired vision," told Mitterrand last March that his job was to strengthen deterrence but that Reagan wanted something better, so the research on Star Wars was going forward. And a senior figure in the Élysée Palace says that Assistant Secretary of Defense Richard Perle, who is the chief influence on Weinberger in these matters and the Administration's most resourceful advocate of scuttling arms control, told him that the idea of space-based defense was absurd and wouldn't work but that he and others wanted the money to protect missile silos. Yet in a speech to the National Space Club on March 29th Reagan said that Star Wars "is not, and should never be misconstrued as, just another method of protecting missile silos."

Briefly, the public advocacy of Star Wars now contains two potentially contesting viewpoints. In one group are people who echo the President's line and say that the project actually will eliminate nuclear missiles. The other, more modest contention is that Star Wars won't do that but will strengthen nuclear deterrence, because it will complicate Soviet planning for a first strike. An American diplomat compares the selling of Star Wars to a light-beer commercial on television. "Some people say it's less filling, others that it tastes great," he says.

NOT until late last year did Europeans start to take Star Wars seriously. For nearly eighteen months, their governments largely ignored it, seeing no reason to do otherwise, since most people in Washington, including many of Reagan's, didn't seem to take it altogether seriously. "The strangest thing about the strategic defense initiative is how long it took us to react," a senior French diplomat says. "For a long time, we treated it as unserious—as *la cowboyerie*." All that changed in November and December. The scale of Reagan's reëlection meant that for some time to come—at least until he entered his lame-duck phase—his people, other people, and other governments would be obliged to take any of his proposals, however notional, very seriously. In mid-December, Mikhail Gorbachev, who at the time was judged the probable successor to Konstantin Chernenko as General Secretary of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union, visited London. It was Gorbachev's first significant visit to a Western capital, and it was a great success. He made a strong impression on Margaret Thatcher—who after several hours of conversation described him as someone she could work with—and on other political figures as well. He cut a *bella figura* in the British press, as did his attractive and stylish



CLASSICS ON CASSETTES

326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—*Toccata & Fugue in D Minor,* etc. A. Newman (Sine Qua Non)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

273409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathetique. Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

325654-395657. Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; (Counts as 2—Vox)

332122. Beethoven: String Quartet in A Minor (Op. 132)—Fitzwilliam Quartet (*Digital*—London)

324780. Bolling: Suite For Cello and Jazz Piano—Yo-Yo Ma, Bolling (CBS)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

334334. Brahms: Horn Trio (Op. 40); **Trio For Clarinet, Cello, Piano**—Boston Symphony Chamber Players (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

330118. Brahms: String Quintets in F and G Major—Boston Sym. Chamber Players (*Digital*—Nonesuch)

333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7—Chailly, RSO Berlin (*Digital*—London)

246843. Chopin: Mazurkas, Etudes, etc.—Vladimir Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)

322826. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Michael Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orch. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, 72; **American Salute**—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

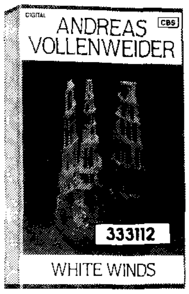
325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue—Andre Previn and the London Symphony (Angel)

319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer (CBS)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1,2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Bernstein cond. N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

329615. Handel: Water Music: Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)



323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (*Digital*—London)

257956. Haydn: Symphonies No. 101 (Clock) and **No. 103** (Drum Roll)—Bernstein, New York Phil. (Columbia)

332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), **No. 100** (Military)—Solti, London Phil. (*Digital*—London)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody; Enescu: Rumanian Rhapsody No. 2—Comissiona, Baltimore Sym. (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2,3,5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovksy, London Phil. (Angel)

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Maazel, Orch. Nat'l de France (CBS Masterworks)

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332056. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream; etc.—Zinman, Rochester Philharmonic (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

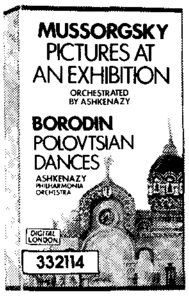
305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Overtures**—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

332551. Mozart: Exultate, jubilate; Regina coeli; etc.—Emma Kirby, soprano; Christopher Hogwood, con. (*Digital*—L'Oiseau-lyre)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)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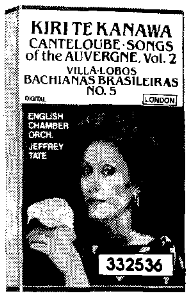
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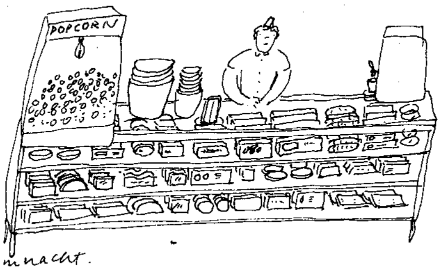
wife. The main topic of the Thatcher-Gorbachev talk was Star Wars, to which the Soviet government had not reacted slowly. Mrs. Thatcher and her entourage were struck by the single-minded force of Gorbachev's case against what his government had for several months been calling the militarization of space. "He made it clear at every stage of the conversation that they were afraid of S.D.I. and saw it as inevitably escalating the arms race," one of her advisers says. And a senior American diplomat says, "Gorbachev woke up Europeans with his heavy emphasis on Star Wars."

Actually, the British Foreign Office was quicker off the mark than the others, and had developed deep reservations about Star Wars—many of which Mrs. Thatcher largely shared—well before Gorbachev's visit. His argument was rather disconcerting, because some of it matched British worries about extending the arms race into space and possibly killing off arms control in the bargain. Also, the British want no replay of the harsh East-West political struggle that was provoked by the decision taken in 1979 to deploy medium-range American missiles in Europe. The uncompromising Soviet line about space weaponry seemed to portend just such a struggle. Gorbachev's success in London—especially with Mrs. Thatcher—was much more than a media event, because the Reagan Administration was flustered by it and hasn't yet recovered. The mere prospect of the old Kremlin guard's being displaced by Gorbachev had already been a bit unsettling: a younger, more vigorous, and possibly more capable figure than any predecessor in the post-Stalin era would be dealing with the oldest of American Presidents, and in his second term—always a time of ebbing power. Washington was ready to be thrown off stride by the Gorbachev triumph in London.

America's major allies handle almost any serious disagreements with Washington, when they have them, in different ways. The French tend to go public, since open disagreement with Washington isn't a bad thing politically in France. The Germans criticize Washington in private talks with other governments, but they generally shrink from direct argument with the Americans. (Helmut Schmidt, the former Chancellor, was an exception.) The British preference is for arguing out the divergent views directly but always privately. And that is what Mrs. Thatcher did at Camp David last December 22nd—six days after her meeting with Gorbachev. She is probably the only person who has told Reagan to his face what is wrong with Star Wars—from a European viewpoint, at least—and she may be the only one who could do so without creating friction, because their relationship is such a strong one. For about an hour and a half, she explained why a Star Wars defense might not be attainable. Thus it seemed to her unwise to go on saying that it was attainable, and nuclear weapons could be made obsolete, or that nuclear deterrence is immoral. It would be especially helpful, she said, if that part of the rhetoric could be dropped. Most of the ensuing discussion was on the first point—the feasibility of a Star Wars defense. First, Reagan addressed it, then Shultz, and then Robert C. McFarlane, Reagan's national-security adviser. Still, the Americans were reacting to what one of her advisers calls "a great Thatcher performance."

Before breaking for lunch, everyone agreed on the need for a public line, and a few minutes later a member of the Thatcher entourage produced a statement containing four points; it was accepted, and it has become, next to Reagan's speech, the best-known document in the Star Wars literature, and one that many European diplomats can quote verbatim. The first point disavows any aim on the Western side to achieve strategic superiority; the second says that the potential deployment of Star Wars-related systems would be a matter for negotiation; the third says that the goal is to "enhance, not undercut, deterrence;" and the fourth is a bow to the arms-control talks in Geneva. Mrs. Thatcher had arrived seeking to protect the principle of deterrence based on parity, or equivalence, in nuclear arms, and she also wanted a commitment that Star Wars would be negotiable with Moscow. The four points covered this ground. The meeting at Camp David was useful not just because the intensity of British feeling about Star Wars was borne in on Reagan directly but also because the depth of his commitment to the idea was borne in on the British. "He seemed to think that once she glimpsed the beauty of the concept she, too, would scramble aboard Star Wars," one of her advisers recalls. Weinberger wasn't there, and he lost no time in making clear to Reagan and others his aversion to the four points. His own point was, in effect, that you can't ask Congress for twenty-six billion dollars to develop a system you say you may never deploy. A few days later, the State Department drafted a telegram for American missions quoting the four points as policy guidance. The Defense Department refused to clear the telegram, even though it contained language approved by the President, and it wasn't sent.



In February, eyebrows shot up all over when Paul Nitze, who is now a special assistant to Shultz in these matters and a wielder of substantial power, said in a speech that "new defensive technologies" should be both "cost-effective" and "survivable." Not many people in Europe or in Washington think that Star Wars can meet those criteria. Then the ides of March became the occasion for the hardest blow yet struck against Star Wars, and it came from an unlikely assailant: Sir Geoffrey Howe, Britain's discreet and widely respected Foreign Secretary. In a speech that raised many serious questions about the system, Howe asked whether it could be deployed "without generating dangerous uncertainty." He said, "There would be no advantage in creating a new Maginot Line of the twenty-first century, liable to be outflanked by relatively simpler and demonstrably cheaper countermeasures." Howe cited Nitze's criteria, and also worried aloud about whether political leaders would be able to control any such new system or would be yielding control to "computers and automatic decision-making." Richard Perle, who chanced to be in London a few days later, delivered a broadside against Howe's address in a speech of his own; it may have been the first time that a sub-Cabinet-level official of one government attacked a minister of another, and on the minister's turf. The State Department was annoyed, because Howe hadn't warned Shultz of what was coming, even though they had conferred two days before, at Chernenko's funeral, in Moscow. But if Howe had done that, Shultz would certainly have alerted Reagan, who would very probably have called Mrs. Thatcher and asked her to tell Howe to talk about something else. Howe's speech reverberated far and wide, even giving a frisson of pleasure to the Quai d'Orsay and the Élysée Palace; he must be the only British minister in modern memory to have accomplished that. No. 10 Downing Street also felt a frisson, but not one of pleasure. Mrs. Thatcher had seen early drafts of the Howe speech, and must have approved its thrust. But, for reasons that no one fully understands, given the meticulous clearance procedures of the British system, she didn't see the final version, and seems to have been taken aback by the tone of certain passages, and by the "Maginot Line" reference in particular. Her relationship with Howe was not affected by the episode, but she wrote Reagan a letter expressing regret about the tone of the speech.

A few days later, Weinberger and Perle were in Luxembourg for a semi-annual meeting of the Nuclear Planning Group—a body consisting of most of the Defense Ministers of the Western alliance. There Weinberger presented each of his colleagues with a letter inviting participation in the Star Wars research program and giving their governments sixty days to respond. (Japan, Australia, and Israel were also invited to participate.) Most capitals were surprised; they hadn't had any warning from their embassies in Washington about such an initiative, which would normally have been preceded by some diplomatic probing. The sixty-day deadline was more than a little surprising, as was Weinberger's signature on the letter. "That was a bungle," a European ambassador in Washington says. "Such a letter should have been signed by the President or the Secretary of State. Having it signed by the Secretary of Defense allowed governments to assume that this was more of a technical than a political matter." What he was unaware of is that no one in Washington outside the Weinberger circle had known about the letter; it hadn't been cleared by the normal interagency process. Weinberger was already en route to Luxembourg when the State Department was shown a copy and asked to clear it—a meaningless gesture in the circumstances. "That's how business is being done in this town," a State Department official said.

A few weeks later, a second letter went out to allied capitals; it withdrew the deadline and said, in effect, that

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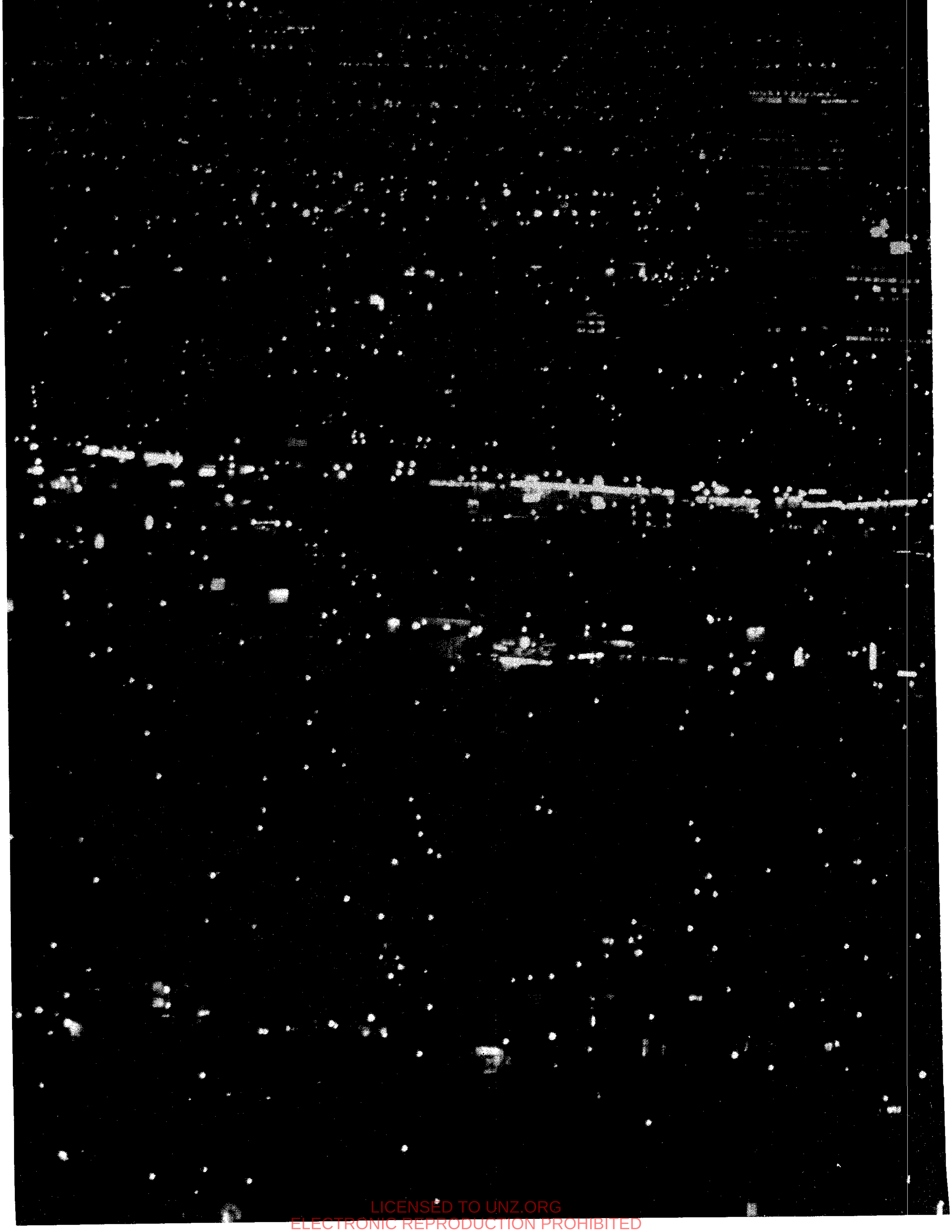

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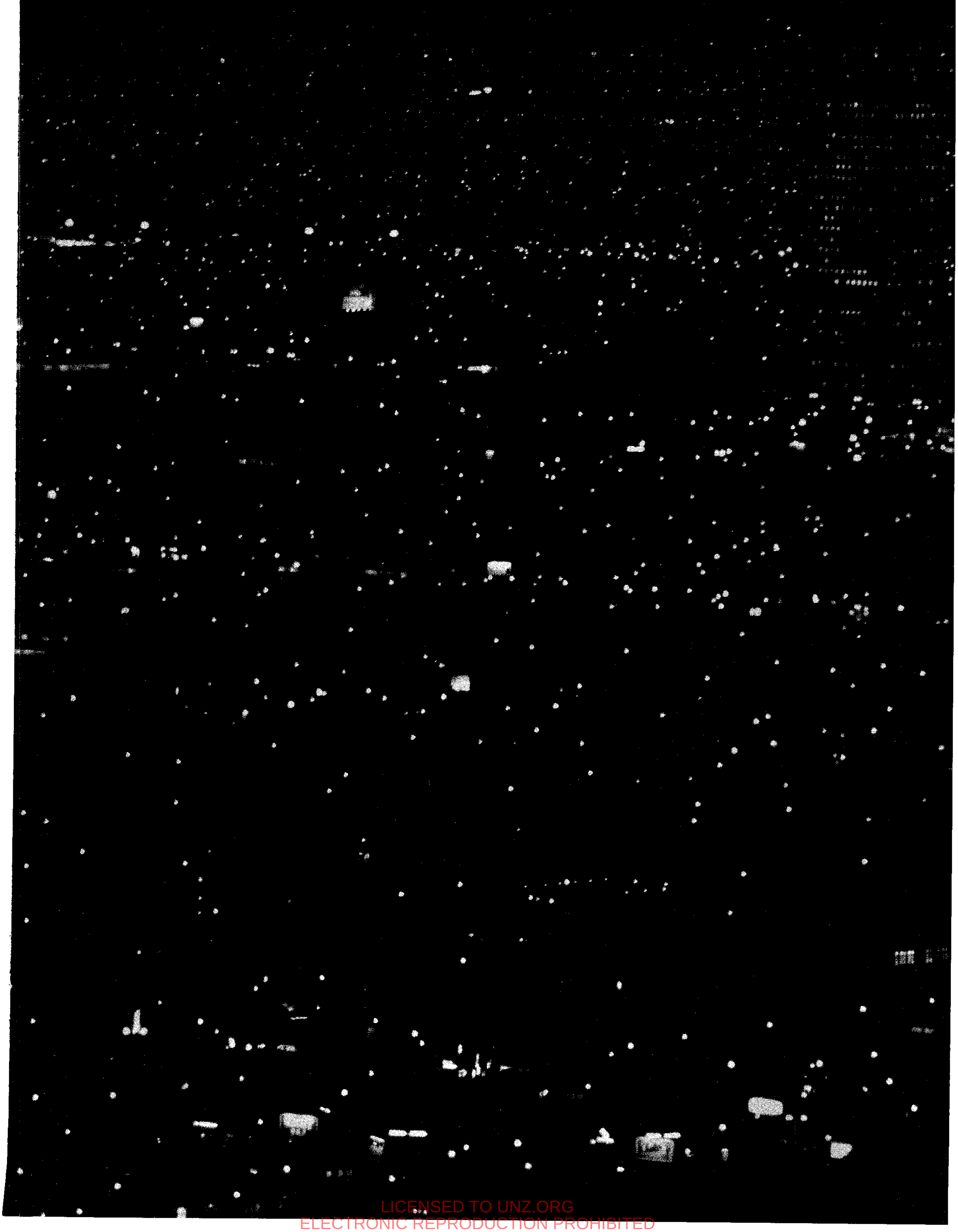


Washington wanted only to see if there was any interest in participation in the research. At that point, teams of official people from the various capitals began visiting Washington and meeting with Lieutenant-General James Abrahamson, who is in charge of the Star Wars program, and with State and Defense Department officials, to find out what lay behind the letters. Some of them asked political and military questions, trying to see if the four points were intact and how they were being interpreted. All the teams wanted to learn what participation would mean—whether Washington envisioned government-to-government agreements or agreements with companies. These meetings haven't gone well. "We are telling them they don't have to sign on to the program's philosophy—the political part—but just to the technology itself," says an American who is closely involved in promoting the fortunes of Star Wars.

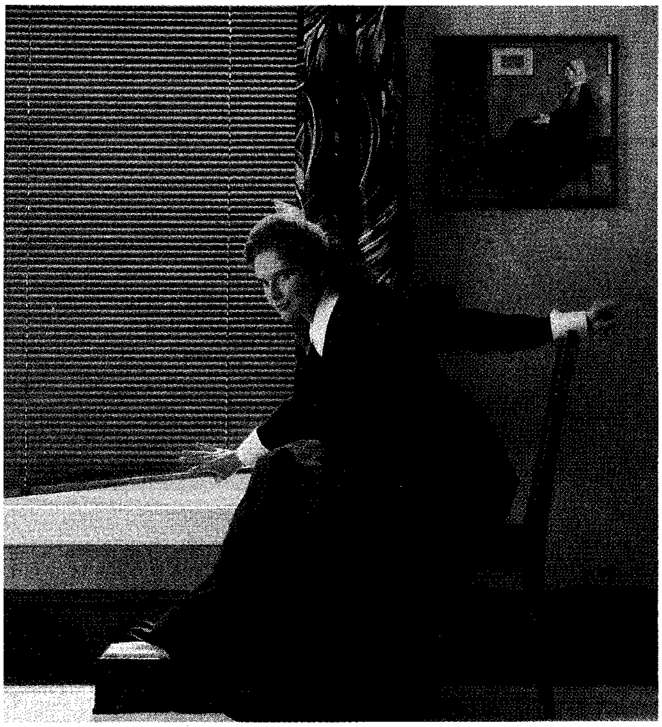
I asked an American diplomat who is also involved how much he could tell Europeans about what was in this for them.

"Very little," he said. "We aren't asking them to do anything. We say instead, 'What would you like to do? We'll discuss it.' We have no idea what we actually want them to do."

A senior British official says, "No one is asking the really dirty question: How can you envision changing the rules without having the least idea of whether any of this can work? The Americans we see invite the participation question. But how can you talk about that if no one can say what is supposed to come of all this?"

I asked a British diplomat what the Americans said when he asked hard questions.

"The answer is always 'We don't have the answers now,'" he said. "They say the purpose of the research is to find the answers. 'Well, wouldn't the money be better spent on projects of a less uncertain nature?' we ask. There is usually no response to that. Sometimes they say that what may come out of all this is defense of hard targets"—missile silos. "But when we say, 'If it's hard targets you want to defend, why do it in space, where it won't work and where the systems will be vulnerable? Why not do it on the ground, where it might work?,' they say, 'We won't get the money unless we do it in space.' It's all circular. No one other than the President has made a clear statement, but no one among the Americans whom Europeans talk



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to thinks his concept is anything other than nonsense and fantasy."

I also put the question about American intentions to a French diplomat, who said that he got different answers to his questions on different sides of the Potomac.

"This is a gimmick," he said. "There is no dossier. We don't yet know whether it is to be a company-to-company or government-to-government agreement. We don't know whether the exotic technologies will be involved, or the pedestrian ones."

A senior Belgian official answered my question with a question: "What is S.D.I.? I don't know. I haven't the least idea."

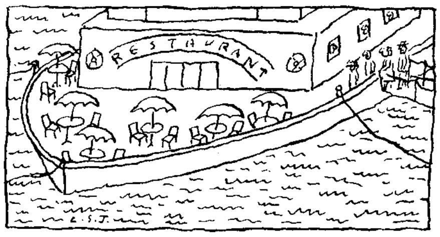
According to some European officials, companies interested in Star Wars have been pushing for their governments' official endorsement of the project, reasoning that the Americans will offer very little without solid political support. But current signs are that the real situation isn't that simple. In some countries—Italy, for example—the commercial interest appears to be unambiguously strong. In others, the picture is mixed, with some companies beginning to question whether research in Star Wars will create business afterward and—more important—whether the expected spinoff will really be there. At a conference in Maastricht, in the Netherlands, on June 6th, Lewis Branscomb, vice-president and chief scientist of I.B.M., said he thought that Star Wars would be largely irrelevant for the civil side and that the supposed spinoff would more likely be "dripoff." Dieter von Sanden, until recently head of the communications division of Siemens, Germany's largest electronics company, said at the conference, "We agree with Branscomb."

The British have been sounding out the Japanese on the subject, and I was told—in both Britain's Foreign Office and its Ministry of Defense—that the attitude in Tokyo was mainly skeptical, not just at the official level but on the industrial side as well. "Their officials want benign neutrality on S.D.I.," a Whitehall diplomat says of the Japanese. "They are afraid their people will see it as Japan's being drawn into a major project leading to a war in space. Public opinion there wants no part of it." And Japanese industry, I was told in various Whitehall offices, has become very cautious about Star Wars and frankly skeptical about the commercial spinoff. Japan's commercial success in the high-technology sector has, of course, been tied to strictly nonmilitary research.

I asked a senior official in Whitehall what was going to happen.

"We have to live with S.D.I.," he said. "It isn't enough to say it's rubbish." And an American diplomat, replying to a question about the Europeans, said, "Their support can't be bought. Their acquiescence can be managed."

Acquiescence may not be enough for the Reagan people. They want an endorsement. They feel that they need it, if only because of the Soviet pressure on Europeans to resist Star Wars. Still, acquiescence may be as much as Washington can reasonably expect. Mrs. Thatcher won't go beyond the four points, which are confining. "Perle and Cap Weinberger think they can bully us into giving them a blank check," one of her people says, and he made it clear that they won't get it. Most of the other capitals have also anchored themselves to the four points, while in Bonn the struggle for the heart and mind of Helmut Kohl continues. When I was in Bonn, I tried to find out how much pressure the Soviets were putting on the Germans. I wondered whether they might have drawn a lesson from their unsuccessful campaign against the decision to deploy medium-range American missiles in Europe. By overplaying a hand that wasn't strong to begin with—putting extraordinary pressure on the Germans, and crudely, at that—the Soviets annoyed Western Europe and harmed their own cause. They loathe the prospect of an arms race in space at least as much as they do the new American missiles, partly because the effort to catch up or stay even would be depleting and perhaps all but impossible for them. Yet with the apparent conflict between Star Wars and arms control, plus other European concerns about it, the Soviets have a better hand now; Star Wars may actually be the best political weapon vis-à-vis the West they have ever had. It isn't clear that they have learned from the past, however. In talks with Kohl and his Foreign Minister, Hans-Dietrich Genscher, Soviet officials have intimated that support for Star Wars would mean a decline in economic relations. "They never said that during the missile dispute," a senior German diplomat said. He added, though, that F. Wilhelm Christians, a prominent German banker, had a two-hour conversation with Gorbachev during a recent visit to Moscow. At that time, Christians was the only German who had seen Gorbachev since Kohl met with him at the Chernenko funeral. According to Christians, Gorbachev was fairly relaxed about the possibility of German companies' taking part in Star Wars research. What he stressed was unyielding Soviet opposition to German political support—a German endorsement—of the program.

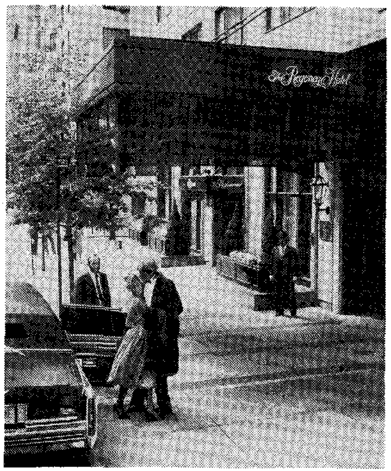


So far, the endorsement hasn't been within Washington's reach. Mitterrand took the lead in heading off American pressure to have something close to it emerge from the Bonn summit meeting; he succeeded. During the meeting, Mitterrand rejected the American invitation to participate, and his spokesman, Michel Vauzelle, described the offer as "a vague advertising circular." Besides lobbying against Star Wars, the French are pushing a research proposal of their own, called Eureka, which was unveiled a few weeks before the summit and is aimed at attracting European countries that seek self-improvement in the high-technology sector. So far, Eureka is more of a gleam in the eye than a fully formed proposal; what does seem clear is that while it would involve most of the same technologies as Star Wars, it would be mainly a civil program with some military spinoff—the opposite of Star Wars. If Eureka is to prosper, however, it must become a plausible and attractive program in its own right—not simply a contrived alternative to Star Wars. After a shaky start before a gallery of highly skeptical European capitals, Eureka is now being treated somewhat more seriously by most of them. The Germans have endorsed the idea, and a British official was recently quoted as saying, "We expect that Eureka will become a reality. But it will become a reality as its concrete nature evolves. Right now, it is a cluster of ideas focussing on the concept that industry in Britain, France, Germany, and other countries can do better if their coöperation is enhanced."

Diplomatic maneuvering during the month following the summit was even more intense than it had been before the meeting. Washington and, especially, Paris put Kohl under heavy pressure—heavier, probably, than any he had previously known. "Poor Kohl," said a German diplomat. "The French have the enviable position, because S.D.I. is so obviously undesirable and they have managed to maintain some distance from it." Helmut Schmidt took the unusual step of sending Kohl a letter in which he warned about the impact of West German support for Star Wars. "Our close relationship with France has an extraordinarily high priority," he told his successor. "An isolated participation in the United States research-and-development program would endanger the inner cohesion of the European-alliance partners." A senior political figure in the German opposition says, "Bitburg—its price—is being equated with every move being made. The question being asked here in Bonn is: Who has more leverage with Kohl—Reagan or his own constituency? He is more committed to S.D.I. now than his government is, and after yesterday"—a reference to Kohl's political setback in North Rhine–Westphalia last May—"he may not be able to deliver his government." The three most directly concerned of his ministers are Genscher; Heinz Riesenhuber, Minister of Research and Technology; and Manfred Wörner, Minister of Defense. All three are anti-Star Wars. Wörner, who once said that Star Wars would lead "not to stability but just the opposite," has since moderated his public line—at times sounding like a quasi-advocate; but his private view continues to be negative.

A meeting of the Foreign Ministers of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was scheduled for early June in Estoril, near Lisbon, and Washington hoped to obtain there the pro-Star Wars language that it had been denied at Bonn. The resistance was already manifest, but Washington thought that in order to avoid an open dispute within the alliance on Star Wars the Europeans might agree among themselves to give something. They didn't. Again, it was the French who took the lead, refusing to yield even an inch on Star Wars, and Shultz had to give up. Also, by then the situation had abruptly changed, and it was Shultz who was under pressure from the Europeans rather than the reverse. Europe's preoccupation with Star Wars had for a moment been displaced by a new issue: America's continued compliance with the provisions of the unratified

INSIDE & OUT



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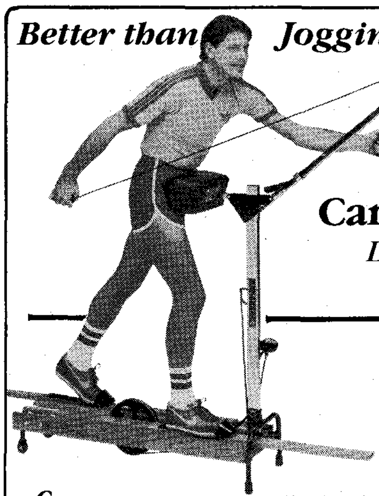

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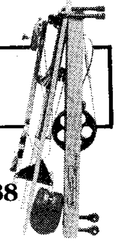

SALT II treaty. It was clear when the Lisbon meeting began, on June 5th, that Reagan would be announcing a decision on the issue the following Monday, June 10th. Weinberger, Perle, and their ultra-right allies in the Senate were publicly urging Reagan to banish SALT II once and for all, on the ground that the Soviets were violating some of its provisions as well as some of those of the A.B.M. treaty. In January of this year, shortly before coming to the White House as Reagan's director of communications, Patrick Buchanan wrote a newspaper column in which he said that to continue complying with SALT II would be "an act of strategic folly and appeasement that invites not Moscow's appreciation but Moscow's contempt." Leaks to the press had disclosed Reagan's options, which, boiled down, were: continued full compliance; selective, or partial, compliance; and scrubbing SALT II altogether. Neither in Washington nor in Europe was the President expected to decide in favor of continued full compliance, if only because he had called the SALT II treaty "fatally flawed." The choice was universally judged to lie between partial compliance—flouting various provisions in a kind of tit for tat with the Soviets—and gratifying the hard-liners' strong preference for abolition.

On this issue, the British, not the French, had become the point of Europe's spear. London's position was no different from any other capital's, but it was more pronounced, partly because the British were better informed on the merits of the key issue—alleged Soviet violations of the agreements. British Intelligence works closely with America's; the two sides exchange information, and they often compare their assessments of a situation. In the case of supposed Soviet violations, there is a long list, which insiders do not take seriously, and there is a short list, which they do take seriously. It includes, most notably, a large radar station at Krasnoyarsk, in central Siberia, which Washington says is a violation because it is of a type that, according to the A.B.M. treaty, may be located only on the periphery, not inland, where it could be used to track incoming ballistic missiles. According to the Soviets, the radar is there only for tracking space vehicles—a function allowed by the treaty. Several American analysts also contend that the Soviets are developing two new land-based missile systems, although the SALT II treaty permits only

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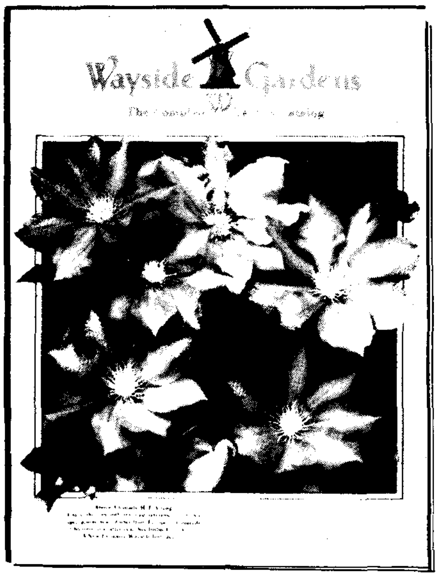

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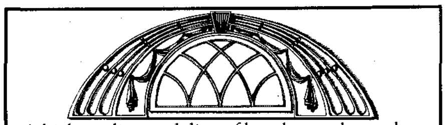

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one. Moscow says that one of the two—the SSX-25—isn't new but, rather, an improved version of an old system, and that the modification falls within limits set by the agreement.

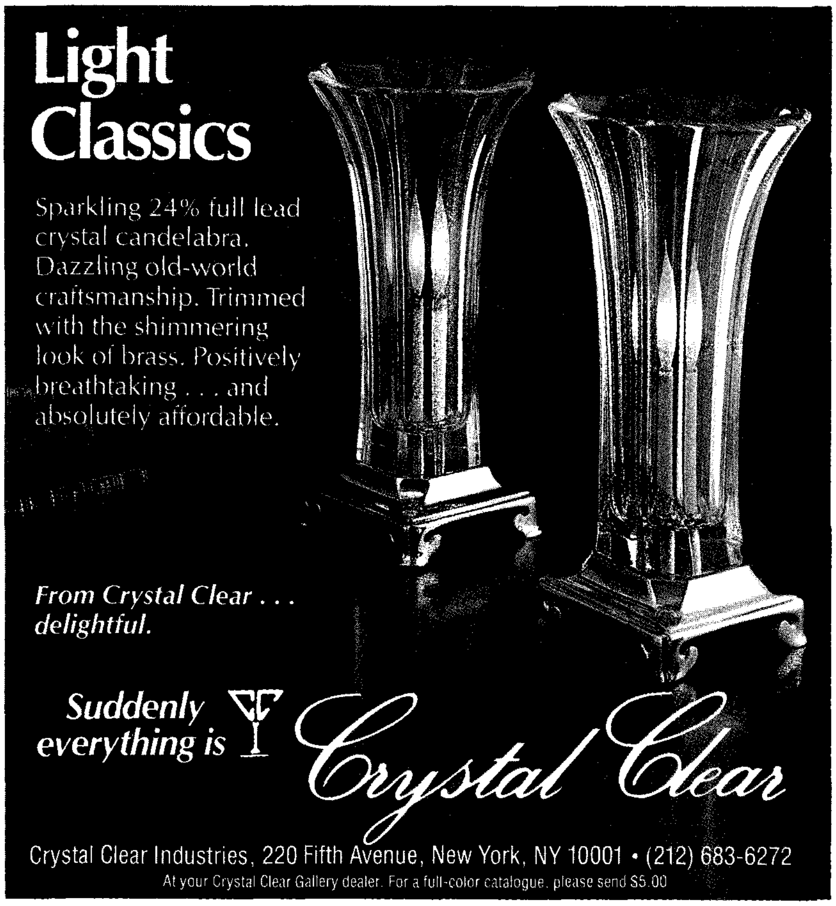
The British do not regard either of these cases as a proved violation. The data, they say, do not decisively support the argument of either party to the dispute. The British are working with data supplied by the Americans. It isn't the first time the two governments have reached different interpretations of the same data, but no previous argument has attained the intensity of this one. At a meeting of NATO Defense Ministers in Luxembourg in late March, Michael Heseltine, a stalwart of the Thatcher Cabinet, simply told off Weinberger. Britain, he said, wouldn't be badgered into supporting America on the compliance issues; the evidence, he said, wasn't there. According to a British diplomat, he went on at some length, and "with great heat and passion." A senior colleague of Heseltine's now says, "Our concern is not so much compliance as whether there is an approach in Washington that is designed to justify retreat from the A.B.M. treaty. We need to find a solution to Krasnoyarsk. Everyone in Washington is more interested in using the issue than in resolving it."

At Estoril, it was clear that none of the European ministers would accept the American position on Soviet violations. They hoped Reagan would decide on a so-called middle option—continuing to comply with the essentials of SALT II while reserving the right to match the Soviets in going around some provisions. Everyone urged something of the kind on Shultz, who turned out to be a sympathetic ear and actually incorporated the allies' views in a message to Reagan. On his way back to Washington, Shultz had a private session on Friday evening, June 7th, with Mrs. Thatcher, and she thereupon sent a strong message to her good friend in the White House urging full compliance with the treaty. By then, Reagan was getting a number of messages, both private and public. On Wednesday, June 5th, the Senate voted ninety to five for a resolution urging Reagan to continue abiding by the treaty, although the language did allow him reciprocity in the event of alleged Soviet violations.

On June 10th, Reagan astonished everyone, including, with the exception of McFarlane, his most senior people. Neither Shultz, Weinberger, nor anyone else had expected him to favor full compliance. McFarlane knew because the decision memorandum, which is normally drafted by the President's own staff, was actually written at Camp David on Saturday, June 8th, two days before the Monday meeting. Reagan alone knows what lay behind his decision. Pressure from allies—especially the Thatcher message—is assumed by diplomats to have had some effect. Yet he couldn't have seen that message before Saturday, when he made the decision, if, indeed, he hadn't made it even earlier. The moderate preferences of a bloc of Senate Republicans, twenty-two of whom must run for reëlection next year, may have been a factor. My guess is that the Joint Chiefs of Staff were a key influence, and possibly the decisive one. On June 4th, six days before the National Security Council's meeting, they leaked word of a split between them and Weinberger on the compliance issue. At least three of the five, according to a page-one story in the *Times*, judged that without the limits of SALT II the Soviets would build many more strategic weapons than the United States, which would be held back by budgetary and perhaps political restraints. The Chiefs' well-known aversion to allowing funds for conventional weaponry—usable military power—to be funnelled instead into more nuclear weapons was also noted. In the meeting on June 10th, the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs, General John W. Vessey, Jr., didn't take a position for or against any of the options; he didn't have to. By declining to endorse the Weinberger line and—more important—displaying charts projecting a perverse effect on the strategic balance if the SALT II limits were shelved, Vessey was reflecting a viewpoint of which Reagan was already aware and that must have influenced his thinking. During the week before the meeting, some of the Chiefs had met individually with McFarlane, who would have reported the gist of what was said to Reagan.

Reagan's decision didn't exactly propel SALT II into open water. His announcement was somewhat hedged, by including a threat to do in the future what for the moment he was declining to do—take a "proportionate response" to Soviet violations. He asked the Defense Department to submit a report in mid-November recommending steps that the United States might take to modernize its strategic arsenal in response to Soviet treaty violations. Disappointed hard-liners are saying that the decision has little meaning—that Reagan is only mollifying allies and other doves for a time, during which he will give the Soviets enough rope. Neither American nor most European diplomats are buying that line. Although wary, they think that Reagan probably made a historic decision and will stay with it, unless, of course, the Soviets do something foolishly provocative—a possibility that cannot be ruled out. For the first time in the Reagan era, the issue of arms control was posed on a yes-or-no basis. Until now, the President had been able to have it both ways; he could continue calling the treaty fatally flawed while informally observing its provisions. But because it was due to expire this year and Congress had required a statement of his intentions Reagan had to choose. And he ruled clearly and unambiguously in favor of the moderates and against the nay-sayers of his Administration—another first. Those who think that he will reverse all this after the mid-November report from Weinberger are probably whistling in the dark. The congressional elections in 1986 will be that much nearer then. And Reagan will be on the eve of his meeting with Gorbachev, now scheduled for November 19th and 20th. The correspondence between the White House and the Kremlin has been livelier than it has been in at least a decade, according to one State Department official who sees it. Reagan isn't likely to do anything that would jeopardize a meeting to which he has devoted so much effort.

A British diplomat recently described the Star Wars project as "a Kabuki doll behind a glass that no one is allowed to touch." He was referring to Reagan's stout commitment to it. In May, however, Reagan signed a so-called decision memorandum, in which he instructed all government agencies to observe as formal policy the four points he had agreed to in his meeting with Mrs. Thatcher at Camp David last December. Until then, the Defense Department had continued to withhold its clearance on telegrams and other statements that sought to make that point. And Star Wars, quite evidently, has put the United States in what one experienced negotiator calls



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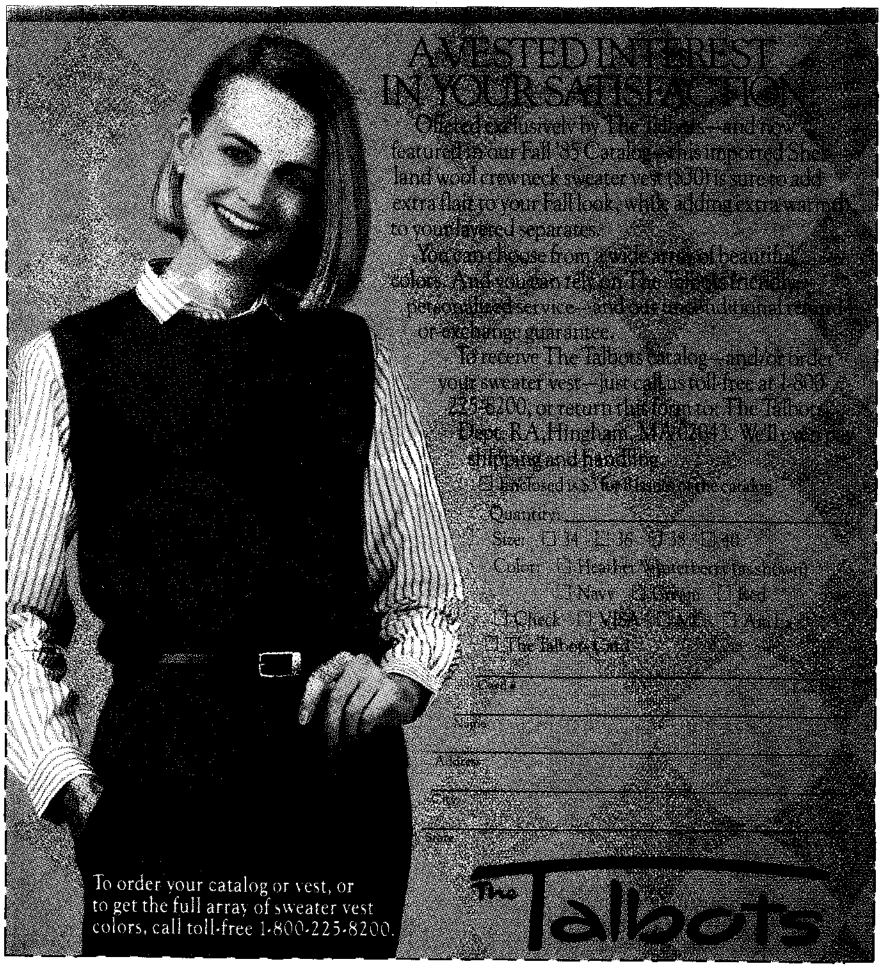

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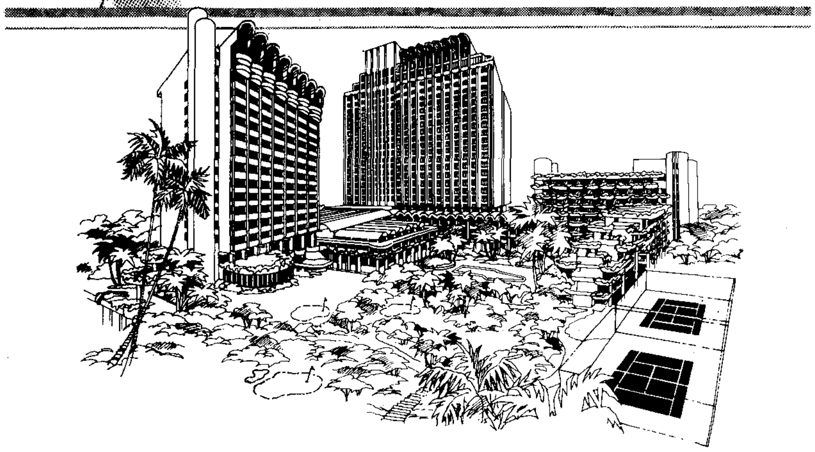
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"the best negotiating position we've ever had." He and others say that in return for reaffirming the A.B.M. treaty and agreeing to a moratorium on testing space weapons the United States could, within reason, obtain just about everything it wanted from the Soviets in the Geneva arms talks. But unless there is a significant American concession on Star Wars the talks won't go anywhere. That, at least, is the opinion of most diplomats. Reagan, they reckon, has a choice: he can decide in favor of an agreement during his second term or he can hope that some distant President will bag the elusive birds in the bush—a perfect missile defense.

In the end, some people think, Reagan will listen to the Europeans—certainly to Mrs. Thatcher and the beleaguered Kohl, if only because he wants to see their hands strengthened, and dislikes the prospect of dealing with alternative British and German regimes, either of which would be to the left of its predecessor and much more adamant on Star Wars. Others doubt whether Reagan cares much about successor governments in Europe. (He wouldn't have long to deal with them, in any case.) If he is turned around on Star Wars, they say, it will be not because of external influences but, rather, because of domestic pressures. Congress is already paring his budgetary request for Star Wars in the coming fiscal year. "The S.D.I. budget is critical," a European diplomat says. "It is an objective fact, not an abstraction." The State Department would like to see S.D.I. put on the back burner, and is urging that view on the rest of the government. Whatever does or doesn't happen in the year or so ahead, Europeans are saying and, in some cases, hoping that Star Wars won't outlast the Reagan Presidency. In most capitals, the strategy will be to play for time.

—JOHN NEWHOUSE

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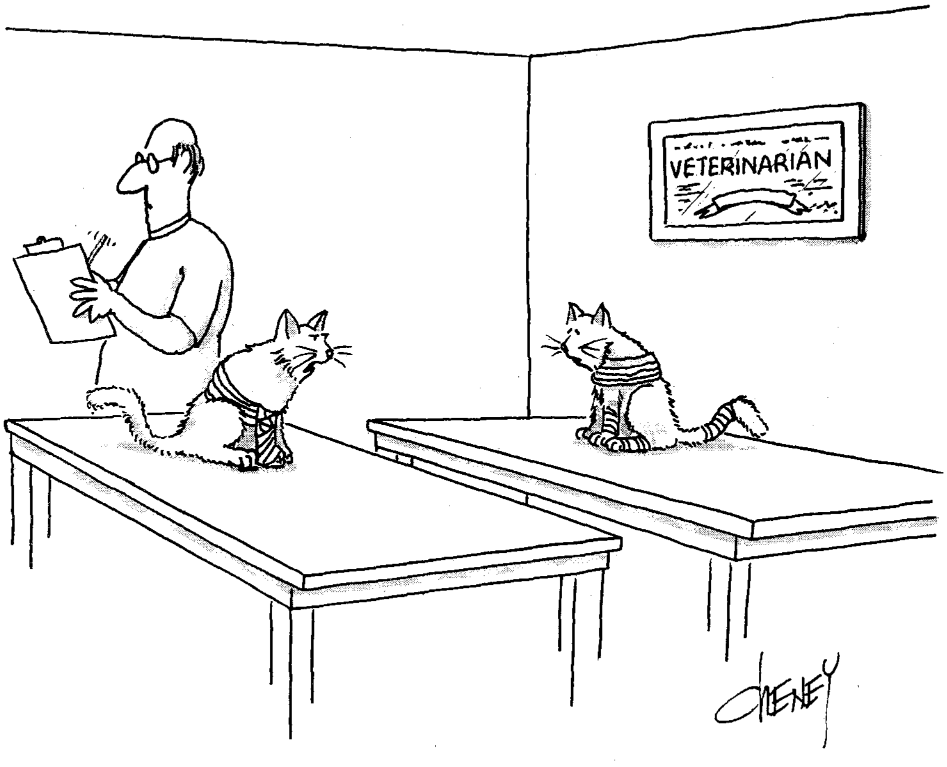
THE SPORTING SCENE

AN ALMOST HISTORIC OCCASION

THE Oakland Hills Country Club, a sixty-seven-year-old course in Birmingham, Michigan, on the northern rim of Detroit, is a perfect example of what is known as "an Open course." This means that the annual United States Open Championship, which is conducted by the United States Golf Association, has been played there at fairly regular intervals since the First World War—five times, to be exact. This places it in a special category with the Inverness Club, in Toledo, the Merion Golf Club, outside Philadelphia, and the Winged Foot Golf Club, in Westchester, which have all held the Open four times, and the Oakmont Country Club, near Pittsburgh, and the Baltusrol Golf Club, in north-central New Jersey, which have held it six times. Nowadays, being an Open course signifies that a club was founded when the game was comparatively young in this country, and that it has owned a tract of land large enough so that it could periodically lengthen its holes to provide the increased yardage necessary for testing the world's best golfers during an era in which the ball has become much livelier. It now can be hit tremendous distances. It also implies that the holes on the course are of superior design and demand a wide variety of arduous and interesting shots. In winning the recent Open at Oakland Hills, over a par-70 course that measured 6,996 yards from the back tees, Andy North managed to squeeze out a one-stroke victory over three foreign golfers—Tze-chung Chen, of Taiwan; Denis Watson, of South Africa; and Dave Barr, of Canada—by playing the last seven holes in even par.

When Oakland Hills held its first Open, in 1924, it measured 6,874 yards—an extremely long course for that day—and played to a par of 72. It gave the field all it could handle and then some. The winner, a slender Englishman named Cyril Walker, who finished three strokes ahead of the defending champion, Bobby Jones, scored three 74s and a 75—nine over par for the course, a hilly, well-bunkered layout that Donald Ross had constructed in 1917 and 1918. Ross, a Scot from Dornoch, where he grew up on one of the finest courses in Britain, had emigrated to the United States in 1898. Two years later, he became affiliated with Pinehurst, a relatively new spa in the Sandhills region of North Carolina. Thanks to four splendid courses that Ross laid out there, Pinehurst became the premier American golf resort. By 1916, Ross was without a doubt the most sought-after golf-course architect in the country and was well on his way to building an organization that at its peak employed around three thousand men in constructing or remodelling courses from Maine to California. It is hard to believe, but in 1916, 1917, and 1918 Ross had a hand in the creation of no fewer than fourteen courses in Michigan alone. Some of the trademarks of a Ross course were irregularly shaped, steep-faced bunkers cut close to the edges of greens, and handsome crown greens, which he created by levelling off the tops of hills. If he had a special gift, it was that he possessed a wonderful sense of how to utilize pleasant but unspectacular terrain in a sort of linksland style so that it offered not only a nice variety of holes but holes that the average golfer, playing from the front tees, could enjoy and the scratch golfer, playing from the back tees, found a formidable challenge. There is little question that Ross's greatest courses are Seminole, north of Palm Beach, and Pinehurst No. 2, which he remodelled in the mid-nineteen-thirties. In addition, a good many of his other courses, including Oakland Hills, have shown an exceptional adaptability to revision, because the holes that he designed are so fundamentally sound and appealing.

In 1937, when the national championship returned to Oakland Hills, the course was extended to 7,037 yards, and still played to its original par of 72. This was the year that Sam Snead, with no advance notice, came out of the hills of West Virginia and unfurled on the professional tour the most beautiful natural golf swing that the game had seen since the days of Bobby Jones. Having demonstrated that he could win on the tour, Snead was the popular favorite to carry off the Open. He stood up well to the pressure at Oakland Hills. He followed rounds of 69 and 73 on the first two days with a 70 and a 71 in the double round on Saturday to post a total of 283, five under par. He completed his last round rather early in the afternoon, and thereafter it was just a matter of his sweating out how well Ralph Guldahl, the only man with a chance to catch him, fared on the last eighteen. After playing the first seven

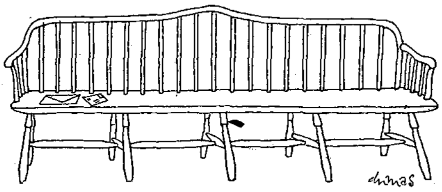


"I tried to make it from the windowsill to the top of the refrigerator. How about you?"

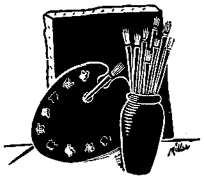
holes in even par, Guldahl eagled the eighth, a short par 5, by holing a sixty-five-yard chip shot, and followed that by making a ten-foot putt to birdie the par-3 ninth. Starting home, he looked a little wobbly when he bogeyed two holes, but he got hold of himself, picked up a pair of birdies, and finished with a 69, for a total of 281—two strokes lower than Snead's. At the time, the reaction of most people who followed golf closely was that it was too bad Snead had not won at Oakland Hills but that a player of his extraordinary talent was bound to win several Opens in the years ahead. Later, after Snead had tossed away at least four good chances of winning that championship, golf fans began to see the 1937 Open in a different way. Snead was obviously jinxed, they said—he would never win the Open now. They were sure that things would have been very different if he had won in his first outing. Had he been successful then, they felt, there was no telling how many times he would have gone on to win the Open—the one major championship that eluded him throughout his long career.

THE third time Oakland Hills was host to the Open was in 1951. The course measured 6,927 yards that year, mainly because two holes that ordinarily played as short par 5s for the members had been converted into long par 4s for the championship. Par for the course, accordingly, was 70, not 72. In fact, the course had undergone such a thorough remodelling that it was almost unrecognizable as the old Oakland Hills. The club's championship committee, believing that the course was now obsolescent, had called in Robert Trent Jones, the prominent golf-course architect, to bring it up to date for the Open. Jones told them that some drastic steps had to be taken to make the course once again fit for the stiff examination in shotmaking that our Open, the most important event in golf, should be. From studies he had conducted at previous Opens, he had learned that, with only a few exceptions, the players talented enough to qualify for the Open could carry the ball two hundred and thirty yards in the air. Jones consequently filled in the old bunkers that flanked the fairways at distances of two hundred to two hundred and twenty yards from the tees, and in their places he installed new bunkers on the edges of the fairways at distances of two hundred and thirty yards and two hundred and sixty yards out. In another move to restore a proper premium on accuracy off the tee, he narrowed the fairways, especially in the landing area—that part of the fairway where most drives land. Jones made quite a few other changes as well. He remodelled the surface of several greens, giving them copious undulations that afforded a larger selection of pin positions, some of them very difficult. He bolstered the greenside bunkering on a number of holes. Not only were the fairways narrowed to about thirty-five yards on the average but he allowed the primary rough—the deep rough beyond the low, secondary rough that bordered the fairways—to grow much higher than usual for the Open. Both the fairways and the greens were mowed short.

Jones' aim was to provide a suitably stern but fair test for the best golfers in the world, but the golfers didn't see things this way. They thought that Jones had gone much too far in his revisions, and had made the course almost unplayably hard. One can understand their reaction. In the opening round, not one of a total of the hundred and sixty-two golfers in the starting field broke or equalled par. The lowest score was a 71 by Snead. When the players, on reviewing their opening round, realized how many of their drives had ended up in the new bunkers flanking the fairways, quite a few of them decided that on the second round they would adopt a different tactical plan: they would use a 3-wood or a 1-iron off the tee, so that their drives would end up safely short of the fairway bunkers. These cautious measures often backfired. The contestants discovered that more often than not they could not hit and hold the distant greens with their long, difficult second shots. On this round, though, the scoring improved a shade. Dave Douglas and Johnny Bulla got around in 70. Six players brought in 71s: Bobby Locke, Lew Worsham, Charlie Bassler, Ed Oliver, Francis (Bo) Wininger, and Sam Urzetta. In his special chair inside the clubhouse, Walter Hagen, who had been the Open champion in 1914 and 1919, and had been Oakland Hills' first professional, remarked, with his characteristic calm, "The boys are not playing the course. They're letting the course play them." (Hagen is a story in himself. The son of a German blacksmith, he had grown up in Rochester, New York. His first ambition was to be a major-league baseball player, but he developed into a promising golfer while caddying at the Country Club of Rochester. At nineteen, he became the club's head professional. At twenty-one, he won the U.S. Open, at the Midlothian Country Club, outside Chicago. A confident, relaxed, handsome man who loved expensive clothes and a good time, he was dazzled a bit by the vitality of the social whirl in Detroit, which was just coming into its own as the automotive capital, and in 1918 he accepted an offer to be the pro at the newly completed Oakland Hills Country Club. In 1919, after winning the Open at the Brae Burn Country Club, near Boston, he decided to give up his club job. He believed he could make more money and live better by playing tournaments and giving exhibitions. It was said of Hagen that he began his swing with a sway and ended it with a lunge, but he played the medium and short irons beautifully, holed many more putts than any of his contemporaries, and had an ideal competitive temperament. He was the first American-born golfer to win the British Open, in 1922, and he went on to win that championship in 1924, 1928, and 1929. He had a genius for match play, and carried off our Professional Golfers' Association Championship five times—in 1921, 1924, 1925, 1926, and 1927. The Haig, as he was called, was the first great American professional.)

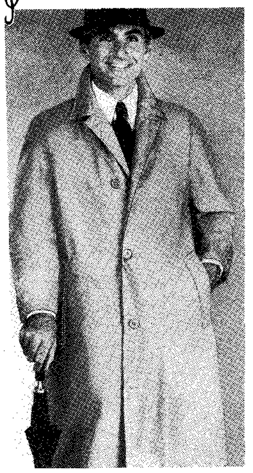


Probably the unhappiest man in the field at Oakland Hills in 1951 was Ben Hogan, who was defending the title he had won at Merion in 1950, only sixteen months after he had been so severely injured in a highway accident—a bus had crashed into his auto—that it was doubtful for a time whether he would be able to play tournament golf again. After rounds of 76 and 73, Hogan stood five strokes behind the leader, Bobby Locke, of South Africa, as he prepared to play the third and fourth rounds, on Saturday. (It wasn't until 1965 that the Open was changed to a four-day event—eighteen holes each day.) Hogan admitted that he had made some errors, such as overclubbing himself on a number of approach shots, but he thought that there were many things wrong with the way the course had been set up. The height and denseness of the primary rough particularly annoyed him. He also disapproved of the narrowness of the fairways, though he himself was a remarkably straight driver. He took these and the other changes as a personal affront. One picture of Hogan fighting off frustration on the final day remains firmly fixed in my mind. He is standing, as still as a statue, on the fifteenth green on the third round, after holing a short putt for a double bogey. Silent and saturnine, he had played flawless golf that morning and stood three under par after thirteen holes. He had dropped a stroke to par when it took him three to get down from the edge of the fourteenth green. The fifteenth had seemed to offer him a fairly good chance of recouping that stroke. It was a par 4, only 392 yards long, which doglegged sharply to the left and then swung uphill to a crown green. To give the Open field something to think about on this bland hole, Jones had inserted a bunker about fifteen yards long in the left-center of the fairway, some two hundred and twenty-five yards from the tee. The bunker offered three choices: if a golfer wanted to gamble on carrying it, he would have to hit a first-class drive; if he wanted to take the short but narrow route between the bunker and the left edge of the fairway, he ran the risk of getting entangled in the trees clustered in the angle of the dogleg; if he took the safe route to the right of the bunker, he would then have to play a longer iron to reach the green. All things considered, the bunker, which functioned much like the Principal's Nose bunker in the sixteenth fairway at St. Andrews, changed what had been a banal hole into a provocative one. On his third round, Hogan elected to play his tee shot to the right of the bunker, but it faded a little and finished in the thick, high rough.



One of the strong points of Hogan's swing was the width of the arc of his club head in the hitting area, but here it was a liability. The heavy rough closed the face of the iron he had selected for his recovery shot, and the ball twisted in a low, dipping curve far to the left of his intended line and ran into the rough on the left side of the fairway, about ninety yards from the plateau green. He had a tight lie, and the high rough muffled his recovery shot. It came down short of the green and rolled back into a bunker. For anyone who had followed Hogan for years and seen him control the ball so surely that he seldom left the fairway, it was hard to believe what was taking place. He made a good bunker shot but needed two putts to get down, so that was a double-bogey 6, and gone were the last two strokes of the three-under-par position he had worked so hard to wrest from the course. I can still see him standing on that green, his hands on his hips, his light-blue eyes gazing fiercely at the horizon as he tried to digest what had happened and decide what to do about it. After about fifteen seconds, he turned and walked slowly to the sixteenth tee.

Hogan just missed his birdie on the sixteenth, but he dropped a shot to par on the par-3 seventeenth, and what had been a possible 67 became a 71. It was small comfort that he had picked up three shots on Locke and now stood only two shots off the lead. Still, as he later indicated, he felt that the intricate timing of the many movements of his swing had rarely coalesced as smoothly as they had that morning, and he looked forward with quiet eagerness to his afternoon round. He hit the ball so solidly and accurately on the fourth round that he was never in trouble or close to it. He turned the front nine in 35, even par. On the 448-yard tenth, an awesome par 4 with a high plateau green, he hit his 3-iron approach four feet from the flag and made the birdie putt. He parred the eleventh and twelfth, birdied the short thirteenth by holing a ten-footer, but gave the stroke back on the fourteenth when he again took three to get down from just off the green. This time, he played the fifteenth quite a bit better than he had in the morning. He went straight for the bunker in the middle of the fairway and carried it easily with his tee shot. He took a 6-iron for his approach, and stopped the ball four feet from the hole. He made the birdie putt, and now he was back to two under par for the round. On the sixteenth, he hit a tremendous drive down the tight, tapering fairway. The pin this day was set far to the right on the green, a peninsular green that noses out from the left into a good-sized pond. Hogan had such confidence in his swing that he went right for the pin on his second shot, as he also had in the morning. During the tournament, I had watched quite a few golf-



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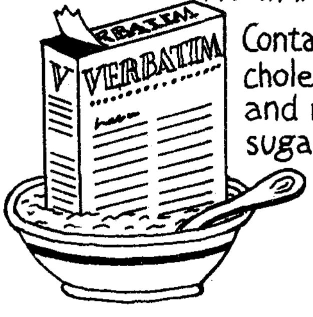

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ers play the sixteenth, the most dangerous hole on the course, but Hogan was the only one who had gone boldly for the pin. This time, he had a six-foot putt for a birdie but missed it. He parred the seventeenth. As he walked to the tee of the eighteenth, a rugged 459-yard par 4, he knew that most of the players who had been in a challenging position had faded, but he also knew that if he could save one more stroke it might make a critical difference. With the wind behind him, he set himself up carefully at the ball and whacked an enormous drive; it carried the bunkered ridge in the angle of the dogleg and finished so far down the fairway that he was left with only a 6-iron to the green. He hit a handsome shot sixteen feet from the pin and made the putt for a 3. This gave him rounds of 76, 73, 71, and 67, for a total of 287 for the four rounds. That did the job. Clayton Heafner, who had a 69 on the last round and was the only other player to break 70, was second, two strokes back.

At the presentation ceremony, Hogan gave voice to the thoughts that had been on his mind. "I am glad I brought this course, this monster, to its knees," he said. Years later, looking back at his 67 at Oakland Hills, he said that it was probably the finest round of his career. There were other interesting comments on that Open. Robert Trent Jones said that Hogan's 67 showed that the course was not an unfair test for the world's best golfers. He added that it had played more severely than it was meant to, because a lack of rain in the days preceding and during the championship had made the fairways and greens harder and faster than they were intended to be. Because so many players expressed the opinion to the U.S.G.A. that Oakland Hills had been far too demanding, the U.S.G.A. was led to make a major decision: in the future, the host club could continue to call in any golf-course architect it chose to work with in making certain changes in the course (Jones was frequently selected), but, beginning in 1952, the U.S.G.A. itself would be responsible for the preparation of the course for the championship.

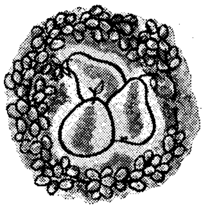
LOOKING back from this appreciable distance, I agree with the old golf hands who say that Oakland Hills in 1951 presented the most difficult test in the history of the Open. At the same time, considering the high degree of skill that the world's top golfers had attained, I believe that Jones was right in taking the position that our Open should present them with a stiff examination in shotmaking. Most of the subsequent Open courses, whose final preparation was superintended by the U.S.G.A., have certainly done so. (One confirmation of this that comes quickly to mind is Snead's frequently used one-liner that the fairways at an Open course were so narrow that the players had to walk single file.) Curiously, among the least memorable Opens is the one that was played in 1961, when the championship next returned to Oakland Hills. Gene Littler won it with a total of 281, edging out Bob Goalby and Doug Sanders by a stroke. Few aspects of that tournament linger in one's mind. Most of us had returned to Oakland Hills expecting another rousing battle, and we were mystified when the four rounds there provided no bursts of great shotmaking and no wretched falls from grace. Recalling the keyed-up atmosphere at the 1951 championship, a number of us were puzzled that many holes we remembered as tartars seemed nowhere near as exacting and perilous as they had ten years before. The primary rough was high and tough, and the players generally had to use a wedge or some other highly lofted club to get out of it, but the fairways were on the slow side. The greens were relatively receptive, and stopping an approach on them was no trouble at all. They weren't especially fast, either—a golfer didn't have to be brave to putt assertively. What had taken place, I think, is that the course that seemed so revolutionary in 1951 had had a decade to grow into itself. Green, lush, and 6,907 yards long, it was an acceptable course on which to hold the Open, but it bore little resemblance to the fearsome monster that Hogan had brought to its knees. Hogan, by the way, played in the 1961 Open and did rather well for a man approaching forty-nine. He had rounds of 71, 72, 73, and 73, and his total of 289 put him in a tie for fourteenth.

Why did the U.S.G.A. then wait twenty-four years before bringing the Open back to Oakland Hills? My guess is that Oakland Hills' serving as the site of the P.G.A. Championship in 1972 and 1979 had a good deal to do with it. During this period, the P.G.A. was trying to upgrade the quality of its championship, and in the twelve years beginning in 1972 ten of the P.G.A. Championships were held on courses on which the U.S. Open had previously been played. I have an idea that the U.S.G.A. did not like this one little bit, nor did it care for the way the P.G.A. Tour had copied certain recent U.S.G.A. innovations. However, when Oakland Hills approached the U.S.G.A. in 1980 and asked to be considered as the site of a future Open the club was welcomed back into the fold, and not long after this Oakland Hills was awarded the 1985 championship.

ON Wednesday, the day before the start of play in the 1985 Open, I began reacquainting myself with Oakland Hills. It was pleasant to see the imposing white clubhouse again, with the old familiar golf faces in earnest conversation along its columnar façade. Intermittent bursts of sunshine were breaking through the heavy clouds—good weather for walking the course and seeing how it had been set up for the championship. I was very much impressed by it. During 1983 and 1984, the fairway bunkering had been spruced up under Robert Trent Jones' direction. On many holes, he had reworked it into groups of two or three curlicue-shaped bunkers clustered together. They were deep, heavily lipped with rough grass, and filled with fine light-brown Michigan sand. It was interesting to note that on one or two holes Jones, only too conscious of the long-driving age in which we live, had put in new bunkers that were between two hundred and sixty and two hundred and eighty yards out. On several other holes, the tees had been pushed back. He had also made a number of changes in the bunkering in the greens areas. Here, too, he had replaced some old bunkers with clusters of small, deep ones. The only new bunker he added was a fearsome one before the twelfth green. The greens themselves looked somewhat different from the way I had remembered them. Their undulations had been accentuated, and on a number of them a massive mounded ridge, somewhat like the back of a whale but gradually spreading for three or four yards in both directions, set up one side of a green as a separate shelf or, in some instances, divided the green vertically into two separate sections. As one expects on an Open course, the fairways were extremely narrow in the landing area. On a few holes, they had been pinched in so tight that they couldn't have been more than twenty-five yards wide. For the most part, though, their width was between thirty and thirty-five yards. The U.S.G.A. has long emphasized that a contender in the Open should be able to drive the ball straight, and should not have to depend on his powers of recovery to stay in the hunt. In one respect, Oakland Hills was different this year from a typical Open course: The primary rough was not as thick as the U.S.G.A. wanted it, because there had been very little rain in the Detroit area this spring. Nevertheless, the growth of rough was satisfactory. All in all, the course had been exceptionally well prepared for the championship. The grass on the fairways and on the greens sparkled with health, and the greens putted fast—although not as fast as the greens at some Open courses, because of the severity of the undulations. As I walked back to the clubhouse, I reflected that Oakland Hills, with its sound holes and the diversified shotmaking it demands, is perhaps as classic an example of an inland American championship course as Muirfield is of a British linksland championship course.

I noticed one change during my walk. I had always thought of Oakland Hills as a relatively wide-open course. Now handsome trees punctuated the stretches of rough that separated the fairways. A talk with Ted Woehrle, who is now in his seventeenth year as the course superintendent, clarified things for me. In 1961, he told me, the club had embarked on a long-range tree-development program. (At that time, the only notable trees had been tall old elms around the clubhouse, and many of these later succumbed to Dutch-elm disease.) A large number of new trees were planted: pin oaks, green ash, locusts, blue spruce (on the gravelly slopes), pines, sugar maples, Norway maples, crimson king maples, red maples, walnuts, horse chestnuts, many elms, and, in the clubhouse area, sweet gums and black-tulip trees. "We were very careful when we put in the new trees to make sure that long vistas still existed," Woehrle said. "For instance, from the upstairs dining room in the clubhouse you can see all the way to the pond on the sixteenth."

In my talks with U.S.G.A. officials, golf writers, old Open hands, and players, it came through that all of them were happy to be back at Oakland Hills. They liked the way the course had been set up, and they expected a hard-fought tournament in which able generalship would play a critical role. In the press tent, I listened to sessions with Tom Watson and, later, Jack Nicklaus in the interview room. Watson stated with his engaging directness that he considered Oakland Hills the toughest course in the Open rotation. He said he thought that an experienced player would win and that patience would be a most important factor. (Throughout the tournament, the word "patience" was stressed time and time again.) "The Open course identifies the best player," Watson went on. "I don't look for many low-scoring rounds here. The greens are firm, and they'll grow firmer and faster. They won't be easy. There are several greens where you have to putt over double-knobbed contours. I look for a golfer who has already won a major championship to win here." Nicklaus, who was in a most appealing mood, said that he liked the course very much and that he felt that it was a difficult test. He thought that the winning total would probably be under 280 but not by much. "It's a hard course to scramble on," he continued. "There are few letup holes and very few birdie holes. The two easiest chances for birdies will undoubtedly come on the two par 5s—the second and the twelfth. Both of them usually play downwind." During Nicklaus's talk, his audience was well aware that it was listening to a man who had won nineteen major championships. The possibility of winning a twentieth obviously had to be on his mind. "I'm not happy with my game right now," Nicklaus said. "I've hit the ball well this year only in short stretches. But I enjoy playing golf. I'm going to keep the game fun. Another thing—I'm going to try not to take myself too seriously." He noted near the end of his interview that he thought he was the only player in the 1985 field who had played in the 1961 Open at Oakland Hills. He didn't add that he had finished in a tie for fourth with Mike Souchak, or that later that year he had won the United States Amateur for the second time.



Just before heading back to my motel from the course, I bumped into Trent Jones and had a pleasant chat with him. A rotund man with a twinkling eye, Jones, who turned seventy-nine the week after the Open, has changed little over the last quarter of a century. He has incredible energy for a person his age, and travels from continent to continent to inspect the courses he is working on in the casual manner in which most of his contemporaries travel from the grocery store to the liquor store at their local shopping center. Jones seemed even perkier than usual during our talk, possibly because the new course he has done for the Ballybunion Golf Club, in southwestern Ireland, has been favorably compared with the club's illustrious first course, or possibly because of the general sense of expectancy his latest revision of Oakland Hills had aroused. Like most golf-course architects, Jones speaks a special language. One dresses up fairway traps. One pulls a green ten feet to a position nearer the key trap. One puts in a nest of traps near the entrance on the left to a reversed green. One is pleased at not being plagued by the poor porosity of the soil. I have seldom seen him happier. I don't think that there is much question that Jones feels a closer attachment to Oakland Hills than to any of the hundreds of other courses he has designed and built around the world.

ON Thursday, the day of the opening round, the sky was mottled with clouds, and a cold wind blew out of the north. With relatively few exceptions, the scores ran high. In mid-afternoon, Mike Reid, who is best known for his straightness off the tee and for his putting, became the first player to break 70, bringing in a 69. He did this by getting a par 4 on the eighteenth, a perilous dogleg to the right that usually plays as a par 5 but had been turned into a 453-yard par 4 for the championship. Reid's 4 provided a perfect example of how delicately one had to handle the greens at Oakland Hills to get his figures. On in two in the back-right section of a large green, he was about fifty feet from the cup, which had been cut in the center of the left side of the green. A long, high, broad ridge rose between the ball and the cup. Reid read the break correctly and gauged the speed of the green perfectly. His putt climbed up the near side of the ridge, and it picked up just enough speed as it rolled down the far side to come to rest two and a half feet from the cup. He knocked the short one in. At about three-thirty, the day's play—indeed, the entire tournament—suddenly took on an entirely different aura: Tze-chung Chen, a twenty-six-year-old Taiwanese who

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was playing in the fifth-from-the-last threesome, made the first double eagle in the history of the U.S. Open when he holed out his second shot, a two-hundred-and-fifty-six-yard 3-wood, on the second hole, a 527-yard par 5. By the time it was confirmed that the double eagle was not rumor but fact, T. C. Chen, as he is known on the tour, had birdied the third hole. He went on to birdie the sixth and to bogey the seventh, and turned the first nine in 31. By then, thanks mainly to the 1985 *Tour Book,* which devotes a page to him, we knew that Chen had ranked one-hundredth in money winnings on the 1984 tour. As one of the top hundred and twenty-five players on the tour, he was exempt from having to enter the local qualifying round for the Open, and successfully won himself a place in the championship field by finishing high up in the sectional qualifying round, at the Bethesda Country Club. We also learned that he had grown up in a village near Taipei; that his father, Soon-lin Chen, is the greenkeeper at the local golf course; and that his older brother, Tze-ming Chen, is a professional golfer who plays on the Asian Tour and the Japanese P.G.A. Tour. As a boy, T.C.'s big sport was basketball. He took up golf at seventeen, and became a member of the Taiwan team that competed at Pinehurst in the World Amateur Team Championship in 1980. He qualified for the P.G.A. Tour in 1983, and that year he was one of five players involved in a playoff for the Kemper Open, which Fred Couples won. All this was fascinating, but at the same time we expected that Chen's balloon would burst on the second nine holes. This is usually the case with instant phenomena. No such thing. Coming in, Chen, after a birdie on the long twelfth, bogeyed the thirteenth and the fifteenth, but he ended his round with a pair of gorgeous birdies. On the 201-yard seventeenth, a hard par 3, where the green is perched well above the fairway, he whipped a 3-iron six feet from the pin, and on the 453-yard eighteenth he followed a long drive by hitting a 4-iron four feet from the pin. This gave him a 34 on the second nine and a 65 for his round. In the general excitement, a 66 that Fred Couples had turned in an hour or so before was hardly noticed.

How good a golfer is Tze-chung Chen? It was hard to estimate. Last year, his total winnings on our tour came to an unimposing fifty-four thousand five hundred and seventy dollars, but early this season he had finished in the top twenty in two P.G.A. tournaments. Furthermore, when he had left our tour in late March and returned to Asia, he won both the Japan Open and the Korea Open, which attract strong and experienced fields. On Friday, the day of the second round of our Open, Chen showed that he was no mere flash in the pan. Followed by a sizable gallery, who took to his cheerful, modest manner, he was around in 69, one under par, and his two-round total of 134 tied the record low score for the first thirty-six holes of the Open, which Nicklaus had set at Baltusrol in 1980. In retrospect, Chen's second round was a remarkable performance. On his way to the course in the morning, he had been caught in a traffic jam and had arrived at the club only thirty-five minutes before his threesome was scheduled to tee off. This was not enough time for him to warm up adequately, and he missed the fairway with his first five drives. However, he made a ten-foot putt to save his par on the first hole, and got down from eight feet for his par on the second. He had no trouble on the third, a par 3, and on the fourth, after another wayward drive, he holed his third shot, a chip of some twenty yards, for a birdie. He parred the fifth, despite another wild tee shot, by making a twelve-foot putt. After a par on the seventh, he bogeyed the eighth, but then settled down and played par golf—one birdie and one bogey—the rest of the way.

Chen is a good-looking young man with a slim, willowy physique. He stands five feet ten and weighs a hundred and forty-five pounds. He belts the ball a long way for a person of his build. He makes a properly constricted hip turn on his backswing, but his flexible shoulder turn is perhaps the fullest of any golfer's today, and when he releases the power he has stored up on the downswing it gives him tremendous club-head speed as he hits through the ball. His swing has a fine tempo, and that doesn't hurt, either. For example, he hit the green on the 217-yard ninth with a club that looked like a 3-iron. He has a fairly orthodox style. On the tee, he takes his driver back a little beyond the parallel position, and as he slides into his downswing he slings his club head well through the ball. A pleasant man with a ready smile, Chen speaks fairly good English, and he seemed to enjoy his extended session with the press at the end of his second round. He went through his round shot by shot, and then answered random questions. He explained, for instance, that the words Three Bond imprinted in orange on his golf cap are the name of a Japanese glue. (His own name is printed on the visor of the cap.) Chen ended his press session by saying, “It will be tough for me the next two days, but I’ll do my best.”

There were a number of significant happenings on the day of the second round. The weather, unlike that on the opening day, produced no wind to contend with, and the field took full advantage of this. No fewer than twenty-four players broke 70 on tough old Oakland Hills. The low scores included 65s by Andy North, the 1978 U.S. Open champion, and by Denis Watson, of South Africa. Incidentally, in the first round Watson had been assessed a two-stroke penalty because he waited for about thirty seconds on the eighth green to see whether or not his ten-foot putt, which had finished on the lip of the cup, would fall in. It did, but he was informed on the next hole that the rule book specifically states that a golfer can wait only ten seconds in such a situation. Today, when the average tournament round takes between four and a half and five and a half hours and it has become customary for the golfers to circumnavigate most greens, the better to read the line of their putts, it seems a trifle inconsistent to slap a two-stroke penalty on a man who takes more than ten seconds to see whether or not a friendly breeze will blow a ball hanging on the rim into the cup.

One unexpected aspect of the second round was that a number of golfers of world reputation did not share in the assault on par and, as a result, failed to make the 36-hole cut. They included Tom Watson, with a 147 (75-72); Lee Trevino, with a 148 (76-72); Jack Nicklaus, with a 149 (76-73); and Bernhard Langer, the Masters champion, with a 150 (74-76). According to one story I heard, when Nicklaus was asked by some reporters in the locker room whether he planned to continue playing tournament golf, he smiled and replied, “I’ve got a choice. I can keep on playing or I can quit. I’m too dumb to quit.” While Nicklaus is definitely past his peak, many people in golf are of the opinion that if he were to make the 36-hole cut in a major championship and stand, say, five or six shots off the pace, the old warhorse would have to be seriously watched. One other story about Nicklaus received wide circulation: Someone had apparently gone up to his oldest son, Jackie—who is twenty-three and had caddied for him at Oakland Hills—and asked him why his father had played such disappointing golf. “It’s all in his head,” Jackie replied.

IDEAL playing conditions and very fair pin positions had contributed to the low scoring on the second round. On Saturday, the pins were placed in subtler spots, but the main reason for the higher scoring was a cold rain that began to fall at about one o’clock and continued without letup into the evening. The last eleven twosomes to go out played their rounds entirely in the rain. We have had our share of bad weather in our Opens—the downpour at Oakmont in 1973 comes readily to mind. (I believe that the only time the full eighteen holes in the Open were played in the rain occurred in the playoff for the 1913 Open, at The Country Club, in Brookline, Massachusetts, when Francis Ouimet defeated Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, but the rain that momentous day could more accurately be described as a continuous drizzle.) When Chen and Jay Haas teed off in the last twosome, at two-thirty-five, it was really coming down, and the consensus was that unless the rain stopped play would sooner or later have to be halted—one green or another could pool up so badly that it would be unputtable.

I must confess that I still did not regard Chen as a possible winner of the championship when he started off into the rain on Saturday afternoon. After getting his par on the first, he took off his rain jacket, opened his umbrella, and played the rest of the way in a sports shirt and sweater. (Before the start of the round, he had made one interesting change in his attire: a small flag of the Republic of China had been sewn onto one side of his golf cap.) Considering the importance of the occasion and the trying conditions, he played the first nine very well. He went to the turn in 33, two under par, getting a birdie on the long second and adding another birdie on the 439-yard eighth, where he followed a two-hundred-and-ninety-yard drive by planting an 8-iron approach four feet from the pin. He bogeyed the tenth, but he got that stroke back when he holed a thirty-five-foot putt to birdie the eleventh. He parred the next five holes. This brought him to the seventeenth, the 201-yard par 3. As it turned out, the seventeenth was the critical hole of the championship. The green, a large one, sits about twenty feet above the fairway. It is protected by three bunkers on the front slope. There is also a bunker to the left of the green, one behind it, and a very deep bunker on the right, which must be fifteen feet below the top of the steep right wall of the green. I mention this bunker particularly because it often comes into play when the pin is set on the tight right side of the green. The putting surface is complex. It slopes from back to front, and at the back a long, strong ridge virtually separates it into two distinct sections. On this day, the pin was set to the right, well to the back. Chen went with a 1-iron, which drifted to the right and ended up in the deep bunker. He made a fantastic recovery, exploding the ball onto the green two feet past the pin. Then, for the first time, he revealed the tremendous pressure he was under. As he moved to get set over the ball, he lost his concentration for a moment, and before he took a proper stance he jabbed the ball wide of the cup. A 4, not a 3. He recovered his poise quickly and played the eighteenth beautifully—drive, 5-iron, two putts. Chen had broken par for the third day in a row: 33–36, for a 69. This gave him a three-round total of 203 and a two-stroke lead over the nearest contender, Andy North, who was around in 70. North, a giant of a man—he is a rough-hewn six feet four—had discarded his rain jacket on the third hole, because it was restricting his swing. He played the rest of the way sans umbrella, with his hair plastered over his forehead by the rain and, between shots, with a large towel thrown across his shoulders and over his soaked sports shirt and sweater. North played with such evident confidence on this difficult day that he seemed like a kind of Gary Cooper frontiersman who was not going to let anything deter him. In third place, three strokes back of North, was Dave Barr, a veteran Canadian professional who has represented his country in four World Cup matches.

Where, you ask, were the big-name pros who had made the cut? The closest was Severiano (Seve) Ballesteros, who is considered the best rain player in the world. Ballesteros did give it a run in the third round. When he birdied the tenth, it put him three strokes under par for the round, but he finished weakly, giving two of these strokes back to par and ultimately standing seven strokes behind Chen with a round to go. Frank (Fuzzy) Zoeller (71-69-72) was nine strokes behind the leader; Johnny Miller (74-71-68) was ten behind; and Greg Norman (72-71-71) was eleven behind. That was the way it went. They had not really played Oakland Hills poorly. It only seemed that way, because no one had expected that an unheralded Taiwanese would shoot three brilliant rounds in the 60s.

ON Sunday, the thousands who crowded the course knew that they might well be present at a historic occasion—the first victory in one of the world's four major championships by a golfer from the Far East. This was not the first time a golfer from that part of the world had approached that position. For example, in the 1971 British Open, at Birkdale, Lu Liang-huan, of Taiwan, lost by only one stroke to Lee Trevino. Then, in our Open at Baltusrol in 1980, Isao Aoki, of Japan, finished two strokes behind Nicklaus after having challenged him all the way. However, both Lu and Aoki had had far more experience in the world of international golf than Chen. The big question was whether Chen could stand up to the tremendous strain imposed on him by such a prospect. He started the last round equably. He parred the first hole and birdied the long second—the scene of his double eagle in the first round. He made his pars on the third and fourth. At this stage, he had increased his lead over his nearest pursuer, North, to four strokes. He seemed as composed as he had been on the three previous days, and there was no sign of tension in his swing. He split the fairway with his drive on the fifth, a 457-yard par 4. In a hole-by-hole description of the course which had been prepared for the press, Al Mengert, the professional at Oakland Hills, described the fifth this way:

> Trees on the left off the tee and hidden bunkers on the right demand another accurate tee shot to allow an approach shot to this target green. There is a new tee that will lengthen the hole some fifteen yards. There is a small creek crossing the fairway near the 300-yard mark. A bunker in the right front and a large tree that overhangs the right side of the green force the player to attempt to hit his drive to the left side of the fairway, particularly if the flag is placed on the right side of the green. The green also slopes from right to left. No one wants to miss this green to the right, or go over, as the approach shot back to the putting surface is not likely to get close to the hole.

Chen took a 4-iron for his second. His intention was to fade the ball into the pin from left to right. Instead, he pushed it well off line into the trees on the right. He ended up in the rough, fifty yards or so from the pin. Using a pitching wedge, he attempted to nip the ball delicately through an opening in the trees, hoping to get it on the green close to the pin. The shot didn't come off. The ball landed, still in the rough, a full twenty yards from the green. Chen changed to a sand wedge. His next shot was a double hit: after he had hit the ball, on his follow-through he hit it a second time, catching it as it rose in the air and looping it several yards to the left. A golfer incurs a penalty stroke on a double hit, so he now lay 5. His sixth shot was a chip that ran eight feet past the hole. He missed the putt, and then tapped the ball in for an 8. For the first time since his double eagle three days before, Chen was no longer out in front by himself in the Open. His quadruple bogey dropped him from eight under par for the tournament to four under par and into a tie with North, with whom he was paired. Their tie did not last long. Shaken by the sudden turn of events, Chen played the next three holes loosely, like an 85 golfer, and bogeyed each of them. He managed to get hold of himself on the ninth, and sank a six-foot putt for his par. North missed his putt for his par on the ninth, but, with nine holes to go, he was out in front, three under par for the route. Dave Barr, playing in the twosome in front of North and Chen, was a stroke behind North. Chen was two strokes behind.

When one looks back at the scoring by the leaders on the last nine holes of the Open, it comes through as a dull, dragged-out anticlimax—a contest to see who could make the fewest bogeys. The galleries at Oakland Hills realized how poor the scoring was down the stretch, but the battle between the leaders was so close and intense that it generated a strange excitement. At one point in the action, Barr's supporters had good reason to think that their man might pull it off. Barr's swing has a nice style, and he was playing one well-struck shot after another. A birdie on the long twelfth put him momentarily in the lead at three under par for the tournament, but he bogeyed the thirteenth to fall back into a tie. His chances were over after the seventeenth. The pin had been set again on the difficult back-right section of the green. His first inclination was to go for the pin with a 4-wood. He switched to a 3-iron and pulled the ball far to the left of the large sweeping ridge and into the rough behind the fringe. He inevitably needed three to get down, and then limped home with another bogey on the eighteenth.

In the meantime, North had bogeyed the tenth and eleventh. This wiped out his lead over Chen, who had courageously pulled himself together with firm pars on those two holes. When Chen birdied the long twelfth, he moved a stroke ahead of North. Then the momentum swung back to North. He picked up a shot on Chen by holing a twelve-footer for a birdie on the short thirteenth, and picked up another when Chen missed his par on the fourteenth. Back to two under par, North again led Chen by a stroke. On the fifteenth, they both avoided Jones' enlarged bunker in the center of the fairway and parred the hole. Both were on the peninsular green of the sixteenth in two and got their pars. On the seventeenth, North was off balance on his tee shot, a 4-iron. The ball slipped off to the right and caught the deep bunker. Here was a real chance for Chen. If he could play a first-class iron and land it on the tight right side of the ridge, he stood to pick up a vital stroke on North. The most important consideration was to keep the ball below the hole. Chen let the shot get away, much as Barr had—pulling it so that it raced across the broad ridge and rolled to a halt about seventy feet from the pin. He had no chance to get down in fewer than three putts. It was then that North played the shot that won the championship. From that pit of a bunker far below the level of the green, he played an almost perfect recovery. He exploded the ball smoothly from the sand. It came up softly, landed on the fringe of the green, took a couple of hops, and rolled dead on line for the pin. It stopped at the edge of the cup. With that par, North was back in front by two strokes. A bogey on the last hole would probably win for him.

For one of the few times on this last round, North hit the fairway with exactly the tee shot that was asked for. He took no chances. His second was a 4-iron played purposely short of the green, which not only drops from back to front but is also divided by a long ridge down the middle. The pin was set on the right side. North's third shot was a chip that stopped twelve feet from the cup, below it. He played his first putt about a foot short, and then tapped the ball in for the 5 he needed to win. With rounds of 70, 65, 70, and 74 for a total of 279, he was the only player to break par at Oakland Hills for the four rounds. (The heavy rain on Saturday made the greens softer and slower on those two rounds; otherwise, the winning score might have been higher.) Chen, who parred the last hole, finished at 280, in a three-way tie for second at even par with Barr and Denis Watson (who had brought in a 70).

North, a native of Wisconsin, twice won the state high-school golf championship and was once named to the state's all-star basketball team. He played college golf at the University of Florida, and after his graduation, in 1972, he turned professional. He has perhaps the most confounding record of any touring pro. He has won only three tournaments: the Westchester Classic in 1977, and two national Opens, in 1978 and 1985. (That is one for Trivial Pursuit.) In the 1978 Open, North ultimately needed a bogey 5 on the last hole to win, and he almost didn't make it: after driving into the rough and playing a good recovery, he mis-hit his pitch and it ended up in a bunker well short of the green; he bailed himself out by playing a gutty bunker shot four feet from the hole and sinking the putt. North has never been a pretty golfer to watch. His swing lacks rhythm and refinement. One is mainly aware of his strength, his ability to play stunning recoveries from the most dispiriting situations, and his aptitude for putting. He has a rather odd putting style for so tall a man: he leans far over and holds the putter at the very bottom of the grip. He is pertinacious. In 1983, after playing the season with a painful right elbow, he had it operated on, and a bone spur was removed. Then he rejoined the tour. He certainly displayed a good deal of heart in this Open. On the last round, after bogeys on the ninth, tenth, and eleventh, he played steady, determined golf the rest of the way. The shot that won the Open for him, his recovery from the bunker on the seventeenth, could not have been played better.

As I imagine has been evident, I wanted T. C. Chen to win the Open. Naturally, I would have liked to be present when a golfer from the Orient first broke through in our championship, but I was in Chen's corner for good when he did not toss away the great start that his double eagle had given him but finished his first round with fine birdies on the last two holes for his 65. I liked the way he went about his golf, the corners of his lips on his quiet poker face curling up from time to time in a shy smile in reply to applause from his gallery. I was impressed by the very full body turn he made, and by the audacity with which he attacked Oakland Hills. I was never sure he would win, even when he held a four-stroke lead with only fourteen holes to go. I would never have been sure of a victory by Chen until it had become a reality. There were several reasons for this. The principal one was that he had never before been in the fight in a major championship. Add to this that it would have been too good to be true for such an empathic unknown to burst upon the scene so dramatically, play three consecutive rounds in the 60s, and to hold off all attempts to overtake him on the last round. I think that Francis Ouimet may have been the last man to win our Open on his first attempt. Quixotically, I was hoping that Chen would go all the way and become a sort of Far Eastern Ouimet. That was asking an awful lot.

In his press conference at the conclusion of the Open, Chen said, "I just play bad, pitiful golf today. . . . I finished second. That's not bad for the first time in the U.S. Open, and I made a lot of friends . . . I think that everybody felt pressure. I didn't have that much. I still was pretty confident going to No. 5."

There is so much golfing talent in the Far East that one of these days a golfer from that part of the world will win one of the four major championships. Somehow, I don't think it will be Tze-chung Chen. Indeed, the probability that he will ever again play so prominent a role in a major event is, I think, very slight. Yet if he should ever again emerge from the pack—in our Open, the British Open, the Masters, or our P.G.A. Championship—what a horde of admirers would rush to join his gallery and try to cheer him on to victory! —HERBERT WARREN WIND

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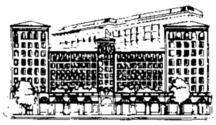

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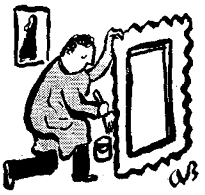
THE ART WORLD

Disco

TWO years ago, the night-club impresarios Steve Rubell and Ian Schrager noticed that a lot of uptown people were going to the East Village to look at art. The East Village—that sector of downtown Manhattan which lies between Fourth Avenue and Avenue A and runs from Fourteenth Street down to Houston Street—was just coming into its own then as the city's newest art ghetto. Dozens of young artists, driven out of SoHo and its environs by rapidly escalating rents, had moved there because rents were still low and tenement apartments were relatively easy to find, in part because the rampant traffic in hard drugs had caused many old-time residents to leave. A sense of neighborhood solidarity and the frustration of not being able to have their work shown in SoHo galleries combined to produce the new art scene. Artists began turning their storefront studios into part-time galleries, several of which became full-time exhibition spaces. Since the time lag between innovation and discovery in today's art world now stands at approximately thirty-seven seconds, the public quickly appeared in droves. Two years ago, there were about a dozen galleries in the area; today, there are at least seventy—exact numbers are unavailable in such a fluid milieu—and on Sunday afternoons, when all the East Village galleries are open, the dingy but rapidly gentrifying streets are choked with uptown collectors, fashion plates of all sexes, and tourists.



The Messrs. Rubell and Schrager observed this phenomenon in its early stages. They also noted the East Village night-club scene, which preceded the gallery scene. A number of small clubs had opened around 1980 in the East Village, run by and frequented mainly by local artists and their friends. Like the Mudd Club, across town on White Street, the East Village night spots—Limbo Lounge, the Pyramid Club, Club 57, and one or two others—featured new-wave rock music, which many of the young visual artists were involved with professionally (doubling as musicians), and live or videotaped "performance art" by the clientele. The freewheeling atmosphere of Club 57, on St. Marks Place, was described to me by Joanne Mayhew-Young, who came to live in the East Village, as an artist, in the late nineteen-seventies. "The whole art thing started in the clubs," she said. "Kenny Scharf and Keith Haring used to hang out at Club 57, and they'd use the space to do incredible things. Something different every night. For example, they'd paint the whole club black, and have a black-light party. The next day, it would be painted over. One night would be movie night, and we'd watch old Tarzan films or something. There were a lot of theme shows. Someone would say, 'This week we're going to do a carnival show,' so everybody would go home and paint carnival pictures. It was like kids' energy." Performance of one sort or another was central to the East Village scene, and to much of the painting and sculpture being done there. It was also central to the work of the Brooklyn and Bronx graffiti writers, whose aesthetic had originated in the dramatically illegal act of spray-painting subway cars. The new-wave artists and the graffiti writers met each other at the clubs, and established an immediate rapport. Some of the new-wave people may even have been inspired by the graffitists' spray-painted "tags," or nicknames, to make up new names for themselves—stage names, so to speak: names like Tina L'Hotsky and Buster Cleveland and John Sex. Joanne Mayhew-Young wanted a name that was also a place, and the one she hit on for herself was Gracie Mansion. Later, this became the name of her highly successful gallery on East Tenth Street.

And so the East Village, where wave on wave of European immigrants had fetched up in the final decades of the last century, became quite suddenly, to the astonishment of old-time residents who had not fled, a place where young urban professionals, and even older urban professionals, or Oupies, flocked on weekends to attend gallery openings, to see what was happening in the clubs, and, increasingly, to buy the outlandish-looking art that was most definitely for sale, at prices that increased from the low three figures in 1983 to the high four figures (or higher) today. And all this was noted by the Messrs. Schrager and Rubell, who pondered it in their hearts.

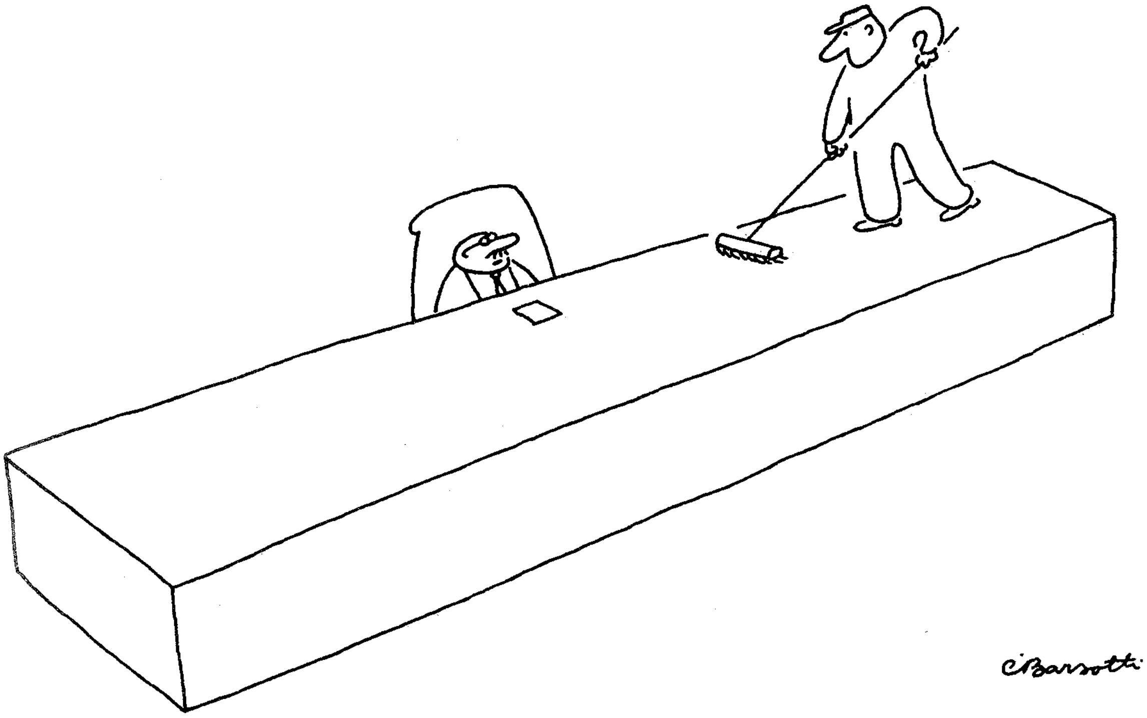
The Messrs. Schrager and Rubell had previously conceived and brought forth Studio 54, the most talked-about New York discothèque of the nineteen-seventies. They sold it in 1980, because of an inconvenient obligation on their part to spend some time in the slammer for tax evasion. At liberty once more, they acquired financial backing for a hotel venture (Morgan's, which opened last year on Madison Avenue at Thirty-seventh Street), but their hearts were not really in the hotel business. The main thrust of their energy went into the conversion of the cavernous old Academy of Music, on Fourteenth Street, into the world's most advanced discothèque. In its fifty-nine years on Fourteenth Street, the Academy of Music had been an opera house, a ballroom, a burlesque theatre, a movie house, and a rock-music concert hall. An old friend of mine had one of the formative triumphs of his youth there, during its burlesque phase. Having journeyed over from Brooklyn to see the great Gypsy Rose Lee perform, he and a few fellow-aficionados, none of whom was older than sixteen, waited by the stage door afterward for a glimpse of the star; when Miss Lee finally came out, swathed in mink, she noticed the band of gallants, smiled unforgettably, and said, singling out my friend, "Hiya, man." Since that occasion, the famous showplace had fallen into decay, but it had never been broken up into separate units, as so many huge old theatres were. The ornate interior was immemorially shabby but virtually intact. The new owners, a consortium of businessmen, followed the advice of their "conceptual consultants," Rubell and Schrager, and hired the Japanese architect Arata Isozaki to turn this enormous space into a discothèque.

Isozaki had no major buildings to his credit in the United States at the time. (Ground had only just been broken for his Museum of Contemporary Art in Los Angeles, which is now scheduled for completion in 1986.) In Japan and elsewhere, however, he was famous for his unorthodox and somewhat startling solutions to difficult design problems. On being asked once by an American reporter why he had designed a country club in the shape of a question mark, Isozaki replied, "The question is, why they play so much golf?" Isozaki's solution for the Academy of Music was to leave the interior shell virtually untouched —eroded plaster, peeling paint, and all —and to erect inside it a pristine, monumental grid of pilasters and a vast central arch, seven stories high; he used the old mezzanine for seating space, and brought in several tons of state-of-the-art lighting, video, and audio equipment to blow the eye, the mind, and, if anything went wrong, most of the electrical circuits in Manhattan's lower quadrant.

Success in the discothèque calling, as Rubell and Schrager knew, was usually a matter of picking up the latest social vibrations. Architecture aside, the entrepreneurs' vibration sensors were picking up art. Certain artists had become as celebrated in the nineteen-eighties as rock stars or fashion designers, and a lot of people, it seemed, wanted to be part of that celebrity. As Rubell put it in a recent interview, "people who used to go to singles bars on First Avenue now go to art-show openings on Avenue A." Since neither he nor Schrager knew anything about art, they decided to hire someone who did to advise them, and that someone turned out to be Henry Geldzahler, the former curator of twentieth-century art at the Metropolitan Museum and former New York City Commissioner for Cultural Affairs, currently a free-lance exhibition organizer, writer, and lecturer on art. Geldzahler has retained over the years an exceptional ability to respond to the latest trends. After seeing what Isozaki had done to the Academy of Music (by now renamed Palladium), he signed on as its salaried "art curator" and began lining up artists to execute original works there. The first artist he approached was Francesco Clemente, a highly successful Italian painter who lives for much of the year in New York and loves New York's night life. Clemente was excited by the space; he agreed to paint a large fresco on the walls and ceiling at the top of the main staircase. Geldzahler next commissioned three New York artists of the youngest generation, all of whom had shown first in East Village galleries: Keith Haring, the former street and subway-station artist, who painted a forty-foot-high canvas that hangs from the ceiling at the back of the dance floor; Kenny Scharf, who covered the basement lounge between the rest rooms with his weird comic-strip characters, Day-Glo splatterings, fake-fur walls, and toy-encrusted telephones; and Jean-Michel Basquiat, the wunderkind of neo-expressionism, who contributed two large murals for the upstairs bar and lounge that the owners have named the Mike Todd Room, because Mike Todd is believed to have had an office there at one time.

Palladium opened in May, and became an instant success. Mobs of people lined up at the door almost every night, from eleven o'clock to three or four in the morning, waiting to buy tickets; the management also initiated a brisk business in corporate- and private-party bookings. Paul Goldberger and other architecture critics have praised Isozaki's renovation, with its visual tension between the old and the new, and everybody seems to love the art. To be sure, a few voices have questioned the propriety of artists' lending themselves to the decorating of discothèques, but to Geldzahler this sounds like sour grapes. "None of the artists compromised in any way here," he insists. "Basquiat's murals are the best things he's ever done." Each of the artists was paid a fee to cover the cost of materials, and most of the works will go back to the artists after they have been on display at Palladium for six months or longer—the length of time each installation remains there is up to Geldzahler.

The truth is that in this environment the art looks sensationally good. Basquiat is not the only artist to surpass himself; even Haring seems to have risen to a new level, and who would have thought that could happen? Keith Haring began his public career by drawing simple, cartoonlike images in white chalk on the black paper fillers that you see in subway advertising spaces when the advertisement has been removed. He went on to paint the same sort of images, in greater and greater profusion, on canvases, walls, tarpaulins, plaster casts, T-shirts, and other surfaces that could be displayed in galleries or worn to discothèques—a progression that expanded horizontally without becoming either better or worse. But his forty-foot canvas at Palladium struck me as something else: decoration of a fairly high order. Clemente's frescoed walls and ceiling are beautiful and witty, and Basquiat's two murals are not only larger than anything he has done before but significantly better—stronger in the handling of color, more cleverly structured, more honest in acknowledging their debt to Cy Twombly and a few other artists of the older generation. Like Haring's big backdrop, the



"Do you have to do that now?"

Basquiats are a match for their surroundings. They hold their own with the hard-rock music, the lighting, the banks of video screens, the architecture, and the gorgeously caparisoned throngs of people who have managed to get in. They also set a standard for disco art, a new form whose time has clearly come.

Palladium's managers can't claim exclusive credit for pioneering this new form. Area, the popular discothèque on Hudson Street, in Tribeca, invited dozens of New York artists to execute works there last May, for a temporary installation called "Art." More than thirty artists did so, including all the Palladium crew, plus such comparatively ancient talents as Alex Katz, Larry Rivers, and Andy Warhol, whose unbroken twenty-year hold on the levers of publicity qualifies him as the reigning grandfather of disco art. Area's four young owners totally redecorate their place every six weeks, and the "Art" installation is now just a memory; but some of the club's earlier décors, on themes such as "Night," "Obelisks," "Elements," and "The Color Red," which were obviously influenced by the artist-created environments at the tiny East Village clubs, can now be seen as precursors of disco art, and it is a foregone conclusion that Area, Limelight, and other commercial discothèques will solicit practicing artists for future installations. "When you call the kids up now, they're doing club art," Warhol told *People* magazine. "They're fighting to be in it."

The interesting thing is that so much of the art on view in East Village galleries looks as though it were done with a discothèque environment in mind. There is no generic East Village style. Most of the tendencies of recent American art are reflected there, from nitwit realism to Minimalist abstraction. But East Village work as a whole does seem to have a raw, no-holds-barred theatricality that the same kind of work elsewhere does not have, or does not have to the same degree. To me, at any rate, this rawness and rowdiness have made East Village work look a little silly outside the East Village—for example, at the svelte uptown Holly Solomon Gallery, which put on a group show of East Village artists in January, or at the Whitney Museum, where the recent Biennial exhibition included works by Rodney Alan Greenblat and David Wojnarowicz, two particularly exuberant young talents who show at Gracie Mansion. I can see now that Greenblat, Wojnarowicz, and any number of other East Village artists would look right at home at Area or Palladium. What we have here is a new branch of public art, which is what the graffiti writers (the serious graffiti writers: the ones who used whole subway cars and occasionally whole trains as background for their previously conceived designs) were after in the first place. Most people would probably agree that it is better to have this sort of work in a discothèque than on the I.R.T. At least, the element of choice is restored to the viewer: nobody *has* to spend time in a discothèque.

In the heroic days of Abstract Expressionism, Mark Rothko once refused to deliver a group of commissioned mural paintings because he found out that they would be hung in the Four Seasons restaurant, where people would eat and drink in front of them. *D'autres temps, d'autres mœurs.* A lot of good artists have been perfectly content in the past to embellish palaces, and I see no need to vilify an artist today for decorating discothèques. High art is not really threatened. Ellsworth Kelly, Jasper Johns, and a few others will continue to tread their difficult private paths, with neither help nor hindrance from Schrager and Rubell. Disco art, meanwhile, building on the early work of Haring, Basquiat, and Scharf, may yet produce a new academy of the baroque while at the same time absolving the art establishment from having to deal with it. There is something to be said, after all, for cakes and ale.

—CALVIN TOMKINS

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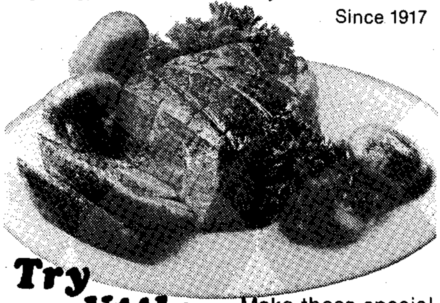

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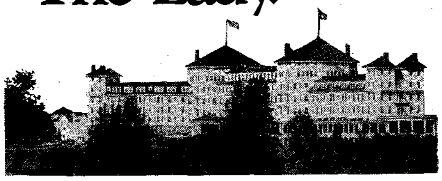

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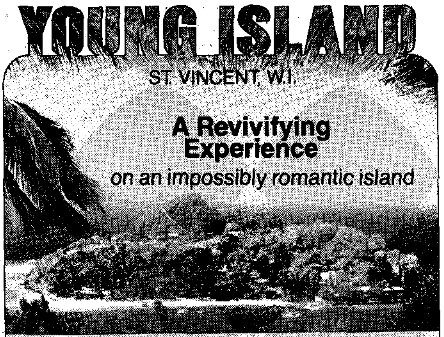

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LETTER FROM ROME

THE first people to protest publicly last year against the continued presence of drug pushers in the Don Bosco quarter of Rome's Tuscolano area, to the southeast of the Aurelian Wall, were a handful of middle-aged local residents, among whom was the mother of a fourteen-year-old heroin addict. Armed with broom handles and other improvised weapons, the group suddenly showed up at midday on a Monday in late November in the so-called "little gardens," a triangular, treeless open space off the Via Ponzio Cominio, and surprised two well-known local dealers—a couple of young men lounging about on a park bench and waiting for clients. With blows and shouted threats, the little band routed the pushers and warned them not to come back.

The incident triggered a major revolt. By evening, "the damned triangle," as it is often called by the inhabitants of the quarter, was invaded by hundreds of residents, spurred by the earlier event to demonstrate their own rage and sense of frustration at a situation they had had to put up with for years. "Here we live watching who shoots up, who dies, who steals," one man said. "It's impossible to live here anymore." By nightfall, the protest had become formalized. Residents were attempting to organize regular patrols of the area, a delegation of mothers was being assembled to call at the local police station, and there was talk of forming a permanent Committee of Struggle to oversee all these efforts.

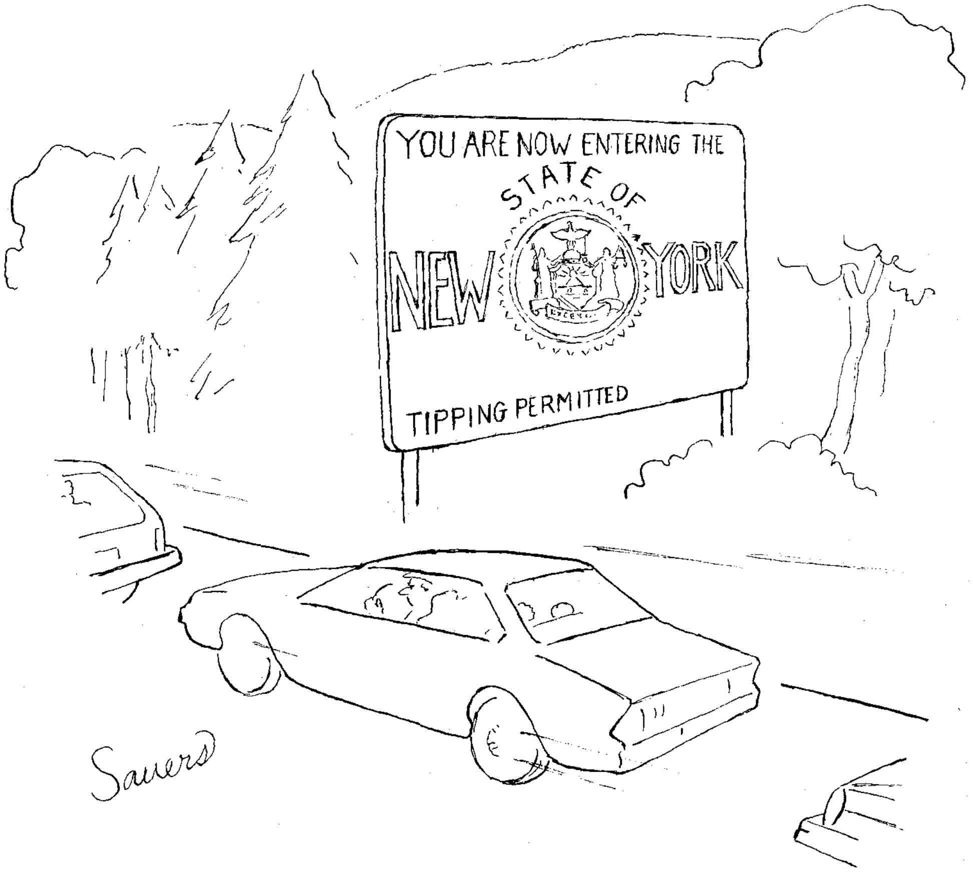
What had inspired the protest was the news of the death a day earlier, of hepatitis, of a young man named Giuliano Boldrini, in Udine, where he had been serving his obligatory military stint. According to the people of the quarter, Boldrini had been an addict for years. "He was a Roman, he lived here on the Via Cominio, he was a wonderful kid, a friend," one acquaintance recalled to a reporter for the Roman daily *Il Messaggero*. "Then he ended up in drugs, and now he, too, is dead." Another young man told the reporter, "I'm a drug addict, but I want to quit. I can't go on any longer. Here in the Don Bosco, in the little gardens, is the market for all of south Rome. This has become the stronghold of the drug scene."

The Don Bosco is a typical postwar Roman *borgata*—a hastily constructed residential quarter of dreary, slablike apartment buildings lined up like giant dominoes along narrow, dusty streets, and devoid of adequate public services, including schools, hospitals, piazzas, parks, even churches. Thrown up along the edges of the city during the boom years of the nineteen-fifties and sixties, the *borgate* violated with impunity most of the city's zoning laws and building codes, and enriched the private speculators who constructed them—often with the connivance of the politicians and bureaucrats who were supposed to enforce the laws. The *borgate* have rapidly degenerated into a crime-ridden ring of slums, in which hundreds of thousands of Romans have to live, only a few miles from the historic heart of the city but as remote from it as if it were a foreign civilization. "The Third World begins in the *borgate*," a Roman architect once told me. Essentially, it is a world of poverty and despair, from which the young have increasingly sought escape through the use of drugs. "Today, we found the strength of desperation to demonstrate, but, inside, our rage has gone on for years," a man of about sixty commented to the reporter from *Il Messaggero*. "Because of the drugs, this quarter has become violent. There's death in the air."

Unlike most other spontaneous outbursts of public exasperation, the furor in the Don Bosco did not fade away. Aided by publicity in the city's newspapers, the residents continued to demonstrate, and their example was quickly followed by protesters in other parts of the city. In the Don Bosco, groups of volunteers patrolled the little gardens, and people scrawled on buildings warnings to the pushers to stay away permanently or risk being attacked. "They'll stay away, all right, for a while," a boy of fourteen declared. "It's become too hot for them."

The heat inevitably attracted the attention of the city's political establishment. Five days after the initial demonstration, Mayor Ugo Vetere, a Communist, whose votes come largely from the *borgate*, showed up in the little gardens at four in the afternoon. He was accompanied by several members of his administration and a swarm of policemen. They were met by about a thousand residents, many of whom had grievances to express and demands to make and were undeterred by the cold and by the rain that started to fall soon after the Mayor arrived. "Look at all the cops today," one participant said. "It's the first time I've seen them here." Mayor Vetere, a gray-haired, dark-browed, affable man with an easy, colloquial style, listened to the various requests for help—more police, more street lights, permanent headquarters and financial support for the Committee of Struggle—and delivered the usual political homily concerning the need for more jobs for the young and for more efficient administration of existing public services. He also assured the crowd that its demands would be met, though he didn't explain specifically how or when. "I feel I am with you," he concluded, raising his voice to be heard through the noise of the rain. "You are an important example for Rome and also for the rest of Italy. I am on your side, as always, all the way." His words were punctuated by the loud sobbing of Boldrini's mother, who, with her husband and daughter, was in the front ranks of the assembly.

It was after six o'clock when the Mayor left and the meeting began to break up, but a number of people lingered to tell the now ubiquitous reporters their stories. Everyone described the quarter as an open market-



place where narcotics dealers congregated and bags of heroin were sold as casually as potatoes. "It's been going on for years, and no one has ever helped us," one pale, bone-thin young man lamented. "I've been shooting up for ten years. Every morning, I make the rounds of all the hospitals asking for a dose of methadone, but they never give it to me. So what do I do? I shoot up."

NO one who has lived in Italy for any length of time in recent years can remain unaware of the drug traffic, which has become a national plague. In Rome, heroin, marijuana, and hashish are purchased openly in many streets and piazzas all over the city, and any streetwise teen-ager knows what the going price is for anything from a simple joint to a hit of the hard stuff. The proprietor of a well-known open-air café in the Piazza Santa Maria in Trastevere has drilled holes in his coffee spoons so that they won't be stolen and used for heating and liquefying heroin. He keeps the rest-room doors locked to prevent people from coming in and shooting up on the premises. Used syringes can be found any day along the banks of the Tiber and in most parks, often jabbed into the trees. Drugs are hustled even in the elementary schools, and Roman families have found it almost impossible to shield their children from contact with users, who need to push narcotics on others in order to feed their own habits. Heavy drugs are relatively cheap in Italy: in the streets of Rome last fall the prevailing price for a gram of heroin, enough to keep the average addict going for one day, was a hundred and sixty thousand lire, or about eighty-five dollars at the current rate of exchange. But they are still expensive enough to insure that most addicts can stay alive only through a life of crime.

During the first eleven months of 1984, forty-five persons in Rome died of drug-related causes (mostly overdoses)—nearly twice as many fatalities as in the previous year—and more than two hundred and fifty pounds of heroin were seized by the authorities. "Rome has now torn away from Milan the title of drug capital," a local police official named Salvatore Margherito said at a press conference at the end of November. He also pointed out that it had been difficult to confiscate cocaine, the drug now most in demand among the well-to-do, because it was a "party drug," not readily available on the street. While precise figures on the total number of addicts are, of course, impossible to come by, it has been estimated that as many as two hundred thousand Italians may be hooked on heroin, and that several hundred thousand others frequently smoke hashish or marijuana. Italy, with a population one-fourth that of the United States, has nearly half as many confirmed heroin addicts—a figure that shocks a great many people here, who have never thought of Italy as a haven for the underground narcotics trade. That most of these users are under thirty makes the situation all the more alarming.

According to a spokesman for the United States Drug Enforcement Administration, which maintains a well-staffed office in Rome and works closely with the Italian law-enforcement agencies that are trying to cope with the drug problem, Italy—Sicily in particular—has long been a transit area for the clandestine shipment of narcotics from all over the world to the United States. (It has been estimated that in the late nineteen-seventies about sixty per cent of all the heroin smuggled into the eastern United States passed through Italy.) Until recently, not much of this product was destined for local consumption, since the profits to be made abroad were far greater. After the smashing of the notorious French Connection in Marseilles in the early nineteen-seventies, however, and a number of other successful international police operations, some of the narcotics that came into Italy, primarily from the so-called Golden Triangle, in south-east Asia, remained in the country and began to filter into its streets. Between 1979 and 1982, the Italian police uncovered a dozen laboratories for the processing of heroin, most of them in Sicily. During the same period, more than five hundred people who were involved with the drug trade were arrested, but the crackdown seems to have come too late, and has not interfered very much with the ready availability of drugs to anyone with the money to pay for them. "The heroin is still coming into the country, from either Pakistan or Bangkok," I was told at the Drug Enforcement Administration office. "And we've been so occupied with heroin that we've sort of ignored the cocaine imports, which are very much on the increase. Obviously, there are major problems here."

The problems are all the harder to solve because Italy is relatively inexperienced in dealing with the medical as well as the social aspects of drug addiction. Currently, throughout the country about twenty-two thousand addicts are being treated in clinics, in public hospitals, or in two hundred and fifteen public and private residential rehabilitation communities. These patients, all of whom have volunteered for treatment, receive little in the way of psychiatric counselling and are weaned from heroin mainly by the substitution of methadone, which, though it eases the craving for the other drug and removes the victims from a life of desperation in the streets, is itself addictive. And even if an addict can find a doctor who is willing to prescribe methadone, which can be difficult, the treatment is subject to the doctor's caprice—he can alter or end it at any time. Furthermore, because the habitual use of an illegal drug is not in itself a crime under Italian law, users can take themselves off a program at any time and go back to their former lives, and many of them soon do.

ALTHOUGH most Italians, in or out of public life, have long known in a general way that drugs are a serious and growing problem here, and one that the state has failed to come to grips with, detailed knowledge about drug addiction and its consequences has mostly remained a painful secret, shared only by the victims and their relatives and friends. Beginning last fall, however, the attention of the nation was for several months focussed daily on a much-publicized trial that was taking place in Rimini. It became a symbol of the frustration and horror that most citizens feel over the seeming inability of the authorities even to understand the dimensions of the drug problem, much less cope with it. A reporter on the scene observed in the Milan newspaper *Corriere della Sera*, "What the trial . . . illuminates, and public opinion and the government must reflect on, is, above all, the panorama of failures."

Rimini, a wealthy provincial resort town on the Adriatic coast, has a permanent population of a hundred and thirty-five thousand, dozens of flourishing industries, and some thirty-five hundred hotels and *pensioni*, to accommodate hundreds of thousands of summer tourists. With prosperity have come drugs. There are estimated to be several thousand users in the region, only a small minority of whom have sought clinical treatment or enrolled in any of forty-two rehabilitation communities in the area.

One of the most successful of the communities has been San Patrignano, a self-supporting coöperative of five hundred and forty recovering addicts of all ages, who live and work together on a large property a few miles outside Rimini. Originally a private farmstead with grapevines and orchards, San Patrignano rambles over four hundred and forty-five acres and now includes dormitories, a central dining room, apartments for married couples, and a pool and other recreational facilities. The community grows almost all its own food, maintains a large dairy, and raises pigs, sheep, race horses, and purebred dogs and cats, and it offers the opportunity to practice or learn any of thirty-six different trades. Everyone is expected to contribute. The members can leave to go to school or to sell their products, but while they are on the premises their lives are regimented and the rules are strict. They must get up at seven-thirty, spend at least eight hours a day in study or productive work of some kind, and take turns at such chores as cleaning up and waiting on tables. Alcohol and coffee are forbidden. The residents are not allowed any money of their own. In short, they live quasi-monastic lives of self-denial and hard work, subject to the collective will of the community. Nevertheless, visitors to San Patrignano over the years have consistently had favorable things to say about the program there, and have reported that the community has successfully reclaimed even desperately addicted young people from lives broken and wasted by dependence on drugs. Not the least of the benefits available to the residents is free medical care—a crucial need, since all new arrivals at San Patrignano are either ill or run-down and ninety per cent of them suffer from some form of venereal infection.

Few people unconnected to the drug scene had so much as heard of San Patrignano, however, until October 28, 1980, when the police, alerted by a former member of the community, a young woman named Maria Rosa Cesarini, suddenly raided the premises and found six young people locked up in various rooms, one of which was a converted pigeon coop. Some of the youths were chained to furniture. Vincenzo Muccioli, the founder and leader of the community, was arrested, and was jailed for thirty-six days before being released to await trial on a number of charges, the most serious of which was unlawful imprisonment. In

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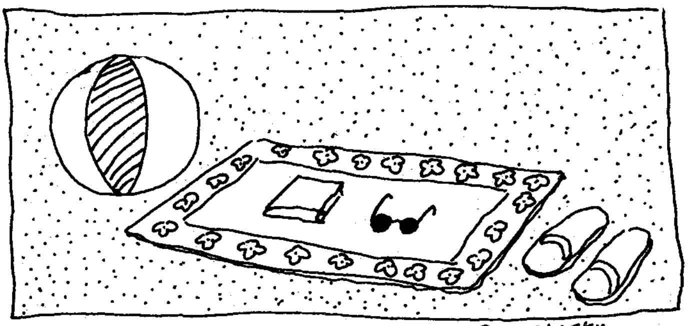
a series of raids, some of them nocturnal, other state agents, including treasury and labor officials, found more violations, and some community members were arrested on old charges, dating back to their lives of street crime. Muccioli's methods were subsequently denounced by a court-appointed committee of drug-rehabilitation experts, by the official press organs of the Communist Party, and by the Bishop of Rimini, Giovanni Locatelli. As for Muccioli himself, he was depicted in a number of accounts of his career as an ignorant, dictatorial, self-enraptured personality, who dabbled in séances and saw himself as an infallible, Christlike savior. He also had plenty of defenders, however, including most of the inmates of San Patrignano and their relatives and friends. They were quick to point out that the procedures used, including forcible restraint, were the only ones that worked with confirmed addicts, and that everyone had been informed of them and had agreed to abide by them before being accepted into the community. "We don't unlawfully lock up anyone," Muccioli later testified in court. "The young people arrive at San Patrignano by their own free choice or have been entrusted to us by magistrates. They ask us to save them, and we tell them all what the rules are." He also pointed out that several of the six people liberated from locked rooms by the police had immediately returned to a life of drug-induced crime, and warned that those arrested for old offenses and removed from the community's care would in the end undoubtedly suffer the same fate. Muccioli said that much of his time had to be spent either preventing people from leaving or persuading them to come back. "The addict is a person capable of understanding but not of willing," he declared. His contention was given weight by the death of one of his more desperate cases, a young man named Leonardo Bargiotti, who died, a presumed suicide, under a train not long after his release from restraint during the original raid.

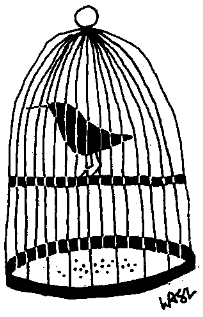


At fifty-one, Muccioli is a tall, heavyset, robust-looking man with thick, curly graying hair, dark eyes, and a dashing black mustache. For a number of years, he and his wife owned a hotel in Rimini, and there he became increasingly aware of the growing drug problem in the streets. In 1977, he noticed that the number of stoned youngsters who gathered every day in Piazza Tre Martiri, in the heart of town, was rising fast. "And the people passed among them with indifference," he recalled in a magazine interview at the time of the trial. He decided to sell the hotel and set up his community at San Patrignano, on property he had inherited, and early in 1979 he began to accept residents. In addition to using his own resources and private contributions, Muccioli gained the wholehearted financial support of a forty-eight-year-old Sardinian oilman and industrialist named Gianmarco Moratti, who had met him in 1979 and become devoted to his cause. (Moratti and his wife spend their vacations living in a trailer at San Patrignano. Prior to the trial, they refused to give interviews, because, in Moratti's words, "my father always taught me that the worst profiteering is to get publicity from the troubles of others.") Muccioli is his own best advocate; he is persuasive, disarming, and quick to admit his own failings. One of the major criticisms originally levelled at him was that he lacked education or any formal training for the work he had undertaken. To this charge he once replied, typically, "But I am profoundly ignorant, absolutely uncultured. I've never liked to read." He added, however, that he had a common-sense approach to learning and a retentive memory. His methods at San Patrignano, he told Giampaolo Pansa, a columnist for the weekly magazine *L'Espresso*, were based on the acquired conviction that drug addiction cannot be cured chemically, medically, or psychotherapeutically but only through "solidarity and friendship" and "iron controls." "If I see a kid in crisis, I talk to him, I walk with him; sometimes that's enough. But if I see him already gone in his head, if I realize that he's thinking about the piazza where he'll find heroin again, I can't let him go. I'd be failing in the commitment I made to him when he came in."

By the time the trial finally got under way, early last November, with the state pressing charges of fraud and unlawful imprisonment of eighteen inmates against Muccioli and thirteen other community members, the whole country was aware of San Patrignano and its founder. Muccioli's face, in fact, is now as familiar as that of any media star, and to almost everyone except his prosecutors he has become a national hero. When a large sack of rusty chains was dramatically produced in court by the prosecution as evidence against the defendants, the mother of one of the victims was moved to tears. "I would have kissed those chains," she said to the press, "because for my son they were the beginning of salvation." Her attitude, it has turned out, is shared by most of those who followed the case. It soon became obvious, even to Muccioli's denigrators, that the general public saw the case against him as an outrageous miscarriage of justice, a glaring example of an uncomprehending, unqualified bureaucracy's ponderously applying an outdated penal code to a set of circumstances and a social dilemma with which the system was unequipped to cope. In the courtroom itself, witness after witness, including many of those who had originally made allegations against Muccioli, withdrew their accusations or greatly modified them. His original accuser, Maria Rosa Cesarini—a soft-spoken, worn-looking woman in her late twenties—who had claimed that Muccioli once locked her up for sixteen days to keep her from escaping, now added that she had been consistently well treated at San Patrignano, and never subjected to physical violence. Although she insisted that Muccioli had no right to lock her up, she confessed that she had run away six times before and, each time, had immediately gone back on heroin and begun dealing again, and that she had killed someone in a car crash, for which she served time in prison. She said that she was now free of drugs, was married to an ex-pusher, and was employed in a parish church. She professed to have found God and to bear no ill will toward Muccioli and his associates. By the time she had finished her testimony and walked silently back into obscurity, it seemed incredible to many of those present in the courtroom that the cumbersome legal apparatus of the state should have been set in motion by such a witness. As the case proceeded, with dozens of other witnesses, including a number of public figures, who came from all over the country to support Muccioli, and with most of the press on his side, the government prosecutors found themselves trying to carry out their unpleasant chore almost alone. After several prominent members and officials of the Communist Party testified in Muccioli's behalf (one hero of the partisan resistance in the Second World War announced that he would return his decorations and medals to the government if Muccioli was found guilty), the Party press ceased its denunciation of him and adopted a tone of guarded neutrality. In late December, the Bishop of Rimini, who had previously refused a number of invitations to visit San Patrignano, suddenly showed up there, had himself photographed with Muccioli, and declared himself a great admirer of the community.

It seemed as if the entire country had suddenly been made aware of a terrible national calamity, which everyone who was not directly affected by it had previously been content to ignore. "I feel myself a worm for having written so many words on drugs without ever having lifted a finger to save one addict," Signor Pansa wrote in *L'Espresso*. "Muccioli has given salvation to many. This Italy, which in the past seven years has seen nearly fifteen hundred of its young people die of heroin, ought to honor him, make him a Knight of the Republic, bring him into the schools to speak. And instead, no. This state puts him on trial. What shame!" The trial dragged on until mid-February, when Muccioli was found guilty of having used unlawful restraint. He was given a suspended sentence and was allowed to continue his work at San Patrignano, although he can no longer prevent any member of the community from leaving at will.

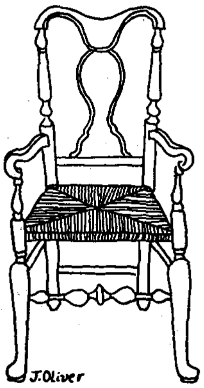
PUBLIC demonstrations of one sort or another have always been a feature of Italian life—especially in Rome, the seat of government. Hardly a week passes without a rally or a parade, occasionally celebratory but usually called to protest against some aspect of government policy or to prod the authorities into action on some issue. These manifestations usually manage to block off entire sections of midtown and tie up traffic for hours. But the snarled traffic and delays such gatherings cause are an affliction that Romans have traditionally put up with, simply because most citizens have at one time or another participated in a protest, celebration, or political rally of their own, and are therefore sympathetic; and for visitors and tourists such events qualify as spectacles—inconvenient but entertaining aspects of the local folkways.



No one was quite prepared, however, for what happened on Friday, December 14th, after a series of public demonstrations for and against the passage of a tax-reform law then pending before the Chamber of Deputies, Italy's main legislative branch. Strikes called by public-transport workers in support of the measure succeeded not only in paralyzing the narrow arteries of the *centro storico* for an entire working day but also in creating gridlock in every major street and piazza leading into the business district from the largely residential parts of town and the suburbs. Deprived of any other means of getting to work or into the main shopping area at the height of the pre-holiday season, Romans had incautiously taken to their cars. By midmorning, the traffic had come to a complete standstill, under a cold, misty drizzle that further complicated matters, since it meant that no one wanted to get out and walk. (People who were stuck in the tunnels and underpasses along the Tiber and the Aurelian Wall, however, were forced after several hours to abandon their vehicles or risk suffocation; some even had to be hospitalized.) Eventually, all over Rome, many drivers simply gave up, and left their automobiles parked on sidewalks, in the entrances to buildings, in double and triple lanes along the roads, in a crush of other cars in the central piazzas, and even at major crossings and on church steps. The buses attempted to come back into service in late afternoon, but they only contributed to the incredible congestion. Not until evening did the situation begin to improve, though the slowly receding sludge of traffic left a residue of illegally parked abandoned cars—many not reclaimed by their owners until the following day. "Rome, in her centuries-old history, has seen everything and often become used to anything," a writer named Gianni Rocca commented the next morning on the front page of *La Repubblica*. "And it's probable that even December 14, 1984, will be tucked away in the city's memory very simply as a 'black' date. One of so many." He went on to say that "the immovable car cemetery," which had thoroughly frustrated hundreds of thousands of helpless human beings, had provided a spectacle reminiscent of a science-fiction movie. Most observers agreed that the disaster should have been foreseen. The series of demonstrations and agitations over the tax-reform law which culminated in what came to be called Black Friday had been going on for months and should have forewarned the city administration, but no emergency plan had been prepared, and once again the authorities failed to come to the rescue of the populace. "For too many months, Rome drags along from one traffic jam to another," Signor Rocca wrote. "The debates and the roundtables succeed each other, the newspapers denounce and stigmatize. But Ionesco's rhinoceroses have now solidly taken over the city. We live in a permanent climate of emergency. The Capitoline administration seems impotent, devoid of strategy, uncertain of its priorities, incapable of providing leadership for the citizens. It doesn't have the courage to choose between public and private transport. The streets of the capital have thus been slowly transformed into a single uninterrupted parking lot." He concluded by reminding his readers of the municipal election to be held in May, and warned the Mayor and his colleagues not to count too heavily on the historically proved capacity of the Romans for forgetting—an admonition that prompted Mayor Vetere to issue a heated defense of his policies the next day, which also appeared on the front page of *La Repubblica*, under the headline "IT'S TOO EASY TO SPEAK BADLY OF ROME." (As it happens, the Mayor was defeated in the May election and will leave office in September.)

Temporarily overlooked in the general furor over Black Friday was the principal reason for the disturbance, the tax-reform proposal that in recent months has divided not only Romans but most Italians into opposing camps. The measure was drawn up by the

Minister of Finance, Bruno Visentini, and its primary intent was to force a large section of the middle class, mainly the self-employed, to pay its fair share of taxes. It is no secret that for years self-employed earners, such as doctors, lawyers, storekeepers, artisans, and artists, have been able to hide much of their income from the government, thereby reducing their tax burden. Salaried workers, on the other hand, have their taxes automatically withheld from their paychecks. According to statistics assembled by one of Italy's four major labor unions, about fifty per cent of the working population pays between seventy-five and eighty per cent of the taxes. This injustice was dramatized in the spring of 1984 by publication in the press of the taxable incomes declared in previous years by some prominent and clearly well-to-do Romans. According to those figures, most doctors and lawyers, for instance, were—improbably—having to survive on earnings of less than a million lire a month (between five hundred and six hundred dollars), and the owners of even the most expensive stores and restaurants appeared to be scraping along just above the poverty line. Obviously, it was a system so teeming with flagrant abuses that its perpetuation could no longer be justified; and, in fact, tax reform had been one of the principal goals of the administration put together by Prime Minister Bettino Craxi, a Socialist, when he first came to power, in August, 1983.



Yet the bill that Signor Visentini drew up and presented to Parliament last fall caused an immediate outcry. In order to compel some four million presumed evaders to obey the law, the bill called for the self-employed to make payments in advance based on estimated total annual sales or income, and, to insure compliance, it empowered government investigators to challenge any financial declaration suspected of being inadequate or untruthful and to "correct" disputed figures by a system of "inductive assessments," based mainly on such factors as location, number of employees, and payroll size. It was this aspect of the bill that set off the demonstrations in the streets. The first and loudest to protest were the proprietors of family enterprises and independent small businesses, many of which, according to their spokesmen, would be rendered unable to compete with large corporations or chain stores and would be forced to close permanently. A system that allowed government inspectors to make guesses about anyone's taxable income, they pointed out, put an enormous amount of power in the hands of a bureaucracy that was already celebrated for inefficiency and corruption. On Tuesday, October 23rd, nearly every small shop and independent business in Italy shut down for twenty-four hours while the proprietors took to the streets to give voice to their objections. They made it clear that their indignation would have political consequences. "If they exasperate us," declared Giuseppe Orlando, the president of Confcommercio, the national organization of small-business owners, "we will transform ten million votes into as many blank ballots." The message was not lost on the politicians, many of whom, in all the major parties, including the Communist, derive their support from the embattled and well-organized white-collar class. The Visentini fiscal package immediately came under fire in both the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies, with "sharpshooters" from both the left and the right sniping at the bill and urging fairly drastic changes. Alarmed by the attack on the bill, the unions began to stage demonstrations, rallies, protest marches, and, in some cases, strikes of their own to emphasize their displeasure. The shopkeepers continued to "pull down their shutters" periodically, and by the end of November it began to seem as if Signor Craxi's coalition, which was already precarious, might unravel at any moment, and so cause his government to fall, and precipitate another of the many political crises that have plagued the nation over the past three decades.

At last, in mid-December, an only very slightly modified version of the reform bill was adopted by decree (pending final passage in Parliament after the Christmas recess). What had saved the day was the intransigence of Signor Visentini, a partly bald, dour-looking elder statesman, who by refusing to compromise emerged as the social conscience of the government. A member of the Republicans, a very small, slightly left-of-center lay party that commands less than five per cent of the vote in most national elections but has a reputation for integrity (it is the only party of significant size that has not been involved in any of the political and financial scandals that have afflicted the country in recent years), Signor Visentini proved to be immune to any form of political intimidation. The need for tax reform was overwhelming, he insisted, and the arguments against it largely frivolous and self-serving, and he had the numbers to prove it. Day after day, with cold logic and statistics, he demolished objections raised against the bill; then he announced that he would resign rather than alter it in any substantial way. His threat served to frighten many of the sharpshooters back into the ranks, for they knew that Visentini's departure would cause the very crisis that the government feared.

SINCE the middle of 1983, Italy has been governed by a coalition headed by Prime Minister Craxi, and his success in providing a measure of stability in public life undreamed of since the mid-fifties has made it clear even to his most determined enemies that he is a tough-minded, shrewd political manipulator. His Socialist Party commands only about twelve per cent of the vote, however, and so, under Italy's fragile system of proportional representation, he can stay in power only with the support of the Christian Democrats, who constitute the largest party, with about one-third of the electorate, and several smaller parties—the Republicans, the Liberals, the Social Democrats. He has managed to survive mainly because the Christian Democrats have been so weakened by internal squabbling and by scandals involving many of their leaders that they could not hope to put together a government today that had the outside support needed to form a working majority. The alternative to Craxi, therefore, would presumably be chaos, and, as the Christian Democrats see it, chaos could benefit only the Communists, Italy's second-largest party, who control the big labor unions, with their cadres of disciplined street demonstrators. It is a situation that Signor Craxi has known how to exploit—quietly, and by making the sorts of concessions, such as the awarding of ministerial portfolios, that are calculated to win him allies.

Nevertheless, for most Italians the world of politics remains, according to a recent national survey, a "black

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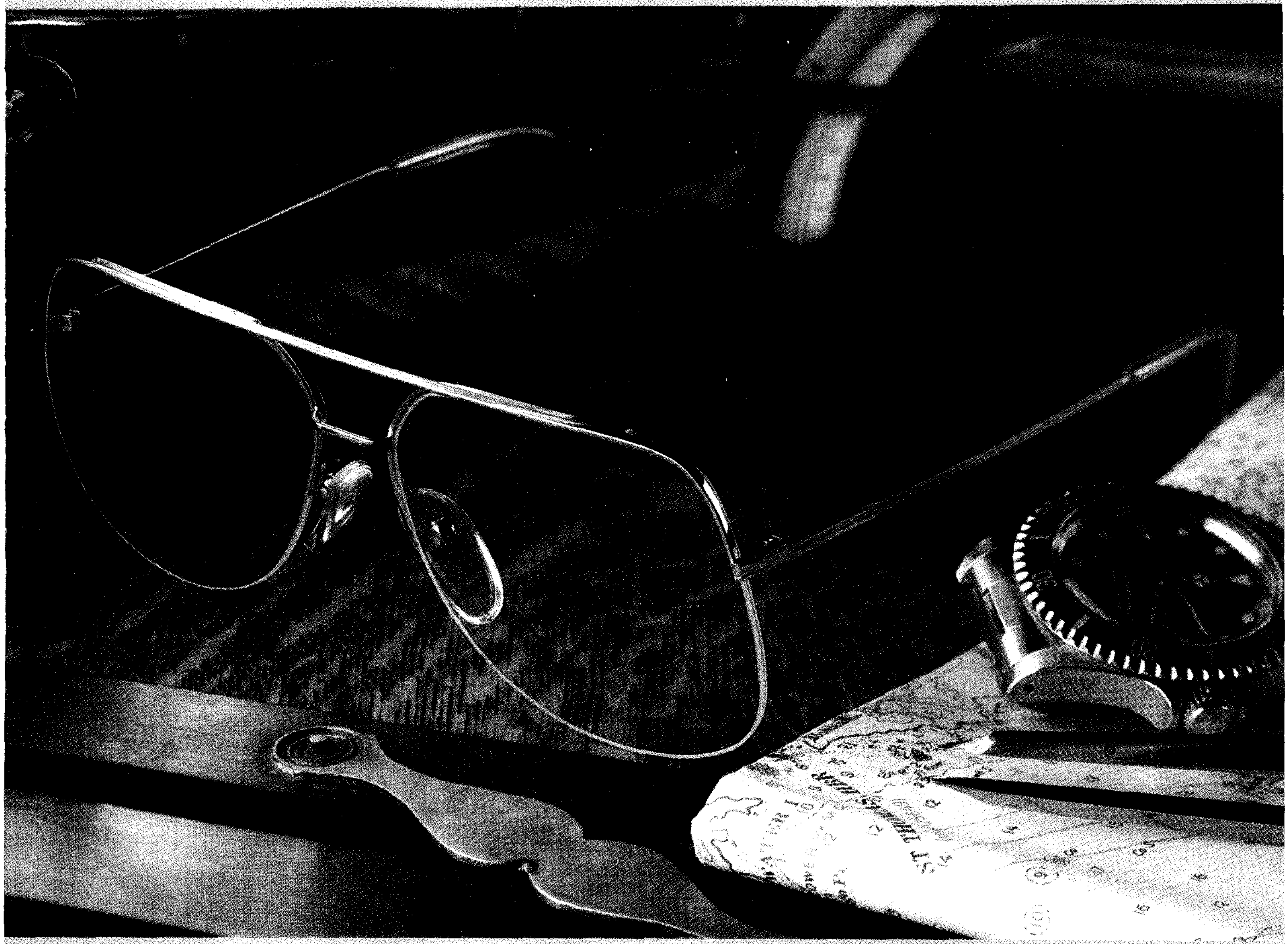

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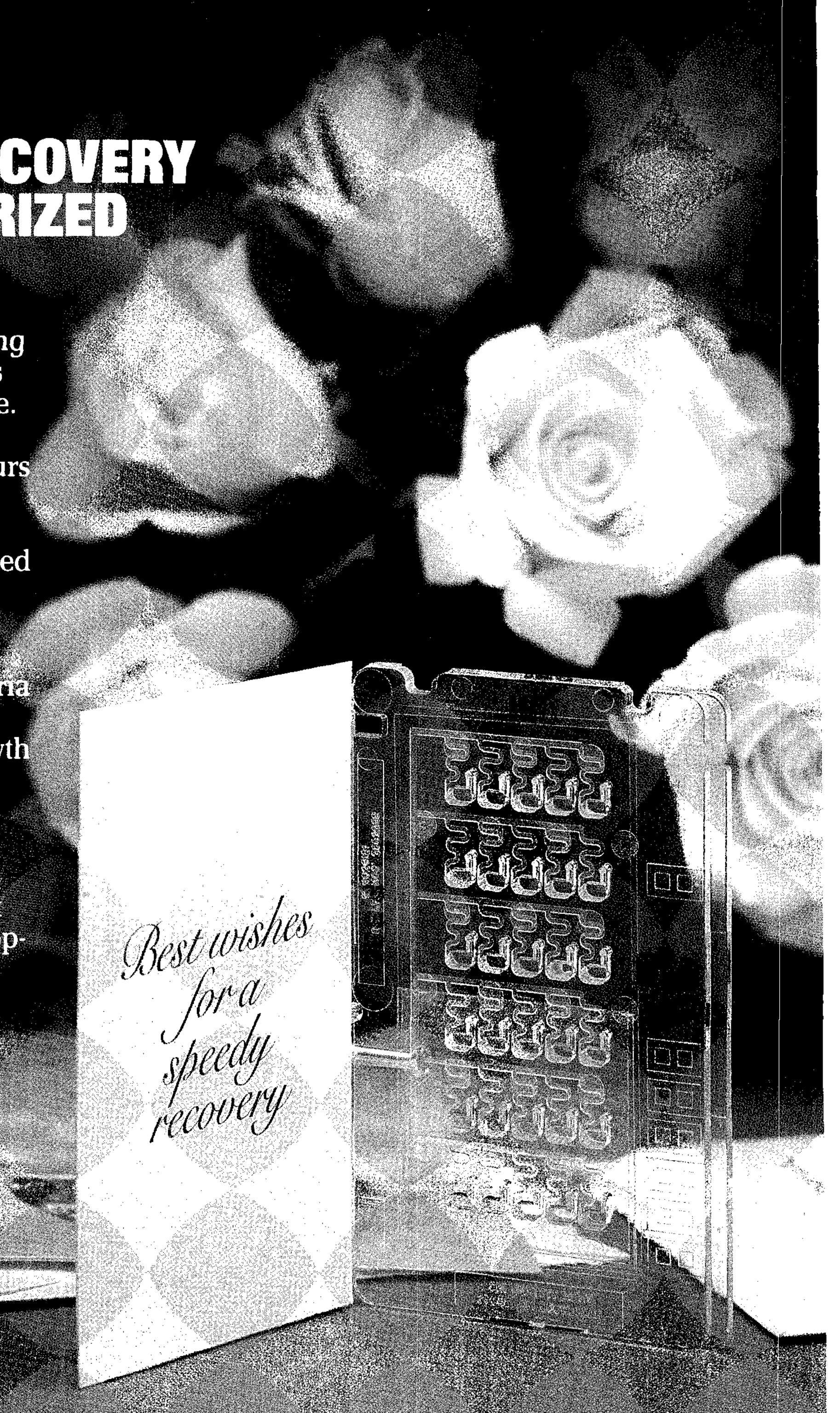

MCDONNELL DOUGLAS

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hole" in the social fabric. Thirty years of instability, with governments succeeding each other every few months, appears to have permanently disenchanted the vast majority of the citizens. They see the political parties as obsessed with their own survival, out of touch with the real needs of the people they are supposed to serve, and incapable of effectively alleviating even the most pressing problems, such as unemployment, the drug traffic, inflation, housing, and the cost of energy. Craxi is looked upon as a forceful and decisive man, but it is felt that he has been rendered nearly powerless by the inert weight of the bureaucratic organism he heads. Despite his acknowledged ability to survive, his victory on the tax-reform bill, according to some political observers, may prove to be a Pyrrhic one. A highly regarded political commentator named Alberto Ronchey pointed out on the front page of the *Corriere della Sera* in late November that Craxi was doing what no other recent Italian Prime Minister had been able to do: he was taking a stand behind one of his own ministers in support of a measure that was unpopular with millions of middle-class voters, even though the position could prove to be politically risky. "The dam might hold," Ronchey concluded, "but the water could pour over it."

FOR a number of years now, the visitors who come to Rome to tour the city's celebrated archeological sites have frequently found themselves confronted by monuments that are all but hidden from view under scaffolding and protective panels, or even by an empty space instead of the famous statue or other artifact they have come to see. This unhappy situation exists because during the past decade restoration procedures have been necessary to safeguard most of the city's great treasures from the accelerating destructive effects of a polluted environment. Many structures, such as the Colosseum, the Pantheon, and most of the ancient forums, had been neglected for so long that they were beginning quite literally to fall to pieces, not only from the corrosive effects of chemicals spewed into the atmosphere by automobiles and industrial plants but also from the constant vibration of heavy traffic in the streets surrounding them. Fortunately, not all the rescue work has been carried out simultaneously, so it has always been possible to visit most of these sites without being disappointed—although, of course, Rome is such a cornucopia of antique wonders that no one could hope to glimpse in any one trip more than a tiny fraction of the marvels of the past that are on permanent display. An old friend of mine who has lived for many years in a rooftop apartment overlooking a section of the Trajan Forum maintains that he has never been able to take a walk through any part of the *centro storico* without seeing something—a fragment of a statue, a piece of an old column, a bit of an old wall, a portion of a temple embedded in a later structure—that he hadn't noticed before. "One life isn't enough for Rome," he once said.

The Romans themselves are so used to living in the midst of their open-air museum that they rarely complain about being deprived of a familiar view or shut off from a cherished monument. In fact, the abundance of wonders can become an inconvenience, especially when it conflicts with a public need. For instance, it is impossible to dig anywhere in Rome without uncovering an archeological relic of some kind, whereupon all work has to stop until experts from the Sovraintendenza ai Beni Archeologici (once known as the Commissione delle Belle Arti) show up to evaluate the find and decide whether to allow the job to proceed or to call in their own crews to unearth what may be another prize to add to the existing heap. After the Second World War, it took the city twenty years to complete its subway system, partly because the excavators kept burrowing into layers of extinct civilizations and producing additional tons of valuable artifacts. The prolonged endeavor was romantically immortalized by Federico Fellini in his movie "Roma," but the construction delays angered those who had moved out of the crowded *centro* and were counting on the promised transportation system to whisk them swiftly to and from work. Similarly, the city's announced intention of eventually tearing up the Via dei Fori Imperiali, a main traffic artery that links the Colosseum to the Piazza di Venezia, in order to dig under it and convert the whole area into a huge archeological park has annoyed those who use the avenue daily and would be forced to detour through the narrow side streets. "Rome is a living city, not only a museum for the dead," a woman who lives on the Colle Oppio, near the Colosseum, recently told a visitor. "I don't like the idea that I am living in a ruin."

The ongoing struggle for space between the living and the dead is one that nobody seems to have been able to mitigate. The municipal government has recently been making use of such monuments as the Circus Maximus and the Colosseum for contemporary cultural events—concerts, and exhibitions of various kinds—and modern-art shows have been held in the Castel Sant'Angelo and the Capitoline Museum. A few weeks ago, a fashion show was staged on a temporary ramp built over the pool of the Trevi Fountain. Some people have criticized these ventures as a misuse of the city's patrimony. "After decades of neglect by the state and the municipality, Rome does not have the necessary exhibition spaces," a well-known commentator named Antonio Cederna observed in *L'Espresso* not long ago, "and so the contemporary art shows (De Chirico, Warhol, Klimt, Schiele, etc.) are put on in the museums of the Campidoglio, hiding Titian, Lotto, Caravaggio, Rubens, Guercino, or in Castel Sant'Angelo, which ought instead to become a museum in itself." Cederna went on to point out that quite a few palazzi and other monuments are currently being occupied by groups of people who don't belong in them and who exploit them for dubious purposes. This year, for example, the seventeenth-century Villa Doria Pamphili, spectacularly situated in a public park on the Janiculum, overlooking all of Rome, was taken over for six months by the European Community, probably to the detriment of what Cederna calls its "architectural and environmental integrity." The baroque Palazzo Barberini is the seat of an officers' club, which gives parties and puts on private functions in rooms that ought to be devoted to the palazzo's other occupant—the National Gallery of Ancient Art, with its three thousand pictures, dating from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. The seventy-seven rooms of the Torlonia Museum once housed six hundred sculptures, constituting one of the most important private collections of such works, but now the museum's owners have converted the rooms into small private apartments, and the statues are relegat-

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What many experts feel to be the most painful case of neglect is that of the so-called Antiquarium Comunale, which has been looking for a permanent home ever since it was put together, over forty years ago. The Antiquarium consists of about sixty thousand objects of bronze, terra-cotta, iron, ivory, glass, and marble, many of them unearthed during the furious digging and construction that took place in the late nineteenth century, shortly after Rome became the capital of a united Italy. Among the pieces are table utensils, toilet articles, surgical instruments, agricultural tools, weights and measures, toys, dolls, oil lamps, writing materials, jewels, funerary equipment, votive offerings, slave collars, even tickets to theatrical events—all the appurtenances and bric-a-brac of daily life in ancient Rome, going back to the very earliest historical periods. For a while, part of the Antiquarium was on temporary display in borrowed space in a museum, but in recent years the collection, packed in boxes and crates, has been stored in warehouses and cellars all over the city. Although from time to time some objects from the Antiquarium are included in various special exhibitions mounted by the Capitoline Museum, most of the collection continues to languish unseen. One of the country's many talents, Cederna noted with sarcasm, is a sort of "archeology in reverse, which reburies what has been brought to light from the past."

An exception to the general indifference with which most Romans seem to regard the remnants of their city's past glory is the equestrian statue of Emperor Marcus Aurelius, which until four years ago had stood for more than four centuries in the Piazza del Campidoglio, on the pedestal designed for it by Michelangelo. After nearly two thousand years, the Marcus Aurelius, the only Roman equestrian bronze to have survived the millennia, has become, along with the Colosseum and the statue in the Capitoline Museum of the Roman she-wolf suckling Romulus and Remus, the very symbol of the city itself. When the giant horse and the figure of the great emperor—bearded, curly-haired, and riding forward, his right hand outstretched as if in benediction—had to be removed for restoration and preservation, the event was sadly commented upon in the press, mainly as another cruel manifestation of the damage inflicted on the past by the heedless demands of a modern industrial society. Since its removal, the statue has been housed in the ground-floor main hall of the Istituto Centrale del Restauro, where it has undergone literally thousands of scientific tests to determine its condition and what can be done to repair it and also protect it from future decay. In mid-December of last year, the institute was opened to the general public for two months, so that people could drop in to see the statue and find out for themselves how it was getting along. The special exhibition was mounted under the supervision of Signora Alessandra Melucco, who is the restoration project's chief archeologist, and she prepared an outline documenting the history of the monument, which included a detailed description of its recent afflictions. The actual work of restoration began in mid-February, after the closing of the show, and is expected to take at least two more years.

When it was first announced, in 1980, that the monument was "sick" and in urgent need of attention, there was considerable controversy over what its eventual fate should be. A number of experts and art historians contended that it would be too risky to return it to the Campidoglio, where it would once more be exposed to the exhaust fumes of the traffic below and to possible vandalism. (A few years ago, a terrorist bomb severely damaged the Renaissance façade of the Palazzo Senatorio, behind the statue.) One proposal was that a copy be substituted for the original, which would then be put on permanent exhibition indoors somewhere—perhaps in the nearby Capitoline Museum. Another called for the installation of an entirely different sculpture in the statue's old place—something modern and more in tune with the times. The public response to the debate in the press revealed an overwhelming sentiment in favor of bringing the beloved statue back to its familiar spot. An ancient prophecy has it that the city will survive as long as the Colosseum stands, but for many people Rome will not be Rome again until Marcus Aurelius is back on his horse above the city he once ruled. —William Murray

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

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DANCING

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WE have feet, two of them, although it is the fantasy of certain dance forms to pretend otherwise. Classical ballet keeps removing one foot from the ground or both together, as if to suggest that the classical dancer's element is other than earth. In tap dancing, the body has multiple feet covering ground; in flamenco, its compressed bipedal force drills to the center of the earth. But the triumph of bipedalism is in social dances like the waltz and the tango. Here the illusion is of four feet pretending to be two. The waltz, with its three-beat phrase, makes a drama of balance. Weight is continually suspended, as if it could somehow be abolished, leaving us free to float. The tango, in four beats, offers no such incentive to keep moving. As an image of destiny, it is tragic rather than poignant, a dance in which we confront our mortality, luxuriate in it, but do not transcend it.

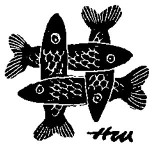
More than any other Latin dance, the tango exalts sensuality and sexual energy. But its eroticism—that cruel, insinuating grace made famous in thousands of theatrical portrayals—has been much exaggerated. The tango is a magical, captivating dance, as capable of laughter and sociability as it is of deep erotic emotion. Its variety was the subject of "Tango Argentino," a show from Buenos Aires that appeared at the City Center for one week at the end of June and set off a minor uproar at the box office. That there already exists a sizable audience in New York for this kind of entertainment was one surprise. Another was what happened when word got around: the theatre had to throw open its second balcony. Strictly speaking, "Tango Argentino" was a concert, not a show. Number followed number with nothing in between; there were no frills or diversions. The only spectacle was the tango, flowing like a river through endless permutations, provocative and discreet, hot and cool, riotous and austere. The dancers were all professional ballroom-style dancers, and they worked most of the time in teams. Each team had its own style and repertory, evolved from a common base. Some of the basic steps were familiar; many were not. The most unfamiliar, because censorable, aspect of the tango is the use of legwork to involve partners below the waist. Men and women alike do slow ronds de jambe that sweep along the ground and invade the leg space of the partner, or rapid ones that whip the air, pausing for an instant as the legs hook together. Since it's the so-to-speak legless tango that has been approved for worldwide popular consumption, it was something of a revelation to see this leg language in fully developed form—to see how articulate and graceful, how sensual without being salacious it is.

"Tango Argentino" was unstintingly first-rate in every department. Four *bandoneones*—Argentine accordions—poured their hoarse, corrugated sound into some thirty compositions, elegantly arranged against a background of strings. The format for the dances was a historical survey conducted without a shadow of pedantry. It began with women in bustles and men in flat-brimmed hats and white silk scarves meeting in a spotlight. All the costumes, from the chemises and tuxedos of the twenties to modern-day ballroom dress, were strikingly beautiful; the colors were black, white, gray, or silver. The designers, Claudio Segovia and Héctor Orezzoli, were also the producers of the show, which explains its exceptional unity of taste. For the twenties segment, the choreographer Juan Carlos Copes staged a tango drama about a girl from the slums who, seduced by a local bravo, ends in a brothel where tangoistas of every type, including a lesbian madam, await her. Amazingly, this vignette is played wholly for its dance values and gets away with it, reaching a kind of metallic perfection that stands apart from yet blends in with the rest of the show's style.

The tango is said to have originated in the working-class districts of Buenos Aires toward the end of the nineteenth century. Whatever it may be to the world, to Argentines it is a national art form, and it is a song as well as a dance. The singers in the show, uniformly spellbinding, were mature, substantial-looking folks who sang inconsolably of shame and pain and despair and plain bad luck: "When you want to put the last bullet in your pistol into your head, it won't fire." The greatest of all tango singers, Carlos Gardel, has been dead for fifty years and is still a national symbol. His most famous line, uttered in a movie, is "My life is a bad script." A current idol (to judge by the audience's response), the venerable Roberto Goyeneche, came on late in the evening and sang three songs in a row. The last: "Life is an absurd wound." These bitter pills of tango philosophy are dispensed as nuggets of wisdom, and toward the end of Goyeneche's seminar I began to gag. The songs are the raw heart of the tango, and the dances are its heart's blood, racing through the body, hot with life.

THE show "Singin' in the Rain" is better danced than the movie —quite a feat, considering that dancers on the stage don't have the advantage that movie dancers have of attacking a number in installments, splicing the results from different takes, and post-syncing their taps. We can make the comparison because "Fit as a Fiddle," "Moses Supposes," "Good Mornin'," and the title number are staged exactly as they were in the film; only "Good Mornin' " is abridged. But although Don Correia and Peter Slutsker and Mary D'Arcy have the stamina and technique that Gene Kelly and Donald O'Connor and Debbie Reynolds didn't have, or didn't need in order to get through their dances, all but one of the quoted numbers fail to come across with the vitality they have in the film. The exception is "Fit as a Fiddle," and it works because the choreography is clever and funny in its own right and because in the movie it was done on a stage, as the vaudeville act of the two hoofers played by Kelly and O'Connor. The other numbers need the distinctive interpretation that the movie's stars brought to them or they need movie space, movie fluidity, movie effects.

Take Kelly's solo in the rain, a signature number if there ever was one. A less literal alternative would have been to stage it not as a solo but as an extension of one, with a shadow chorus reproducing "Kelly" over and over and resonating through the theatre like the memory that Kelly in this number has become—"imprinted," as Brendan Gill said here last week, "on the brains of nearly all living Americans." I like the movie more as a comedy than as a musical, and more as an institution than as a comedy. Every time I see it, I feel the thrill of the hit that Kelly's big solo already was, right there on the set while it was being filmed; I can almost see its status escalating over the years from hit to classic to myth. And it was this feeling of escalation that I wanted from the stage show even more than I wanted the number itself. In Gene Kelly's era and before, when movies were the No. 1 mass medium, the escalation would sometimes take place almost immediately. Astaire became in an extraordinarily short time a myth who *behaved* like a myth, dancing with multiple images of himself or of Ginger Rogers. In one of Kelly's very first movie solos, "Alter-Ego" in "Cover Girl," he danced in double exposure. Instant myth. Before Astaire and Kelly there was Mickey Mouse, and before that there were Méliès and Keaton, optically reproducing themselves to spectral effect, and long before either there was Harlequin and his millions—of Harlequins. Movies, with their techniques of replication—with their instrumentality, which *was* replication—broadened to infinity the mythological implications of theatre.



The escalation of hits into myths used to be faster, but now it goes deeper. The culture has interiorized show-business success stories to such an extent that shows like "A Chorus Line" can be produced and can run for ten years without a star. Indeed, starlessness is the whole point of "A Chorus Line." It's the musical of the Me Generation: everybody in it is Gene Kelly. What, then, is the point of reviving "Singin' in the Rain" on the stage in the post-"Chorus Line" era if it is not to commemorate a show-business myth? Beside that myth, the actual content of "Singin' in the Rain" is insignificant, and anyway it belongs inseparably to the movie that was made in 1952. But it is the actual content of the movie that we are faced with in the stage show, which has been choreographed and directed by Twyla Tharp in a spirit half reverent and half remedial. She inserts her own choreography, for the most part, in those places where the movie fails to shine; namely, in its satires of the big production numbers of the early-sound period. She replaces the fashion show to "Beautiful Girl" with a medley of the classier types of stage acts—toy-soldier choruses, acrobatic adagio teams, and the like—that lent their miscellaneous energy to such movies as "Hollywood Revue of 1929," the first M-G-M film to use the song "Singin' in the Rain," with the cast in yellow slickers. Tharp's reconstructions are a little too lovingly detailed to be forceful as satire, and they accumulate without building to a climax. Just how or why these acts worked or failed to work in the talkies is a point that gets lost in the scrimmage, but it is a larger point than can be made by choreography and staging alone. The book, adapted by Betty Comden and Adolph Green from their screenplay, doesn't set up the number; it doesn't give us any sense of the eager amateurism and messy experimentation of the era beyond those scenes that were in the movie—Lina Lamont being wired for sound and slipping out of sync. We get those scenes all over again. The beauty of the screenplay was the way it presented the comedy of early sound from the technical viewpoint of the movies. But that era saw clashes between the stage and the screen which were just as fateful as those between the silents and the talkies. A "Singin' in the Rain" properly written for the stage would have presented some of its transitional cacophony from a different angle. Too much of the burden of translating the movie into a stage show has been assumed by Twyla Tharp. There's a glimmer of inspiration when, during Lina's elocution lessons, the cast breaks out in an elaboration of "Moses Supposes" which expands her agony into a communal seizure. It's like the beginning of the "Rain in Spain" number in "My Fair Lady," and it might have been expanded still further, into a general distemper affecting the entire movie industry.

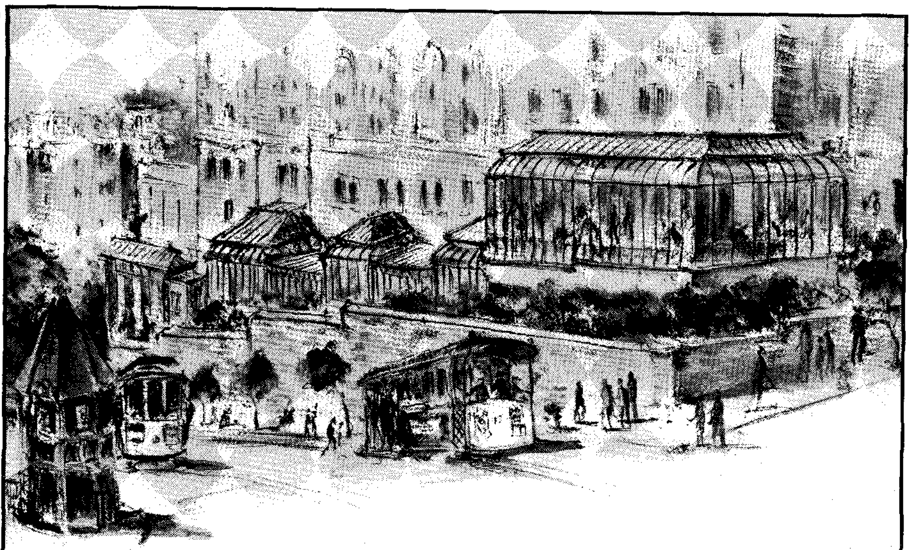
Staying so close to the movie means too many short numbers and not enough scaffolding for the big ones—especially those not in the movie. The other monster number, entirely devised by Tharp, corresponds to the "Broadway Melody"–"Broadway Rhythm" number, wherein Kelly as a young hoofer arrives on Broadway and works his way up to hoofer's paradise, which in 1952 meant a ballet with Cyd Charisse. Along the way, there were references to movie history—Kelly's Harold Lloyd glasses, an iniquitous den with a George Raft gangster flipping a quarter, and Charisse in a Louise Brooks hairdo. (I get this number mixed up in memory with the movie's opening, which recounts Kelly's rise to stardom; it's also easy to confuse with the "Girl Hunt" ballet in "The Band Wagon.") But there wasn't a single reference to the French-revolutionary setting of "The Duelling Cavalier," the doomed silent work-in-progress which Kelly and his pals were supposed to be saving with the songs and dances that *this* number represents. We got Donald O'Connor explaining how it was all going to work—the hero, in a modern setting, is brained and wakes up in the eighteenth century—but we didn't get the followup, possibly because the explanation was really another of the movie's in-jokes. Just nine years before, M-G-M had released "DuBarry Was a Lady," with a similar plot, and with Gene Kelly in the smallish role of a duelling cavalier called the Black Arrow. The Tharp version corrects the movie's failure to tie the number in with "The Duelling Cavalier;" French peasants, we are told, can dance, can be risqué, can be anything you want them to be. We even see the end of the finished movie—now "The Dancing Cavalier"—on a screen, with all the characters gathered in a tableau, singing "Would You?" But the number itself, though it blazes with energy, is as much a farrago as the Kelly number it replaces. Dancers in eighteenth-century costumes frolic in the countryside, clog-dancing, tap-dancing, anything-you-want-dancing; then the scene changes, as it does in the movie, to a low dive, and while a singer (Laurie Williamson) wails "Blue Prelude" Correia dances a sexy pas de deux with Shelley Washington, this production's Cyd Charisse. A fight breaks out, surrealistic figures glide by on roller skates, and finally, as if exploding from the pressure of non sequiturs, comes the climax: the whole cast erupts in a killer rendition of "Broadway Rhythm" ("Gotta dance!")—still wearing eighteenth-century dress.

Even the raptest admirers of the movie "Singin' in the Rain" admit that its climactic production number is its weak point, but Tharp has done a remodelling job that heightens the weaknesses—the abrupt switches in locale, in mood, in style—as if those were the things she liked best or thought intrinsic to movie choreography. Throughout the show, she has kept hold of the scene-by-scene content of the movie; here she throws out the content but reproduces the form—a kind of freewheeling permissiveness that wasn't so much intrinsic as endemic to movie choreography in the fifties. Two years after 'Singin' in the

Rain," the whole business was sent up in "Somewhere There's a Someone," the song Judy Garland does in her living room in "A Star Is Born."

But Tharp's killer number, misguided as it is, has some of the clotted fantasy and furious intensity of her ballets. (Its starting point may actually have been something envisioned for "Amadeus.") And this production of "Singin' in the Rain," misguided as *it* is, is still a lively and pleasant show. If you put it beside "42nd Street," for my money the only other lively and pleasant show on Broadway, you see that a movie musical becomes a stage musical chiefly by having been one at heart. Gower Champion, the director of "42nd Street," subtracted the camera from Busby Berkeley's dances, and they promptly reverted to the extravaganzas they had been in the theatre. Champion showed that Berkeley's qualities of excess, illogical logic, wit without humor, and variation without variety worked just as legibly on the stage. The show became a success by putting an ironic distance between us and the urgency of the plot—not a hard thing to do. (As Pauline Kael has written, "it's surprising how organic the clichés once were.") But the show of "Singin' in the Rain," besides being hung up on the movies, has no irony—not even the irony with which Comden and Green originally viewed the scene they wrote about. Kelly's wonderfully fatuous, self-adoring movie actor is gone. When Correia's Don Lockwood dances "Beautiful Girl" with a bevy of fans (a number not in the film), he's much straighter than Kelly would have been, and he's no match for Lina, the only nasty person in Hollywood. Twyla Tharp softens Hollywood in the twenties just as she neatens up the connections between "The Dancing Cavalier" and the climactic production number. A child of the fifties, she grew up in an era when the cynicism of musicals like "42nd Street"—*every man has his price, all a woman wants is to be kept*—had been muted on the stage as well as on the screen by the dictates of family entertainment. With Comden and Green, those witty high-school kids, she has made a pretty, cozy, childish show—one that may actually suit the current mood of innocence regained better than "42nd Street" or "A Chorus Line." In a season whose greatest musical hits have been "Big River" and "The King and I," it deserves to be noticed.

—Arlene Croce



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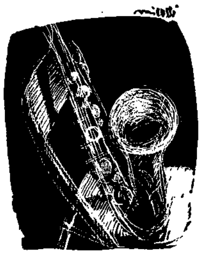
FRIDAY, JUNE 21ST: The avant-garde concerts that Verna Gillis has produced during the past five years for the Kool Jazz Festival, which began today, have been moved from Irving Plaza, at Fourteenth Street, to St. Peter's Church, in the Citicorp Building. The first of four concerts was opened tonight by Walt Dickerson, a fifty-four-year-old vibraphonist from Philadelphia. Dickerson, who hasn't played much in New York in recent years, arrived here in 1960, was heralded as the most important vibraphonist since Milt Jackson, and moved on to Europe. He plays very softly, using small rubber mallets instead of felt ones, and he covers the instrument with sprays of sixteenth notes, delivered at the speed of a sandpiper's legs and isolated by silences or pools of reverberating Milt Jackson notes. He did what appeared to be one forty-five-minute piece, divided into short sections. The cumulative effect was miniaturist, skittery, and lyrical. He was accompanied by the bassist Doug Christner, who supplied unison and harmonic lines or laid out and watched the notes swarm.



The singer Carmen Lundy, accompanied by Harry Whittaker on piano, Curtis Lundy on bass, and Victor Lewis on drums, took up the second half of the concert. She sang a dozen or so numbers by such as Jobim, Stevie Wonder, Cole Porter, George Benson, and Jerome Kern, and she was hindered throughout by poor acoustics. (That man's beseeching sounds tend to evaporate as they rise in His churches is one of God's meanest jokes.) The drummer and bassist overpowered her, and even when they rested she blared or echoed. It was nonetheless clear that she is a good singer. She has a strong contralto and sure pitch, and her distortions of melody and lyrics (she falls somewhere between Betty Carter and Sarah Vaughan) seemed to be exactly what she wanted them to be.

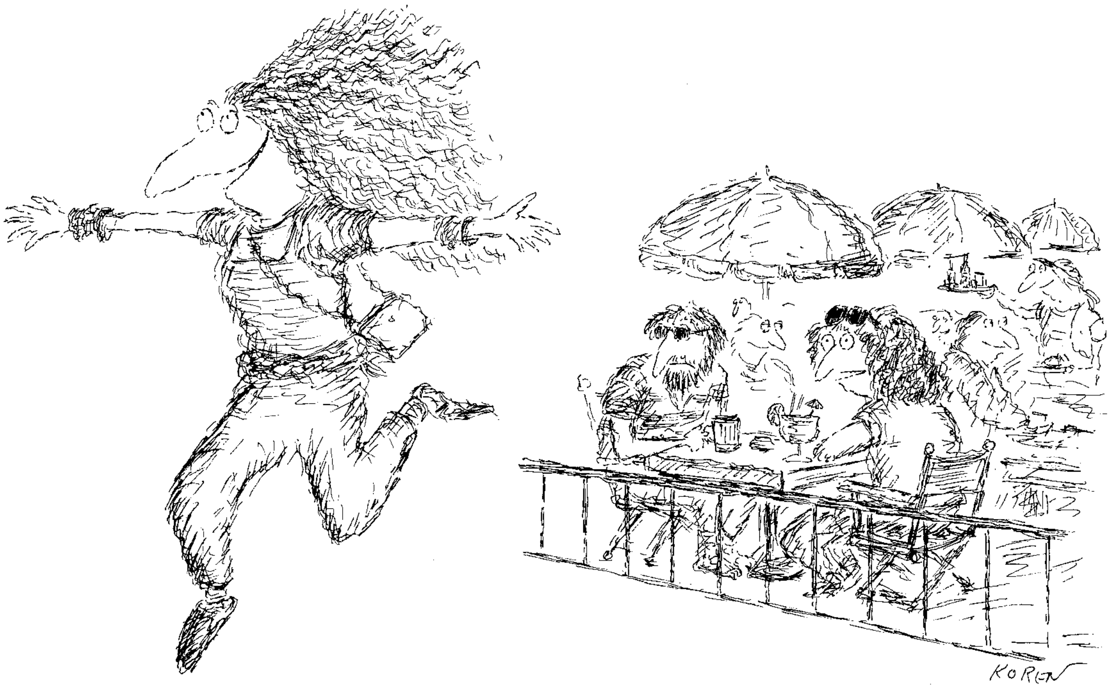
Marian McPartland gave the first of the Festival's one-hour solo piano concerts in Carnegie Recital Hall late this afternoon. Her program was thoughtful—Duke Ellington's tricky, funny "The Clothèd Woman," a blues, a John Coltrane number, Johnny Mandel's fine "Emily," her own "Ambience," Alec Wilder's "I'll Be Around," "I Hear a Rhapsody," Ahmad Jamal's pretty, steplike "Without You," Bob Haggart's elegant blues "My Inspiration," Cole Porter's "From This Moment On," and "Royal Garden Blues." But almost every selection was submerged in thick chords and deep bass figures—these last resembling Dave McKenna's left-hand drone. Whenever an improvised single-note melodic line came into view, it would be caught from behind by a chordal wave. Presenting jazz pianists alone, as pure and elevated as it may seem, rarely works. Without rhythmic support, they tend to turn into rhapsodists.

JUNE 22ND: The principal difference between Carla Bley's and Archie Shepp's avant-garde ensembles of twenty years ago and David Murray's big band (his octet plus three) is that Murray has replaced the satiric pokes Bley and Shepp took at earlier jazz with admiration, and even with reverence. Time and again, one hears in his compositions and arrangements his respect for Sidney Bechet and Duke Ellington and Charles Mingus, and hears in his own playing his respect for Ben Webster and Paul Gonsalves. Murray, who is just thirty (he looks like Ben Webster at the same age), grew up on Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman and Albert Ayler, and their harmonic and rhythmic and improvisational investigations overlay his music. They tint his vision of what Bechet and Ellington and Mingus were. He loves Ellington's harmony and odd instrumental combinations—particularly as they evolved in his last versions of, say, "Caravan," which became more and more acidulous harmonically. (Hear Murray's "Terror.") He uses Mingus's accelerando and decelerando, and his "free" ensembles, in which the instrumental voices sound as if they were arguing amiably. (Hear Murray's "Train Whistle.") He borrows the stampeding quality at the heart of much of Bechet's music in the thirties and forties. (Hear Murray's "Bechet's Stomps," in which, however, he mistakenly uses two-beat rhythms; Bechet was a four-to-the-bar man.) All this was vigorously on view tonight at Town Hall, where Murray's big band gave its first concert. In the band were Murray on tenor saxophone and bass clarinet, Baikida Carroll and Olu Dara on trumpet and cornet, Steve Coleman and John Purcell on alto saxophone, flute, and clarinet, Craig Harris on trombone, Bob Stewart on tuba, Vincent Chancy on horn, John Hicks on piano, Fred Hopkins on bass, and Marvin (Smitty) Smith on drums. Six of the eight numbers were by Murray and the rest by Lawrence (Butch) Morris, who conducted. Morris has great freedom. He decides when to bring in the background figures, what combinations they will play in and for how long, and what the background dynamics will be. This fluid "arranging" makes each version of a Murray piece different from the last, and is akin to the old "head" arrangements used by the big bands of the thirties and forties. The most impressive soloists were Murray, who plays passionately but has not yet successfully bridged the gap between his Albert Ayler squeals and his Paul Gonsalves hymns; Harris, a rough, bumptious player who recalls the J. C. Higginbotham of 1929; and Olu Dara, who has a singing tone and a way of cushioning his notes with silence. Purcell, Chancy, and Stewart were not far behind. (Some of the soloists—Murray included—went on too long, and strained the group's sumptuous collective fabric.) Murray is doing important work.

George Wallington, one of the early bebop pianists, came out of a long Florida retirement to appear in Carnegie Recital Hall this afternoon. Bop pianists especially need rhythmic undergirding; one of the first things they did in the forties was to turn over the rhythmic duties of the left hand to their bassists and drummers. To compensate, Wallington used thunderous left-hand chords, which obliterated his lively right-hand Bud Powell figures. Worse, he played only his own original songs and didn't tell us what he was doing. Jazz fans relish the shock of melodic recognition, and when it doesn't come they grow disoriented and gloomy.

JUNE 23RD: Dave Frishberg the skinny, promising house pianist at the old Half Note twenty years ago has long since become Dave Frishberg the unique and successful pianist-songwriter-singer. This Frishberg writes very funny lyrics, usually with a topical or autobiographical bent, which descend from Gilbert, Porter, Hart, Mercer, and Burrows and are clothed in modest melodies, themselves often funny. Frishberg's most famous songs are probably "I'm Hip" (done with Bob Dorough), "Peel Me a Grape," "Van Lingle Mungo," "Sweet Kentucky Ham," "The Wheelers and Dealers," and "My Attorney Bernie," and they deal with life among the pacesetters and life as it once was. Frishberg has a clarion, vibratoless voice, and no one sings him better. This afternoon at Carnegie Recital Hall he did more than a dozen numbers, including "I'm Hip" ("I'm too much. I'm a gas! I am anything but middle-class") and "My Attorney Bernie," and also "Zanzibar," "Blizzard of Lies" (a list of the endless deceptions we practice on each other every day: "We'll send someone right out. Now this won't hurt a bit. He's in a meeting now. The coat's a perfect fit"), "The Dear Departed Past" ("Tomorrow wasn't built to last"), and "Do You Miss New York?" ("And do you ever run into that guy who used to be you?"). Frishberg is a fine two-handed pianist who has a way of making everything he plays fresh and valuable. Witness this afternoon his affecting medium-tempo version of Ellington's "The Mooche."

George Wein likes to build concerts around departed jazz musicians, and tonight, with the help of the record producer Orrin Keepnews, he did the guitarist Wes Montgomery, who died unexpectedly in 1968, at the age of forty-three. Montgomery was a charging, self-taught player who couldn't read music and used a thumb instead of a pick. (He was often said to be Charlie Christian's successor, which is like saying that Picasso replaced Cézanne.) At Carnegie Hall, we heard the guitarists Larry Coryell, Jim Hall, Kenny Burrell, Kevin Eubanks, and George Benson. Coryell, Hall, and Eubanks were accompanied by Tommy Flanagan, Ron Carter, and Jimmy Cobb; Burrell by Jimmy Smith and Grady Tate; and Benson by a ten-piece band. Coryell still lives in the diffuse world between rock and jazz, Hall never warmed up, Eubanks has a clanky sound, Burrell was dull, and Benson was slick. A flaccid evening.



"She must have come to terms with something."

JUNE 24TH: Another "tribute" concert, this one in honor of the dazzling, disordered Bud Powell, who died mad, aged forty-one, almost twenty years ago. Powell distilled his style from Art Tatum and Billy Kyle and from Charlie Parker and Dizzy Gillespie. It consisted of abrupt, electric single-note melodic lines in the right hand and pushing, monotonous offbeat chords and single notes in the left hand. His playing was deceptive. At fast tempos, which he loved, his galvanizing melodic lines gave the impression of great heat, even though they concealed a coldness, an inertness. At slow tempos, he sometimes verged on the lackadaisical. But Powell influenced nearly every jazz pianist who grew up in the late forties and early fifties, and, filtered through Bill Evans, he can still be heard everywhere. The concert tonight, held at Town Hall and arranged by Ira Gitler, was built around the pianists Walter Davis, Jr., Tommy Flanagan, George Wallington, Barry Harris, and Walter Bishop, Jr., all students of the Master. Davis appeared with the tenor saxophonist Jimmy Heath, Ron Carter, and the drummer Art Taylor; Flanagan with George Mraz and Taylor; Wallington (amazingly) again by himself; Harris with the bassist Marc Johnson and the drummer Leroy Williams; and Bishop with Jon Faddis, Heath, the alto saxophonist Jackie McLean, the baritone saxophonist Cecil Payne, Johnson, and Roy Haynes. Davis aped Powell in a colorless, insistent way. Wallington muddied him. Bishop was matter-of-fact. Flanagan, who also listened to Nat Cole and Hank Jones when he was coming up, was seraphic. And Harris, a sometimes stolid pianist, celebrated Powell with a surprising laid-back lyricism. (Bebop pianists stayed on top of the beat.) Harris, in fact, took the evening. He did an easy, clear-eyed version of Powell's "Celia," a medley of Powell tunes (Powell had a distinct gift for composing), and a lovely "Tea for Two," done just as Powell might have but couldn't have, because he lacked Harris's warmth and reverential hindsight. In the middle of the evening, we were shown forty minutes from a giant, unedited documentary film about Powell which was shot in France and Denmark in the fifties by Francis Paudras. We saw Powell playing in night clubs in Copenhagen and Paris, often with Kenny Clarke and the bassist Pierre Michelot; Powell endlessly walking in

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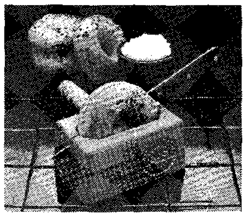

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a city and near a waterfront; Powell playing with Charles Mingus; and Powell and Thelonious Monk, their arms around each other. The occasional glimpses of Powell in repose, his eyes hooded and empty, his face stone, were chilling and indelible.

JUNE 25TH: Sarah Vaughan's beauties and faults are changeless and unchangeable. She has her majestic four-octave voice—a voice that is as full at the top as it is at the bottom. She has perfect pitch. She places her notes exactly where she wants to. She can carry melody purely and effortlessly, without being operatic. She has considerable improvisational skills. On the other side are her disregard for lyrics and melodies as written, her love of showing off, her lack of taste, and her little-girl bantering and between-songs carryings on. She did thirteen numbers at Carnegie Hall tonight, including fast, bopping versions of "There Will Never Be Another You," "Sweet Georgia Brown" (scat-sung), "Just Friends," and "From This Moment On." She did heavy readings of Tadd Dameron's winsome "If You Could See Me Now" and of "Sophisticated Lady" and "Send In the Clowns," which still belongs to Mabel Mercer, who understood that Sondheim's song, replete with theatrical elements, should be sung without embellishment. Once in a while, Sarah Vaughan squeezes herself into the song she is singing, and the effect can be matchless. She came closest tonight in "I'm Thru with Love," "East of the Sun," and "To Say Goodbye." She also pretended for eight or so bars in "Misty" that she was a man, singing in an operatic baritone. She got a big laugh.

JUNE 26TH: Most jazz musicians don't put it all together until they are around thirty. Then their technique catches up with their inspiration or their inspiration catches up with their technique, they absorb early models and influences and find their own voices, and they learn to swing. This axiom has been repeatedly tested by the young wizards, most of them in their early twenties, who have poured into New York in the past ten years, including George Lewis, Anthony Braxton, Scott Hamilton, Howard Alden, the Marsalis brothers, Michel Petrucciani, Terence Blanchard, Donald Harrison, Fred Hersch, and David Murray. These musicians already have more technique, musical awareness, and historical sense than many of their predecessors ever had. But most of them have revealed some lack or imbalance. This has been true even of the spectacular New Orleans contingent, many of whom appeared in Carnegie Hall tonight for a concert called "Young New Orleans." The trumpeter Terence Blanchard and the alto saxophonist Donald Harrison came on first, with Mulgrew Miller on piano, Phil Bowler on bass, and Ralph Peterson, Jr., on drums. They played five lengthy hard-bop numbers. Blanchard, who looks about fourteen, has a sweet tone and is out of Miles Davis and Art Farmer, and Harrison has listened to Coltrane and Ornette Coleman and Charlie Parker. Miller plays long, ropy single-note lines, and Peterson did not leave an accent unturned. The group's emotional level is low, and it never quite swung. It was followed by Kent Jordon, a flutist, who got off one smooth up-tempo number. He gave way to the Dirty Dozen Brass Band, a kind of marching band made up of two trumpets, a trombone, a tenor saxophone, a baritone saxophone, a snare drum, and a bass drum. It plays Monk and Ellington and Herbie Hancock and also old numbers like "Li'l Liza Jane" and "St. James Infirmary." It uses a lot of riffs, and its soloists tend to be edgy and staccato. The snare drummer, Jenell Marshall, who also serves as leader, is not as strong as he should be (a deeper snare drum and rimshots would help), and the group's refusal to jam any of its ensembles repeatedly leaves it at the edge of high merriment.

The second half of the evening was given over to the twenty-three-year-old grand master Wynton Marsalis, accompanied by Marcus Roberts on piano, Charnett Moffett on bass, and Jeffrey Watts on drums. He played two unidentified fast numbers, two ballads ("Lazy Afternoon" and "Dear Old Southland"), and "St. James Infirmary," and the glassy brilliance so evident when he first came up a couple of years ago had softened. Miles Davis is still clear in his playing, but tonight there was a lot of Rex Stewart, and even some Harry James. Marsalis played six or seven choruses of medium-tempo blues in his last number, and they suggested that he has begun to let his emotions mingle with his technique.

JUNE 27TH: Microscopic Septet and Curlew occupied the second of Verna Gillis's avant-garde concerts at

St. Peter's Church tonight. The Septet, which opened the evening, is made up of Joel Forrester on piano and Phillip Johnston on soprano saxophone (they are co-leaders, and write and arrange most of their material), Don Davis on alto saxophone, Paul Shapiro on tenor saxophone, Dave Sewelson on baritone saxophone, David Hofstra on bass, and Richard Dworkin on drums. The Septet has been together, jobs allowing, for seven years, and reflects the *nouvelle cuisine* that flavors so much modern jazz. This eclecticism is a many-colored style in itself. The Septet has been affected by Duke Ellington (in its voicings and in the work of Johnston and Davis, who suggest various sides of Johnny Hodges) and by the satiric doings of Carla Bley and Archie Shepp. It likes old blues riffs, free Ornette Coleman jamming, Charles Mingus tempo changes, and a steady four-four beat. It makes whinnying sounds and Queen Mary roars—devices that go back at least to the Original Dixieland Jazz Band. The group smiles a lot. This is distracting, for it seems that its members are laughing at themselves, at their materials, or at us. Or at all three. Forrester played only one short solo, and that was too bad.

Curlew is composed of George Cartwright on tenor saxophone, Fred Frith on electric bass and violin, Tom Cora on cello, and Pippin Barnett on drums. It is a fast-walking, lightweight version of the Art Ensemble of Chicago and of various Ornette Coleman groups. It plays dissonant birdsound ensembles, has Milford Graves drumming, some of it electronic, and is as solemn as the Microscopic Septet is jokey.

Meanwhile, at Carnegie Hall, Bobby Short was conducting a graceful tribute to Ethel Waters, who all but founded American popular singing. It involved Short, Carrie Smith, Rhetta Hughes, Nell Carter, Harold Nicholas, and Theresa Merritt. They sang over twenty Waters-associated songs, among them "Supper Time," "His Eye Is on the Sparrow," "Am I Blue?" "The Down Home Blues," the old Fields and McHugh 1928 "Porgy," and "Oh Daddy." Short, who did a handsome "Dinah," and Rhetta Hughes, who approximated Miss Waters' style, were in top form, and Nicholas both danced and sang. The accompaniment was provided by a band that included Warren Vaché, Kenny Davern, Dick Hyman, and

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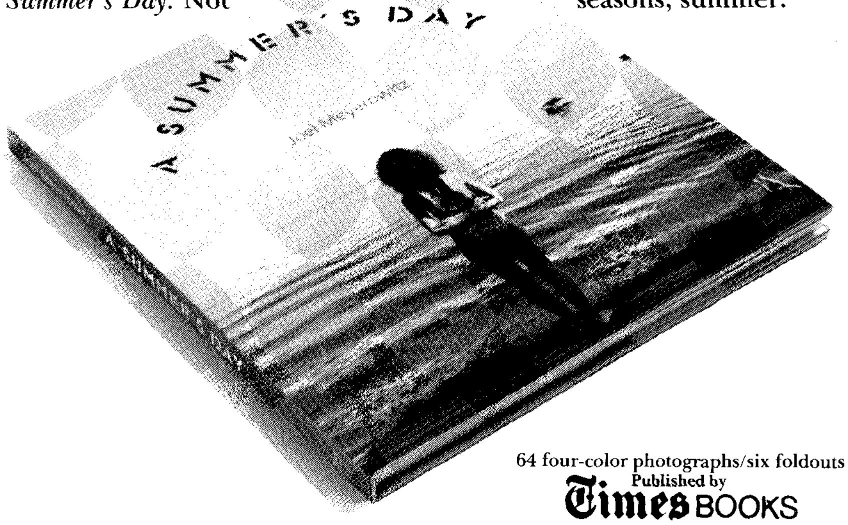

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Gus Johnson. Dick Wellstood and Hyman did a tumultuous duet on "I've Found a New Baby." There were also excerpts from four Waters movies—"Rufus Jones for President" (1933), "Bubbling Over" (1942), "Stage Door Canteen" (1943), and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943). All testified to Miss Waters' great beauty.

JUNE 28TH: It must be excruciating for Ray Charles to maintain the high emotional level that his way of singing demands. But he almost always does, and when he doesn't (two years ago at the Festival, on a bill shared with B. B. King) the façade stays in place, the sounds are right, the mood is at least approximate. Tonight, at Avery Fisher Hall, he sang ten songs, backed by his big band and by the Raelettes, and was resplendent. He did his anthems ("Busted," "I Can't Stop Loving You," "Georgia," and "What'd I Say"), and he did "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin'," "Some Enchanted Evening," and "How Long Has This Been Going On?," the last of which he converted into a cuckold's lament. He talk-sang through most of "Busted," and he did "Georgia" so slowly you could count its spokes. He also suspended a beautiful, arching falsetto over it. He made his renditions of "Oh, What a Beautiful Mornin' " and "Some Enchanted Evening" instances of funk ennobling bunk. And in "I Can't Help Loving You" he sang a jumble of melismatic notes in the first chorus which were so crowded and rich they gave off heat.

When Roland Hanna, that small, regal, expert pianist, appeared in Carnegie Recital Hall at the 1979 Festival, he leaned on his rhapsodic side. He also played a lot of his own compositions. He did both again there this afternoon. Five of the eight songs were his, and notable were the stately "After Paris," dedicated to Coleman Hawkins, and the larking "Century Rag," dedicated to Eubie Blake. Hanna sits straight and stock-still for some moments before each number, as if he were marshalling the notes he is about to play.

JUNE 29TH: John Lewis gave the last of the solo piano recitals this afternoon. Five of the thirteen numbers were his ("Delaunay's Dilemma," "Django," "Milano," "That Slavic Smile," "Afternoon in Paris"), and the rest included "St. Louis Blues," "Willow Weep for Me," "I Should Care," " 'Round Midnight," "Come Sunday," and two of the Bach preludes-with-improvisation that he has recently recorded. He played throughout with clarity, delicacy, humor, and great swing. It was, like everything he does, a model occasion.

In recent years, the Festival has broadened its scope to include certain downtown jazz clubs. Fat Tuesday's is one, and Phil Woods' quintet was there tonight. Woods, one of the best of Charlie Parker's descendants, has long had a quartet, with Hal Galper on piano, Steve Gilmore on bass, and Bill Goodwin on drums, but he has now added the trumpeter Tom Harrell, an elusive and exceptional player who suggests Fats Navarro. Tall and thin, Harrell stands onstage absolutely motionless, his head bowed and his eyes closed, his shoulders bent, and his trumpet hanging at his knees from crossed hands. When he plays, he raises his head, holds his trumpet straight in front of him, bends his knees slightly, and undulates slowly. He has a good tone, and uses almost no vibrato, giving his slow ballads a flat, ribbonlike quality. At medium and fast tempos, he shapes long, silvery melodic lines that move along just below his upper register and are interrupted by rests and by nice legato single notes. His agile Dizzy Gillespie runs are connective rather than for show. He never lets up, and he never loses his improvisational thread. His solos think. He was superior tonight, particularly on his own "Gratitude" and on a number called "Round About." Woods, who is primarily an alto saxophonist, played clarinet on a couple of numbers. He should play it more often; he sounds like Benny Carter.

Bradley's is not officially part of the Festival, but it is only a little south of Fat Tuesday's, and Tommy Flanagan and George Mraz were there tonight. Bradley Cunningham has instituted a policy of silence while the music is playing—a revolutionary move in a temple of noise. It worked tonight, and it seemed to have a sensational effect on Flanagan. He played with a knockabout invention and passion. He slammed into the beginning of each improvisation and into his reprises after the bass solo. His single-note lines surged, his chords gleamed, the wind was constantly at his back. Flanagan's first two sets were reminiscent of the exhilarating night at Bradley's during the 1974 Festival when Zoot Sims, armed only with Sidney, his soprano saxophone, took on Stan Getz for half a dozen numbers (they were accompanied by Jimmy Rowles and Horace Silver), and won.

JUNE 30TH: The Festival is dedicated this year to Max Gordon, the celebrated owner and mover of the Village Vanguard. A "jam session" was held there this afternoon in his honor, and three different groups played—one with Al Grey and Benny Powell on trombone, Cecil Bridgewater on trumpet, Tommy Flanagan, George Mraz, and Mel Lewis on drums; a duo with Lee Konitz on alto saxophone and Harold Danko on piano; and a neo-bop group with Jon Faddis on trumpet, Sonny Fortune on alto saxophone, Danko, Mraz, and Al Foster on drums. Max, who was present, seemed pleased. He said that a jam session had been held in his honor at Gracie Mansion on the opening day of the Festival and that Mayor Koch had shaken hands with him. He pointed to his right hand and said, "And this is the hand he shook."

Ruby Braff and Dick Hyman closed the Manhattan branch of the Festival with a concert at St. Peter's Church, and they played close to thirty numbers associated with Louis Armstrong, including "Nobody Else but You," "Beale Street Blues," "It's Wonderful," "You're a Lucky Guy," "I Double Dare You," "Blueberry Hill," and "Save It, Pretty Mama." Braff tends these days to pedal ceaselessly between his upper register and his cello tones, to merry-go-round effect. Hyman, who played both piano and organ, put forward a little James P. Johnson, a little Earl Hines, a little Teddy Wilson, and a little Fats Waller, and was his customary flawless self.

The Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation finishes its five-year sponsorship of the Festival this year, and to date no replacement has been found. Also, Carnegie Hall will be closed next summer for renovation. Perhaps this is a good time for George Wein to tighten ship. Nearly half the Festival was taken up by pop concerts, and much of the rest was tedious. Back to Newport, where the festive winds and rollicking moon made things go!

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

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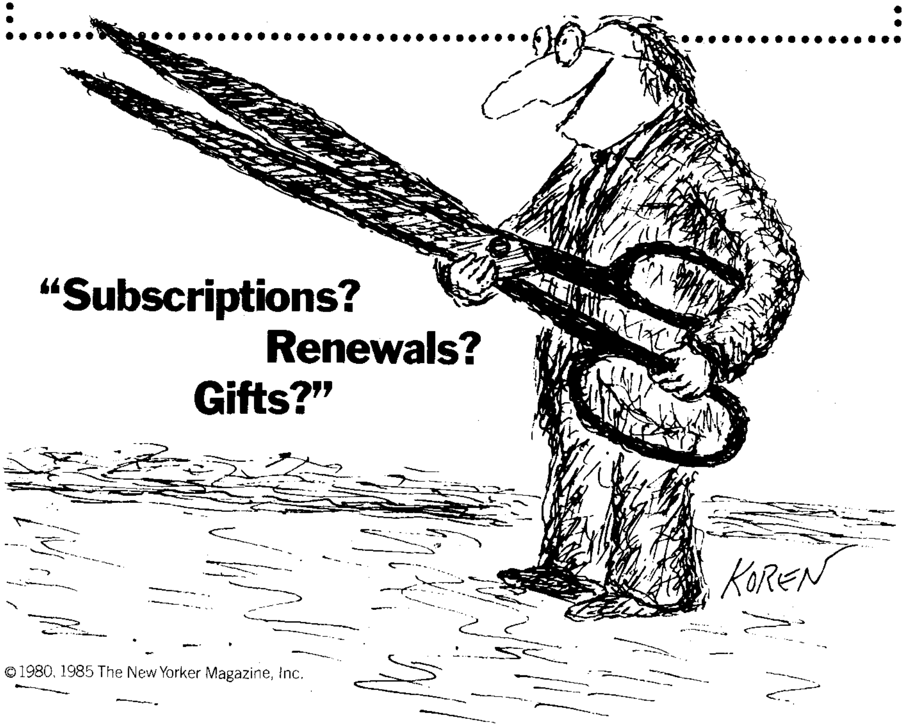
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BOOKS

A Pair of Parrots

WHAT is a novel? Increasingly, in these days of cavalier labelling, a novel seems to be whatever is called a novel, whether it is a collection of linked short stories ("Love Medicine," by Louise Erdrich; "Sarah Phillips," by Andrea Lee) or a pumped-up piece of reporting ("The Executioner's Song," by Norman Mailer). If "Flaubert's Parrot," by Julian Barnes (Knopf; $13.95), is, as its dust jacket shyly claims, "a novel in disguise . . . a novel that constantly surprises," it is the most strangely shaped specimen of its genre (that I have read) since Vladimir Nabokov's "Pale Fire." On the other hand, if it is a biographical-critical treatise on a dead writer, it is the oddest and most whimsical such since Nabokov's "Nikolai Gogol." The book, written by an English television critic in his late thirties, arrived on these shores heavily garlanded by British praise ("An intricate and delightful novel"—Graham Greene. "Endless food for thought, beautifully written"—Germaine Greer. "Handsomely the best novel published in England in 1984"—John Fowles) and quickly acquired a headful of American posies as well ("I read it with a continuing chuckle"—Leon Edel. "Delightful and enriching"—Joseph Heller. "A gem"—John Irving. "*Flaubert's Parrot, c'est moi!*"—Fran Lebowitz). The book is indeed conceived with a dashing originality and does impart a great deal of odd data about Flaubert: his statue in Trouville has lost some of its thigh and mustache; his brother Achille's doctoral thesis was titled "Some Considerations on the Moment of Operation on the Strangulated Hernia;" his novel "Salammbô" provided the name for a new brand of petit four; he sent camellias to the Empress Eugénie in 1864; he was born in such sickly condition that his father had a small grave dug in preparation for his body; his saliva was permanently blackened by mercury treatment for syphilis; his play "Le Candidat" was such a flop that the actors left the stage with tears in their eyes; he found a business card from Rouen at the top of the Great Pyramid of Cheops in 1849; he detested trains; he couldn't dance; he assured Louise Colet that he was thinking seriously of becoming a bandit in Smyrna; he did not appear on a French stamp until 1952; and in 1876, to facilitate his writing of "A Simple Heart"—which deals, of course, with a servant woman who in dying confuses a beloved pet parrot with the Holy Ghost—he borrowed from the Museum of Rouen a stuffed parrot, which can now be seen on exhibit in two separate sites, the Hôtel-Dieu in Rouen and Flaubert's writing pavilion in Croisset, both relics identified as the actual bird borrowed over a century ago. The novel consists, if "novel" and "consists" are not putting it too bluntly, of wide-ranging reflections tangential upon this curious parrot doubling as they occur in the mind of a Dr. Geoffrey Braithwaite, a sixty-plus-year-old Essex physician, widower, and ardent amateur Flaubertian who likes travelling to France and who participated in the Normandy invasion. Dr. Braithwaite, though verbal and clever to a fault, does not like to talk about himself, and pieces of his meagre self-description are still falling into place after page 100.

As an inventive and erudite treatise on Gustave Flaubert, "Flaubert's Parrot" is praiseworthy, hilarious in many of its details and yet serious in its search for clues to Flaubert's elusive and repellent character. Some of its facts and correlations should be news even to professors of Romance languages. The late Dr. Enid Starkie, "Flaubert's most exhaustive British biographer," comes in for several whacks, at her French accent as well as her scholarship, and though Jean-Paul Sartre's accent escapes criticism, his unfinished life of Flaubert does not. In a multiple sendup of academic techniques, Geoffrey Braithwaite, or his consonant creator Julian Barnes, finds an abundance of ways to skin the Flaubertian cat: various chapters consist of a three-hour examination paper, a "dictionary of accepted ideas" in echo of "Bouvard and Pécuchet," three chronologies of Flaubert's life (each with a different moral), a thorough inventory of bird and animal imagery in Flaubert's life and work, a survey of trains as they impinged and still impinge on his world, a definitive essay on Mme. Bovary's shifty eyes, an imaginary monologue by Louise Colet, an encounter with a mythical American college instructor who claims to have discovered and destroyed Flaubert's letters to the mysterious Juliet Herbert, and a listing of the numerous books that Flaubert thought of writing but didn't. In sum, all this scattered, avid attention fleshes out an image of "the first modern novelist" rather more heroic and lovable than the haughty customary daguerreotype; beyond that, a certain excitement over artistic workings is communicated by Mr. Barnes' elaborate, antic, clicking, shuddering apparatus of exposition.

But as a novel? What is, indeed, the story, with its beginning, middle, and end, of "Flaubert's Parrot"? The self-abnegation of the loquacious narrator ("Three stories contend within me. . . . My own is the simplest of the three—it hardly amounts to more than a convincing proof of my existence—and yet I find it the hardest to begin. . . . I hope you don't think I'm being enigmatic, by the way. If I'm irritating, it's probably because I'm embarrassed") implies shame, something to hide. Dr. Braithwaite's unspoken secret, the motive for his tantalizing coyness, presses behind his screen of Flaubertian trivia, and occasionally pokes through. He finds it suspiciously difficult to speak of his late wife, Ellen: "My wife . . . Not now, not now." His tongue teases the subject like a sore tooth: "As for my wife, she was not sensible. That was one of the last words anyone would apply to her. They inject soft cheeses, as I said, to stop them ripening too quickly." The story finally emerges, and shall be left unrevealed, except to say that Dr. Braithwaite's shame is not unlike that of another medical man, the *officier de santé* Charles Bovary. No doubt this helps account for his passionate interest in Flaubert and his masterpiece; no doubt we are meant retrospectively to see that his frantically resourceful discourse on the French author is a way of talking around his own life. A mask both hides the real face and conforms to it. Braithwaite's frequent denials ("Don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that Ellen's secret life led her into despair. For God's sake, her life is not a moral tale. No one's is") echo Flaubert's proud negations; Braithwaite's conspicuous shyness within his own narrative acts out Flaubert's famous dictum that "the author in his book must be like God in his universe, everywhere present and nowhere visible."

The artistic strategy of "Flaubert's Parrot" employs the ancient magical technique of substitution; just as in "Pale Fire" Kinbote reads his own mad life into John Shade's poem on quite another subject, Braithwaite smuggles his own tragedy into the facts about Flaubert. The effect is ingenious but not, quite, moving. The blatant forestallment of revelation begins to nag as well as tease; as one disparate chapter of mock scholarship succeeds another—each chapter a fresh insult, as it were, to our natural curiosity concerning the shadowy Braithwaite—readerly fatigue and irritation set in. By the time the narrator comes clean, we are tired of his voice, by turns arch, quarrelsome, curt, cute, and implausibly literary. Braithwaite's wickedly witty list of types of novels he wants banned is surely a London culturati's, not a provincial physician's, and some of the metaphors are foppishly spun out:

> The imagination doesn't crop annually like a reliable fruit tree. The writer has to gather whatever's there: sometimes too much, sometimes too little, sometimes nothing at all. And in the years of glut there is always a slatted wooden tray in some cool, dark attic, which the writer nervously visits from time to time; and yes, oh dear, while he's been hard at work downstairs, up in the attic there are puckering skins, warning spots, a sudden brown collapse and the sprouting of snowflakes.

Too many epigrams on art and life—"The past is autobiographical fiction pretending to be a parliamentary report," "Books are where things are explained to you; life is where things aren't"—keep reminding us that we are only reading a book. While the novel as a form certainly asks for, and can absorb, a great deal of experimentation, it must at some point achieve self-forgetfulness and let pure event take over. In "Flaubert's Parrot," that point arrives too late, and brings too little. The attempt, I think, is to remind us that, as our narrator insists, "books are not life, however much we might prefer it if they were;" that is, real-life misfortune remains raw and rough, and resists sublimation by literature. But so much artifice in establishing the priority of the "real" feels artificial, and leaves us cold. Whatever we want from novels, we want more than conversation with the author, however engagingly tricksome.

"PARROT'S PERCH," by Michel Rio (translated from the French by Leigh Hafrey; Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $10.95), is, at eighty-eight pages of large print, too small to be called a novel, though it is called that on the dust jacket. Mr. Rio is about the same age as Mr. Barnes. Born in Brittany, he lives now in Paris. He confesses on the jacket's back flap to "a special affection for Conrad and Chomsky," and his two previous novels have both won French literary prizes. This is his first work to be translated into English. His version of the "real" looms at the outset, on an introductory page that explains his title:

> Parrot's Perch: Widely used torture technique in Latin America. The victim is hung upside down naked, so that the whole weight of his body rests on his forearms. Soon he becomes convinced that his fingers will explode. His arms seem to be breaking. The parrot's perch is usually only a starting point for other tortures.
>
> (Commentary from the film "The Year of the Torturer")

We brace ourselves, torture being the thing above all from which we wish to avert our eyes. The book begins with a sermon, a commentary on the Eucharist given in a French monastery near the Atlantic coast by a guest there, a young priest from Latin America, Joaquin Fillo. His remarks are announced as "about pain, about the cult of pain which is one of the bases of our religion." He begins with the Passion of Christ, an agony "indissolubly linked . . . to the greatest good, which is the Redemption and the Life. The two blend indistinguishably in a fabric woven of blood and love, suffering and joy, the garden of tortures and the garden of delights, the victim and the executioner; and these produce a breed of man who is both his own victim and his own executioner." He proceeds to a harrowing litany of the martyrs, with the specifics of their cruel deaths ("Quentin, who was placed on a rack, flogged, burned with oil, pitch, and quicklime, and impaled. Euphemia, who was beaten, hung by her hair, and run through with a sword. Leger, who had his eyes and tongue torn out, and was decapitated") and proceeds to the paradox of Christian cruelty in turn: "Whoever the torturer, whoever the tortured, suffering remains the route to Redemption. And for centuries the Holy Inquisition considered it a chari-

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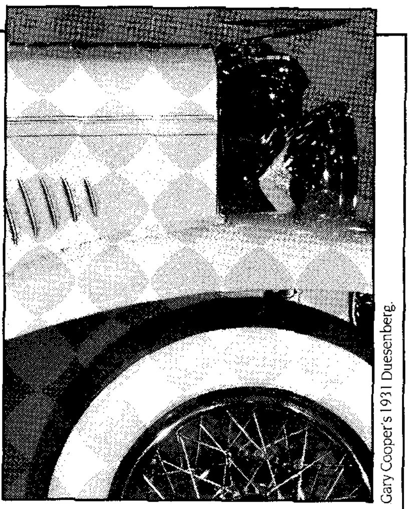

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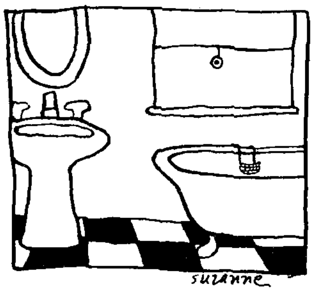
table duty to torture, burn, and destroy bodies in order to save souls." Father Fillo briefly describes his own acquaintance with torture, after becoming a radical priest in his native land and then being "arrested and tortured by people who claimed to defend the values of Christianity." He ends by renouncing, before the assembled monastery congregation, Christianity: "I reject that religion, a religion in which love has mixed with too much blood. I reject in it what is despicable, and so must also reject its sublimity. It reeks of human cunning, of the didactic imagination. For me God is other, or He doesn't exist . . . I want to make you feel the pointlessness of the pain and humiliation that gave rise to despair, to my despair—you who practice discipline and humility, in which you place your hope."



These are huge themes, and it is no very severe criticism of "Parrot's Perch" to say that the rest of the book isn't up to them. Mr. Rio, like Dostoyevski and Bernanos, Graham Greene and Shusako Endo, has posed a question—the problem of pain, of God's apparent silence—to which no novel can present a persuasive answer, though it may tend to confirm answers the reader has arrived at in the intimacy of religion and personal philosophy. There is no answer on earth, and the novel form is earthbound, properly and beautifully (as Henry James would say) confined to human perspectives. The body's answer to the problem of pain is brute endurance, mitigated by the numbness of shock and the eventual mercy of death. The average secular citizen's answer is stoicism, a narrow focus, and full use of the modern armory of anesthesia, ranging from alcohol to morphine. In "The Brothers Karamazov," the troubled answer offered to Ivan's indignation over the death of children is the saintly life, as exemplified by his brother Alyosha. The Book of Job ends by appealing to the opaque, inimitable magnificence of Creation: the Creator will not be brought, philosophically, to heel. In "Parrot's Perch," Father Fillo, having delivered his devastating homily, broodingly strolls in the countryside, has several impossibly stilted conversations with people he encounters, gazes at the sea, and succumbs to his own creator's portentousness.

The language proceeds from stately to awful: "He had cut himself off from his own reasoning, whose calamitous progress had contained the seed of its own negation, the possibility of a return or at least a detour in his rationalized trudging to the abyss." The priest's considerations begin to savor of too many graduate courses in ontology, and of Beckett's existential Gothic: "He also thought that consciousness might freeze forever in contemplation of its own absolute incapacity: not-seeing, not-tasting, not-touching, not-hearing. A total impotence that recognized itself as such. And in that paradox of a consciousness that would have to suffer because it could not experience, he sensed the ultimate melancholy." He is overtaken on his walk by the abbot, who cheerfully seems to believe rather less than Teilhard de Chardin, if a bit more than Jacques Monod. "I don't believe in original sin," says the abbot. "How can one believe in the guilt of amino acids and of protein, the origins of life and consciousness? . . . In denying the assumption of guilt, I logically deny its consequence, which is Redemption; and like you I admit the gratuitousness of suffering." Even burnt-out Father Fillo flares up, and asks what the abbot does believe in. "In the permanence, perfection, and universality of the Spirit" is the liberal answer. "And I believe in the morality of Christ, which is a morality of love." The young apostate is not coaxed back into the monastery, however; a little farther in his walk, past an old canal laboriously described as "straddling the line between the vulgarity of the functional and the nobility of ruin, between the moribund affirmation of its artificial character and its final submersion, by a kind of slow chromatic melding, into its natural surroundings," he encounters a nameless woman operating the canal lock. "Her whole being emanated a kind of contained generosity, a spontaneous warmth held in check by a willed reserve." She had been in the congregation and heard his disavowal, yet greets him and invites him into her house. "Here were a man lost in a dark, inner space and a lonely woman —uneducated, vivacious, and intuitive." Yet no dialogue, no exchange develops; she sits utterly mute while the disillusioned priest pours nihilism into her ears. As one of the book's better sentences puts it, "her own, inarticulate hope had vanished in his void, and she saw now that she could expect nothing from this man save perplexity."

Father Fillo walks on. His progress has become too baldly a pilgrim's, a self-absorbed pilgrim who doesn't need a novel's furniture around him. The little book has the weight, the seriousness, but not the movement and society of a novel. In the end, certain semiabstract scenic effects do for an epiphany. The Atlantic Ocean and evening are approached: "The night, half day at the top, darkness at the base, seemed to have emerged from the ocean rather than from the sky." This black immensity of sea serves to emblemize the universe and prompts a page of cosmological meditation and such mind-twisters as "He found himself in a hell he feared was eternal, which revolved around two poles: the relativity of nothingness and the absoluteness of the universe." His unrest now seems, like Hamlet's, centered on a faint doubt of oblivion: "In an odd return to prayer, he asked only that the God Whom he found guilty of creating pain should also create oblivion." The scene before him has "the palliative nightmare of reality, a peaceful mirror whose obverse was violence; and in it he saw himself." At last, in a final tortured twist of perception and of language, Joaquin Fillo sees himself as part of the landscape he often viewed from his window at the monastery, and this goads his thought and the hardworking translator to such words as "topologic," "metonymy," and "alterity," and brings him peace. "Flight became possible through the transmutation of place into image, of reality into illusion. He could escape into the fiction he had pulled from the truth of the setting, vanish beyond the field, beyond all the fields of the canvas framed by the sash of his window . . ."

Overwritten and underdramatized as it is, "Parrot's Perch" engages us, naïvely invites us into its strife, where the richer-textured and more skillful "Flaubert's Parrot" suavely puts us off. Neither gives us much action in the way of those nineteenth-century novels that assumed Man and his environment to be in opposition and men and women to be obliged to act in order to save themselves. The notion of the world as a testing stage has faded, and with it much that gave even the crudest adventure tale a certain

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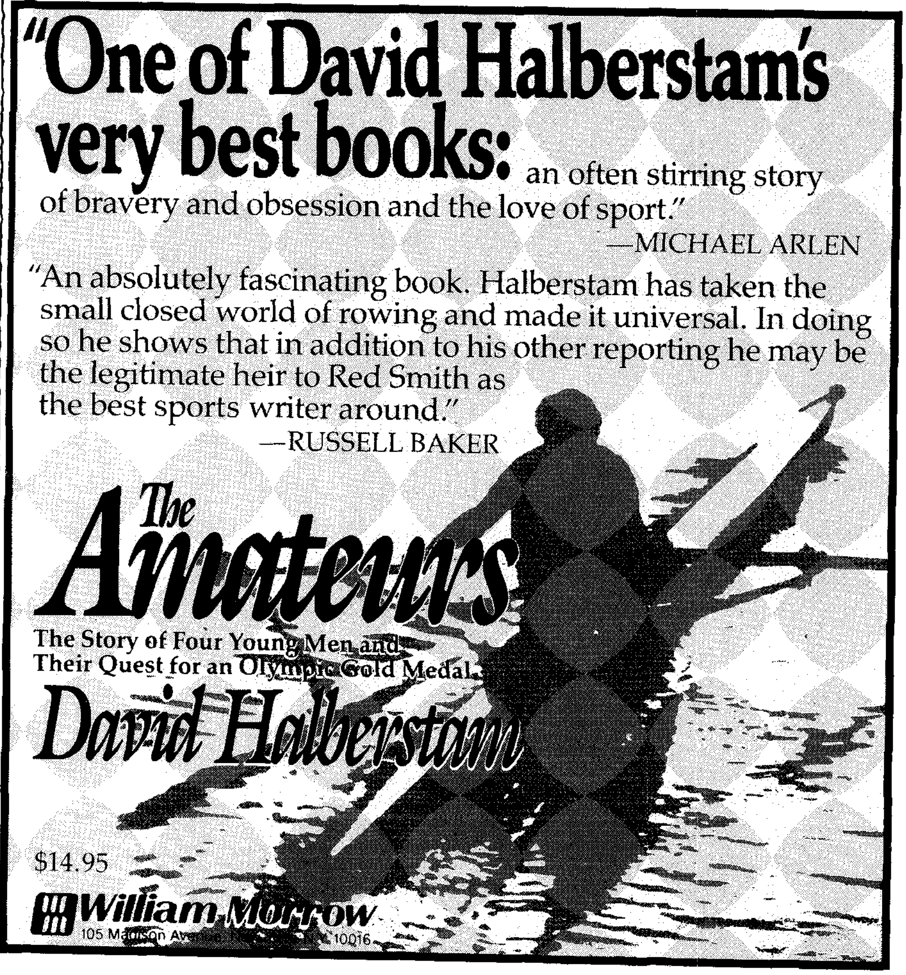

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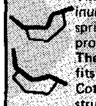

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dignity. Helplessness characterizes the typical modern hero; the most energetic and human acts that Dr. Braithwaite and Father Fillo perform are verbal acts of protest, registering, in their differing styles, their astonishment that, as Flaubert said, the function of the sun is not to help the cabbages along. —John Updike

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Lover, by Marguerite Duras, translated from the French by Barbara Bray (Pantheon; $11.95). "He looks at her. Goes on looking at her, his eyes shut. He inhales her face, breathes it in. He breathes her in . . . Less and less clearly can he make out the limits of this body, it's not like other bodies, it's not finished, in the room it keeps growing, it's still without set form, continually coming into being, not only there where it's visible, but elsewhere, too, stretching beyond sight . . ." Thus, in a voice at once ambiguous and hyperbolic, speaking now in the first person and now in the third, now in the present tense and now in the past, Mlle. Duras tells us—in this almost motionless, more or less autobiographical novel—about an unnamed French girl of not quite sixteen, growing up white but poor in Saigon between the two world wars, who gives herself with a kind of uninvolved rapture to a rich Chinese. She tells us, too, about the girl's peculiar family—her dreamlike mother, her thieving, bullying older brother, her speechless younger brother—and their various deaths in the years to come when the girl has become a successful writer in Paris. "The Lover" won the Goncourt Prize in 1984.

GENERAL

From the Fair: The Autobiography of Sholom Aleichem, translated from the Yiddish by Curt Leviant (Viking; $20). Late in his life, Sholom Rabinowitz—who had taken the greeting "*Sholom aleichem*" ("Peace be with you") as a nom de plume—was persuaded to begin his autobiography. The book, which he wrote in the third person and in the form of a novel, was unfinished when he died, in 1916, at the age of fifty-seven; although it covered only his early years, he had considered it his finest achievement. This is the first full version in English. It is a depiction of life in the shtetls in the nineteenth-century Russian Pale of Settlement, seen through the eyes of Sholom, the son of Nochem Rabinowitz, a poor innkeeper of Pereyaslav. The narrator tells us of Sholom's upbringing in his father's household, where he was considered both a prodigy and a rascal; of his education in a village cheder; of his discovery of literature and the birth of a passion to write; of his first experiences of love (disastrous); and, after the death of his mother, of the arrival of a terrible stepmother—"If she said 'eat,' she'd add: 'May the worms eat you!' " The book is crowded with sharply drawn characters—cantors, lottery agents, traders, coachmen, goyim, peddlers. Its humor is now rough-and-tumble, now sly, now poignant. It brings back to us a seemingly rude but actually intricately sophisticated culture, which might as well have flourished on another planet so remote is it from us.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Catskill Eagle, by Robert B. Parker (Delacorte; $14.95). Of Mr. Parker's several novels about the Boston private detective simply called Spenser—and his troubled sweetheart, Susan, and his black sidekick, Hawk—this is the first to have reached the top ten of the best-seller list, and one wonders why it did. Is it because the plot—Susan has fallen helplessly into the arms of the spoiled son of a billionaire one-man superpower, and Spenser and Hawk undertake to save her—is almost incomparably absurd? Is it because the level of violence—Spenser kills a record number of antagonists in cold blood—is incomparably high? Is it because racist banter between Spenser and Hawk marks most of their intercourse? Is it because Susan has never before been so hard to get? Is it Spenser's accelerated references to literature—to Robert Frost, to Wallace Stevens, to Shakespeare, to Brer Rabbit? Is it Mr. Parker's verve and vivacity, his almost matchless skill in gentrifying the ridiculous? Or all of the above?

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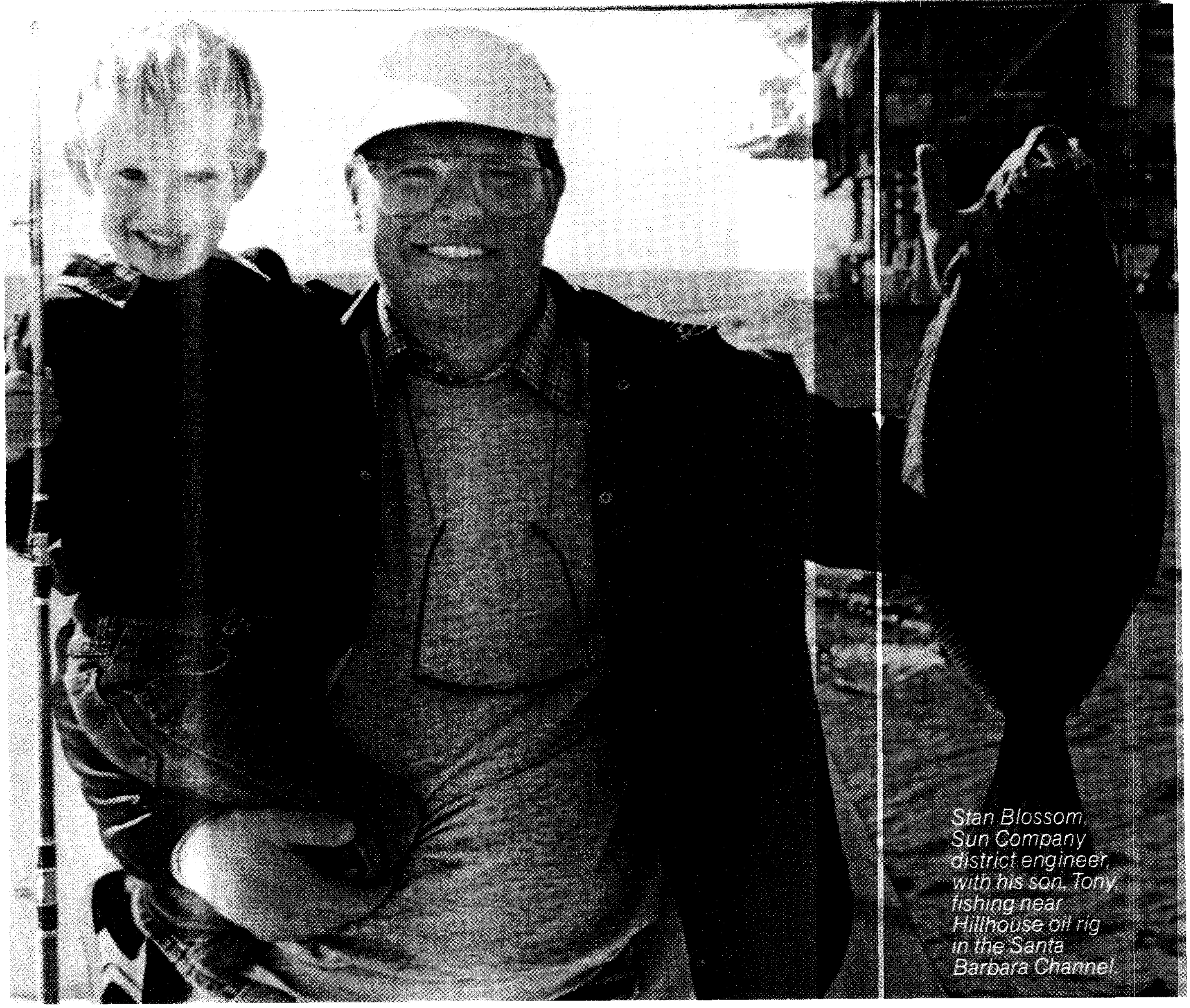

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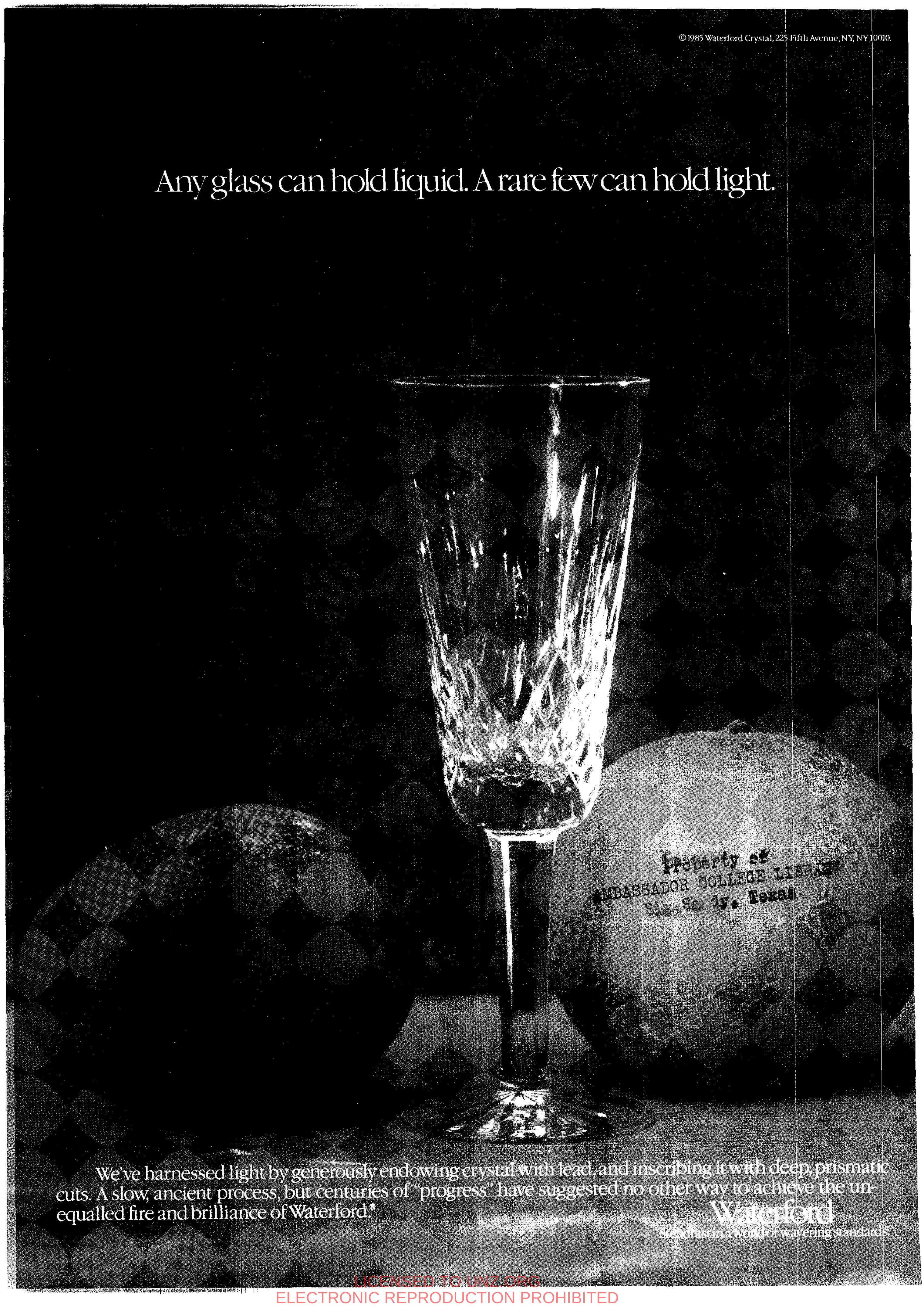
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